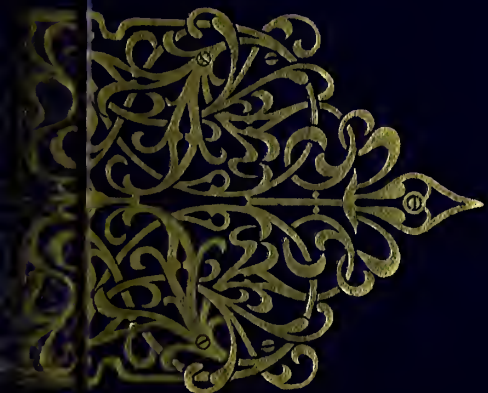




HISTORY OF
MINIATURE
ART



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Amsterdam

A HISTORY
OF
MINIATURE ART.



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ISAAC OLIVER.

NICHOLAS HILLIARD.

MINIATURE ART

HANS HOLBEIN.

SAMUEL COOPER.

PETER OLIVER.

A HISTORY
OF
MINIATURE ART.

WITH NOTES ON
COLLECTORS AND COLLECTIONS.

BY
J. L. PROPERT.



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PREFACE.



IN the following pages I have endeavoured to bring together all the materials I could collect, illustrative of the history of miniature. As far as I know, no attempt has yet been made to tell the story of this branch of art, to trace the gradual development of a distinct school of miniaturists, or to assign to it its place in the larger subject of pictorial art in general. And yet the loving interest which is increasingly shown in these tiny gems, the intelligent care bestowed on their preservation, and the desire I have so often heard expressed to know something of the artists who produced them, seem a sufficient warrant for endeavouring to weld into a continuous chain the links which lie scattered here and there in the wide field of art literature. I am painfully conscious of the imperfection and inadequacy of my sketch, and am well aware that gaps occur occasionally, which no amount of research has enabled me to fill. All I can promise is, that the information given in this work is culled from the best authorities, and in any opinions of my own on the merits of different artists I trust I have kept in mind Othello's advice, "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

It has been suggested to me that no book of this kind could be considered complete without a dictionary, as exhaustive as possible, of the names of all miniaturists of every age and school. The difficulties in the way of such a compilation are stupendous; a lifetime would hardly suffice for its production; and after all, when

it was supposed to have reached perfection, how little of it would be of any real use! Artists who have dabbled with miniature are numerous as the leaves of the forest, but nearly all who have produced anything which can be legitimately considered high art are perfectly well known; and as for the rest—the profaners of the human face divine, the manufacturers of monsters, the wretched daubers whose mission in life seems to have been to spoil a certain amount of vellum, paper or ivory—oblivion is the kindest treatment. Miniature portrait painting has been rightly described as “painting in little,” yet it is by no means and in no sense a lesser art. The Regent diamond, or the Koh-i-noor is small in comparison with the paving-stones on our highways and almost infinitesimal in juxtaposition with the boulder on the mountain side, but they are certainly not insignificant, and the power and light condensed within their small circumference may be justly compared with the force, life, and truth concentrated by the hand of a master on an inch or two of vellum, paper or ivory, bearing the same sort of relation to the larger panels and canvases that the gem does to the rock. I possess a small profile portrait of Cromwell, which for embodiment and delineation of character cannot readily be equalled or excelled. We seem to read in those rugged lineaments and deep-set eye the dauntless faith and resolute purpose of the enthusiast, who believed himself to be a Heaven-sent instrument to right the national wrongs. If condensed power and brilliance be the essence of a gem, surely this tiny Cooper portrait is one. In the production of life-size resemblances of the human countenance, the artist has always to dread the comparison of his work with the flesh and blood, the real life of his model; and in the very greatest works of our contemporary portrait painters, we experience a kind of shock, an uncanny feeling of unnaturalness, when we see how the image on the inanimate canvas can so mockingly imitate, and yet fall so far short of, the living person. In fact, the more striking the likeness and the more exact the expression of the every-day appearance

of the person represented, then the more ghastly is the feeling of insufficiency and loss that it produces. A life-size reproduction in paint and canvas of a person whom we love is not always a pleasant thing. It is perhaps not quite so obnoxious as a wax-work figure, because it is not so exact, nor have we the mixed feelings inspired by a marble statue stained and painted to resemble life, for in this latter case, in addition to a sensation of glaring unreality, we must experience a sense of indignation that a noble work of art should be deliberately stripped of its chief artistic worth, and made a horror to the beholder. A life-size portrait, to be the joy of its possessor, should be a thing of art in itself, expressing the mind and life of the subject, the history of the individual, seized, understood and condensed by the painter into the expression of the moment, interpreted and conveyed by look, pose or gesture, with added strength and intensity from the force and perception of the artist through whose individuality it must pass in its translation to the canvas.

The miniature portrait has none of these grave dangers to avoid. It has no fear of startling us by too close a similitude to the living, or appearing as the galvanised resuscitation of the mighty dead. It is a souvenir, an undoubtedly true reminiscence, an historical note, possibly signed and dated; an ornament with a human history and identification; a cabinet illustration of years long past—the whole art and experience of one of the old masters compressed on to the space of a coin of the realm; a domestic treasure disinterred and made useful for our instruction and delight; a volume on a page, a biography on a vignette; a secret whispered in the past, and now revealed with every tone preserved; a personal relic, a private possession, to be cherished apart and not necessarily for public display and observation. I confess that a really fine portrait—but how rare such a work, that reaches the ideal of perfect technical art qualities, and also the refined portrayal of character!—always fascinates me. I feel the complete truth of Walpole's words, "A portrait of real

authenticity we know is truth itself, and calls up so many collateral ideas as to fill an intelligent mind, more than any other species of painting." In gazing on a collection of miniature presentments of the great, the beautiful, or the base, of past centuries, "collateral ideas" crowd upon the mind. The page of history with which each is concerned seems to unfold itself again to view. The actors in many a noble deed or many a dark conspiracy, actors and acts which have contributed directly and indirectly to build up the fabric of the modern world, would pass before our eyes, and we seem to live again amidst the chequered scenes of a drama long since past and gone. Imbued with these feelings, I can truly say that the following attempt, however lame, to give a connected narrative of the growth and development of miniature art, has been to me a labour of love. The scanty leisure of a busy life, and the necessarily somewhat spasmodic application to a subject requiring much research, must plead my excuse for many shortcomings, but if I can succeed in stimulating the love for miniatures as works of art as well as historical relics, I shall be more than repaid.

I must add a few words on the illustrations. In a work like the present, where an exact facsimile, rather than a mere picture, was the object to be attained, one of the numerous photographic processes now in existence seemed to offer the best chance of success. After various trials, I selected one of the modifications of the Collotype process, as producing the best results when hand printed. The negatives have undergone the new orthochromatic chemical process, whereby the various colours, for the first time in the history of photography, assume something like their true relative value. Hitherto, all but the deepest blues, have come out nearly white, the lightest yellows far too dark, and in treating such a subject as a brilliant miniature from a missal or other illuminated manuscript, the result has been disappointing to the last degree. As this new treatment has only been adopted within the last few months, this is perhaps the first time that these

interesting specimens of a lost art have appeared in something approaching a true gradation. The plate representing the artistic efforts of our earliest ancestors, in the shape of scratchings on bone, slate, &c., presented many difficulties. From the enormous lapse of time since these cave-men amused their leisure by committing to the enduring surface of their bone implements their limned thoughts on the objects surrounding them, and from the superficial execution of the original sketches, scarcely any light and shade remain whereby the delicate lines could be fixed on the sensitive plate by the sun's rays. For two of the principal subjects, I have been obliged to content myself with reproductions from lithographed facsimiles, but have endeavoured to fill up the plate with photographs direct from specimens.

With regard to the examples of illuminated manuscripts here depicted, I was met by a difficulty of another kind. The enormous mass of material at one's command, and the ever-changing qualities and methods of the various schools of illumination, rendered the question of selection extremely embarrassing. Assisted by the valuable hints of Mr. Maunde Thompson, I determined to give one example of each of the great schools, taken from the period when each school was at its highest point of excellence.

Even within these limits, the rich collection of the British Museum offered a complete "embarras de richesse." I might have wandered hopelessly amongst its treasures, but for the guiding hand of its worthy guardian, who fixed my erratic steps with the unerring instinct which is born of long experience and profound knowledge.

One plate which I much wished to produce, is wanting. That priceless treasure of the Vatican, the illuminated Virgil (*Schedæ Vaticanæ*), in some respects the most marvellous, as it certainly is the earliest illuminated book in existence, was beyond my reach. The British Museum possesses a copy of it, but by no means a good one, wanting the touch, colour and general tone of the grand original, and not worthy to be reproduced, even in photography.

The orthochromatic process has also been of the greatest use in perfecting the miniature portraits. The colours of costumes, backgrounds, &c., bear something of the harmony intended by the artist, and which has hitherto been unattainable. The whole of the negatives were taken and prepared for the printer by Mr L. B. Fleming, to whom my thanks are justly due. In selecting specimens of the portrait miniaturists, two courses were open to me. I could either get together as many specimens as possible of all masters, good, bad and indifferent, or I could present a select number of each of the great masters. To a certain extent, I have adopted both courses. I have given one plate to each of the best known masters, especially of the English School, which was, after all, far ahead of its foreign brethren, and then have given one or two plates containing miscellaneous specimens of lesser masters, omitting altogether any attempt to represent the rank and file, whose works are better forgotten. Wherever possible, I have preferred signed specimens, though some of the best, Holbein and Hilliard for instance, rarely, if ever, signed their work.

THE AUTHOR.





CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
CHAPTER I.	
INTRODUCTORY	1-7
CHAPTER II.	
MISSALS AND ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS—Early Greek and Roman MSS., the Byzantine School, Hibernian or Anglo-Celtic School, the Carolingian School, the Anglo-Saxon School, the ‘Opus Anglicum,’ 11th and 12th Centuries, 13th Century, 14th Century, 15th Century, 16th and 17th Centuries	8-44
CHAPTER III.	
MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND—First half of the 16th Century	45-58
CHAPTER IV.	
MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND — Second half of the 16th Century	59-65
CHAPTER V.	
MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND—17th Century	66-79
CHAPTER VI.	
MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND—17th Century (<i>continued</i>)	80-90
CHAPTER VII.	
MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND—Portraits in Enamel... ..	91-98

	PAGE
CHAPTER VIII.	
MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND—18th Century	99-109
CHAPTER IX.	
MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND—18th Century (<i>continued</i>) ...	110-126
CHAPTER X.	
MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND—19th Century	127-131
CHAPTER XI.	
FOREIGN SCHOOLS—French School, German, Dutch, and Flemish Schools, Italian School	132-167
CHAPTER XII.	
MODELLING IN WAX	168-174
CHAPTER XIII.	
LA PETITE SCULPTURE	175-178
CHAPTER XIV.	
SNUFF-BOXES, ETC.	179-190

COLLECTORS AND COLLECTIONS.

SECTION I.	
GREECE AND ROME	191-204
SECTION II.	
SOME NOTES ON COLLECTIONS UP TO THE 16TH CENTURY ...	205-211
SECTION III.	
COLLECTORS OF THE 16TH, 17TH, AND 18TH CENTURIES ...	212-231
SECTION IV.	
19TH CENTURY AND GENERAL OBSERVATIONS	232-257
INDEX	259-285



ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL	<i>Frontispiece</i>
SPECIMENS OF PRIMEVAL ART	I

MISSALS AND ILLUMINATED MSS.

GREEK SCHOOL—12th Century	15
HIBERNIAN SCHOOL—8th Century	17
HIBERNIAN FIGURE DRAWING	18
CARLOVINGIAN SCHOOL—9th Century	20
ENGLISH SCHOOL—11th Century... ..	21
ENGLISH SCHOOL—13th Century... ..	26
FRENCH SCHOOL—15th Century	28
FLEMISH SCHOOL—15th Century	30
SPANISH SCHOOL—15th Century... ..	32
ITALIAN SCHOOL—15th Century... ..	36

PORTRAIT MINIATURES.

	PAGE
HOLBEIN AND HILLIARD	59
ISAAC AND PETER OLIVER... ..	61
VARIOUS MASTERS—16th and 17th Centuries	66
VARIOUS MASTERS—16th and 17th Centuries	77
SAMUEL COOPER	78
JEAN PETITOT (Enamels)	92
VARIOUS MASTERS IN ENAMEL	96
COSWAY	115
VARIOUS MASTERS—18th Century	121
VARIOUS MASTERS—Foreign Schools	133
VARIOUS MASTERS—Foreign Schools	150





LIST OF WORKS CONSULTED.

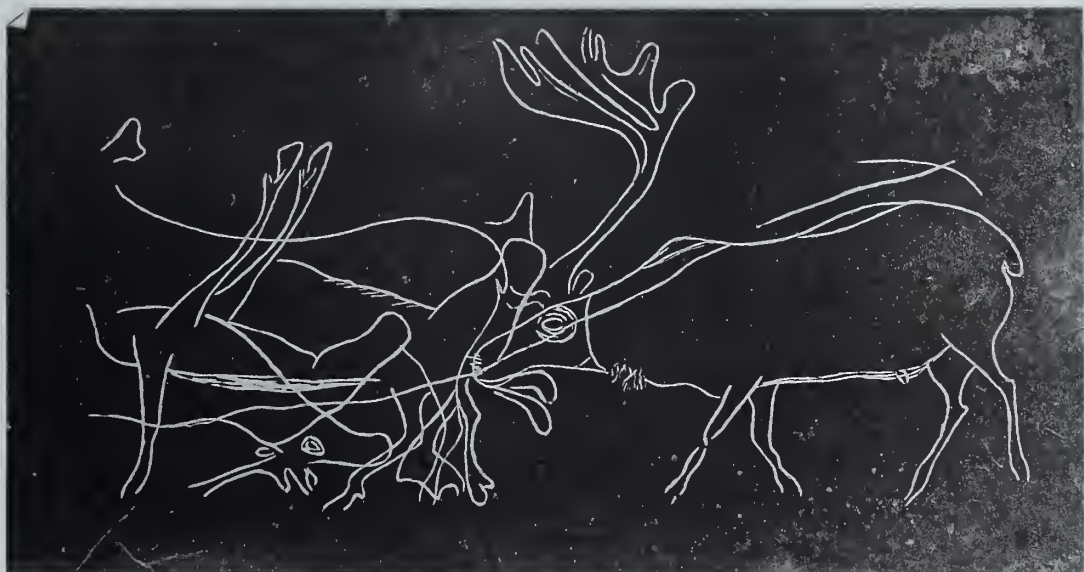
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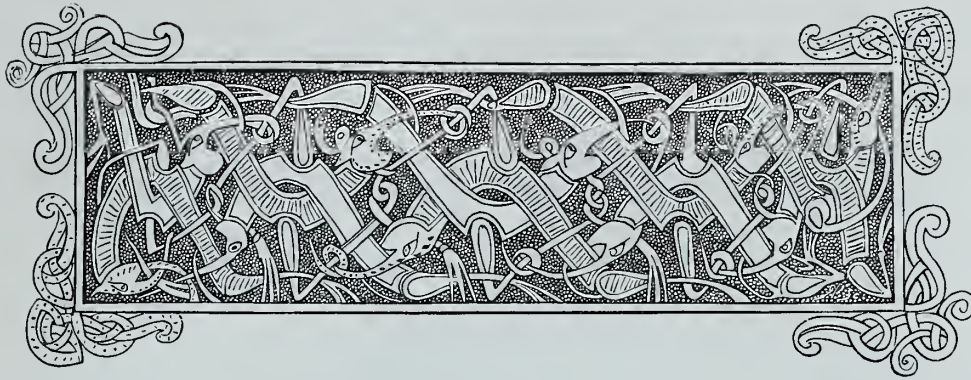
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SPECIMENS OF PRIMEVAL ART.

DRAWINGS ON BONE, MAMMOTH TUSK, &c.





A HISTORY OF MINIATURE ART.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.



IN entering upon a consideration of the history of any particular art, it is customary to dive into the earliest ages of the world's history, in the endeavour to track out the first slight glimmerings of the special subject under treatment. There is something so fascinating in the exquisite art of miniature painting that when we begin to trace its origin, we are almost tempted to believe that the earliest streaks of its dawning appeared with primeval man. On first thoughts, it is difficult to imagine that the most fertile brain could suggest any æsthetic results from the daily life or surroundings of the palæolithic* inhabitants of this planet; and yet there are artistic

* According to the divisions adopted by Professor Dawkins and others, we ought, perhaps, rather to refer these artistic emanations to our mesolithic than our palæolithic ancestors. Of the latter, whose rough-hewn flints are found beneath the deposit left by the last glacial epoch, we know absolutely nothing. Whether they were human or pre-human, in what points they resembled or differed from the race now extant, we cannot even conjecture.

It is far otherwise with their descendants, mesolithic men or cave-dwellers. A distinct advance in culture is apparent in all their surroundings. Not only are their flint tools more highly finished and more varied, including awls, saws, harpoons, and lance heads, but by their graphic faculties they have enabled us to pass in review the animals by which they were surrounded, and even to judge roughly of the external appearance of man himself; notably in the specimen found in the Duruthy Cave, incised

tracings on some of the tools and weapons of this early time which, in their small but vigorous outlines, undoubtedly contain the fair germ of graphic art. In human portraiture, as far as we can judge by anything hitherto discovered, they achieved no great results; but nearly all museums contain actual specimens or careful casts from these wondrous drawings, wherein the life-like rendering of animal traits is truly marvellous. The likeness of the mammoth, the fight of the stags, the bulls, horses, and reindeer depicted on the implements of the cave-men, suggest sorrowfully to the thoughtful observer, the fact, that as succeeding ages rolled on, men lost, in their hieroglyphs and symbols, the freshness and literal truth of their earliest art-ancestors, and crystallised into the most mechanical conventionality both the human and animal forms they introduced into their paintings and sculpture.

It is vain, however, to attempt to unravel the mysteries of the birth of pictorial art, and we cannot do better than adopt the sage advice given by Vasari in the introduction to 'The Lives of the Painters.'

"I do not intend to deny that there must have been one who made the first commencement, for I know perfectly well that the first principle must have proceeded from some given time, and from some one person; but what I maintain is, that to

on a reindeer antler, portraying the hunter hurling a spear at a magnificent urus, or species of bison. His body is apparently covered with hair, the calf and thigh enormously developed, from constant occupation in the chase, and no covering of any sort. As the glacial epoch drew to its close, and more genial atmospheric conditions increased, they seem to have followed the reindeer northwards, and, indeed, many authorities have suggested that in the Eskimo we may find the lineal descendants of mesolithic cave-man. It is certain that many things are common to the two. The Eskimo weapons, the animals by which they are served or fed, the débris found round their habitations, and the artistic faculty they possess, bear a striking resemblance to what we know of the far-off mysterious cave-man.

It would be foreign to our purpose to continue the history of our early ancestors, and describe the Neolithic or pre-historic man, ignorant of the metals, but excelling in the manufacture of stone implements, who built the lake dwellings of Switzerland and the Kjekken Moddings of Denmark, who made pottery, tilled the soil, and ground their grain, wove flax into garments, fought with stone axes and barbed arrow-heads, leading gradually on through the copper, bronze, and iron ages, to our present dispensation of gunpowder and steam, of telephones and co-operative stores.

claim the positive determination of who this man or these men were, is a perilous thing, nor is it strictly needful that we should know it, since all may see the true source and origin whence the arts have received their birth. The life and fame of the artist is in his works; but of these works, the first produced by the earliest artists were totally lost, as by degrees were the second, and perhaps the third, being destroyed by time, which consumes all things, and as there was then no writer to record the history of these productions, they could not be made known to posterity, at least by this method, and the artists, as well as their works, remain unknown."

We are a little too apt to talk glibly of the early middle ages as the "dark ages," and to date our consideration of pictorial art from the first faint glimmerings of the Italian Renaissance; but art, especially in some of its branches, never really slept. No doubt for many ages men were groping feebly in the dusky twilight of an unæsthetic atmosphere and surroundings, and for the first few centuries of these early times but little evidence remains to us of the excellence or otherwise of art-work. Still, as I shall hope to show in the succeeding chapter, we have, in a few illuminated manuscripts of a very early date a certain amount of material at our command upon which to form a judgment. Now, as it is absurd to suppose that the art which adorns their pages sprang into existence at once, like Minerva, from the head of Olympian Jove, we must regard these precious relics as the gradual outcome and development of preceding art-ideas, carried on in a regular chain, though unfortunately its earlier links are lost.

It is, alas! but too true that the iconoclastic* zeal of the early Christians, and the swooping hordes of Attila and Genseric have left us but scant remnants of classical Rome; but as a sort of compensation for the loss of the sculptured forms of her gods and heroes, the Christian Church became the nursery of art of

* This word is not intended to refer to the sect of Iconoclasts which sprang into existence in the Eastern Empire in the 8th century, and which ultimately led to the separation of the Greek and Latin churches, but merely to the, perhaps, natural desire on the part of the professors of the new religion to destroy, root and branch, anything connected with the Pagan worship of their ancestors.

another kind, in which the story of the great Founder of her creed, as well as the deeds and sufferings of her saints and hero-martyrs, were recorded by pen and pencil, with all the loving richness that glowing colour and burnished gold could secure. It would be a surprise to many, who have not studied the subject, to note the conspicuous ability and true art feeling displayed in some of these early manuscripts. Many a gleam of soft and beautiful light shines from these old parchments, piercing with its kindly rays the surrounding gloom of these war-worn ages, making us think of their leaves as truly illuminating as illuminated. Another landmark on the road of art is afforded by the curious mosaics and wall-paintings found in different parts of North Italy, and as far south as Rome. They must date quite as far back as the fifth or sixth century A.D., and by the peculiar treatment of the human figure, seem to prove how soon the influence of the Eastern Empire travelled back to the West, and dominated the whole art-work of the early centuries in Italy. In fact, when we come to consider, in the next chapter, the widely-spread taste for illuminated art, and trace the various schools and styles connected with it, its different phases and national aspects, we shall find ample ground for concluding that, as far as miniature art is concerned, the revival of painting by Giovanni Cimabue does not concern our special subject as much as might at first sight be supposed.

We have been accustomed to make the name of Cimabue a starting-point, from which to reckon the new birth of pictorial art, and without doubt he did redeem it from the uncouth and barbaric manner of his immediate predecessors, whether they were Greeks or his own countrymen. Vasari favours the former idea, and hardly finds terms strong enough in which to condemn their barbarism. "This rude, unskilful, and common-place manner the Greeks had acquired, not so much from study, or of settled purpose, as from having servilely followed certain fixed rules and habits, transmitted through a long series of years, from one painter to another, down to those times, while none ever thought of the amelioration of his design, the embellishment of his colouring, or the improvement of his invention."

Lanzi, on the other hand, maintains that at the period referred to, the Italians knew more about painting than the Greeks, and that Cimabue was not indebted to the latter for his first lessons, but that Giunta of Pisa had the honour of being his master. Whichever of these great authorities may be correct, the fact still remains the same, that to Cimabue we must attribute the first re-kindling of the flame of art, faint, indeed, when compared with its subsequent splendour, but still so far in advance of his contemporaries as to furnish an excuse for his admirers, when they carried his picture of the Virgin to the Church of Santa Maria Novella, in triumphal procession, with the sound of trumpets. The fame of this great pioneer has been somewhat overshadowed by that of his illustrious pupil, Giotto, the shepherd lad, who, at the age of ten, was found by Cimabue sketching his father's sheep on a smooth piece of rock. So little undoubted work of these early fathers of the Renaissance has survived to our time that we are forced to draw upon their biographers for a knowledge of their productions; but they are all interesting to us, inasmuch as they were all miniaturists, executing not only the dainty "miniatura" of the illuminated manuscript, but oftentimes surrounding their larger compositions, or adorning the predella of their altarpieces with tiny medallion pictures, illustrative of the subject of the larger panel. Vasari describes many of these paintings "in little,"* "comprising many small figures so carefully done that they look like miniatures."

What precious little gems must have been contained in that wonderful book of his, of which he speaks so often, containing specimens on vellum from the hand of all these old masters. According to Baldinucci, five volumes of drawings were sold for several thousand crowns to certain merchants, by the Cavaliere Gaddi, these volumes being the celebrated collection of Vasari. A vast number of them, after passing through the hands of Cardinal Leopoldo de Medici, were sent to the Gallery of the Uffizi Palace

* This term "in little" was in general use in the 17th century to describe a portrait miniature or any small picture. The word "miniatura," in its original sense, had no reference to the size of the work, being derived from the Latin word "minium," signifying red lead, in which material all the headings, capital letters, &c., of the most ancient MSS. were drawn. The modern word "rubric" really means the same thing as "miniatura."

in the year 1700, and it is curious that the series there at present, commences with certain little things done in "miniature" on parchment, which are attributed to Cimabue, and probably are those very things alluded to by Vasari.

It is quite foreign from our purpose to trace the gradual rise of the Italian Renaissance until it culminated in the perfected splendour of the young painter of Urbino, or to note the beauties of the great Flemish School, from the Van Eycks onwards through Roger van der Weyden to Hemling and their illustrious brethren; suffice it to say, that whilst Raffaele and Hemling were still at work, we find ourselves on the threshold of that particular branch of art, in which we are more closely interested, portrait miniature.

Whilst thinking over the best method of treating the subject, I have been, I confess, somewhat puzzled to determine what might be considered relevant or the reverse. For instance, to commence its history with the advent of Holbein to England, an epoch which may be said roughly to mark the commencement of portrait miniature as a distinct art, would altogether ignore the thousand and one incidents which, during the preceding ages of pictorial effort, step by step, and bit by bit, led up gradually to the development of the miniature portrait.

I propose, therefore, first to examine into the history of illumination, with its attendant miniature pictures, pointing out, as opportunity occurs, the introduction of the individual portrait into the general composition, and by this means to show how it grew, developed, and transformed itself into the art which passes by the name of miniature in the present day. From this historical review I shall advance to the history of miniature portraiture as connected with the various masters and professors of the art, with a critical examination of their style and works, touching on the extraneous impulses which from time to time affected its growth, at one time checked by discord, civil war, and politics; at another quickened and intensified by the generous patronage of king or noble, always, however, following, in its rise and fall, the state of general art at the time. I shall commence with a consideration of the English School, which has always occupied a proud position with regard to miniature, passing on next to the various foreign schools, which, with the

possible exception of France, never approached this country in numbers or excellence. I shall then briefly allude to the collateral branches of miniature as shown in wax modelling, wood carving, &c., and finally give a list of miniaturists, by no means exhaustive, I am well aware, but embracing pretty nearly all who, by the high class of their work, are entitled to our recognition.

At what period the term "miniature" migrated from its birth-place, Italy, and was applied in this country to small portraits, is uncertain.

Hilliard, in a tract written by him for Richard Heydock, of New College, Oxford, who translated 'Lomazzo on Painting,' says: "Holbein's manner of limning I have ever imitated, and hold it for the best."

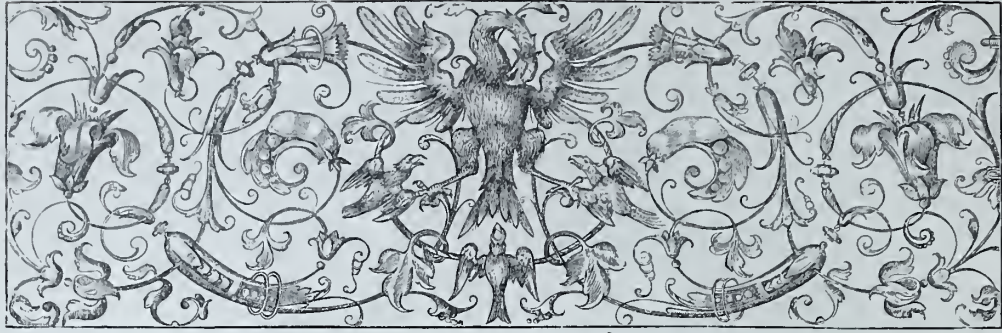
Heydock, in the work quoted above, says: "Limnings much used in former times in Church books, as also in drawing by the life in small models; of late years by some of our countrymen, as Shoote, Betts, &c., but brought to the rare perfection we now see by the most ingenious, painful, and skilful master, Nicholas Hilliard, and by his well profiting scholar, Isaac Oliver."

In the catalogue of the works of art in the collection of Charles I. they are always spoken of as "limnings." The immortal Pepys never mentioned the word "miniature," always speaking of "painting in little."

The next author who treats of the subject is Horace Walpole, and he invariably uses the word "miniature," so that we may fairly place its first introduction some time in the first half of the eighteenth century.

The Latin verb "illuminare," meaning "to decorate," occurs as early as the eighth century. Dante uses the word "alluminar" in the same sense. In early English, we find the words "enlomyne," "luminen," and "limnen," whence come to "limn," and "limnings."





CHAPTER II.

MISSALS AND ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS.

§ 1.—*Early Greek and Roman MSS.—The Byzantine School.*



MUST disclaim any intention of writing an exhaustive essay upon this fascinating subject. The theme is far too vast for these pages, and a branch of art which has engaged the devoted attention and life-long study of cultured minds in all European countries is worthy of a readier tongue than mine to sing its praises. In truth, I know few pursuits which draw the student on with such alluring grace; fresh vistas of beauty open ever before him, and the very difficulties but add increased zest to the quest after knowledge. Difficulties there certainly are, the gradations of treatment are so subtle, the variety of detail in the same school and period so infinite, that it is scarcely to be wondered at that differences of opinion amongst experts should be met with somewhat more frequently than in most other fields of research. My object merely is to trace, in the broadest manner, the main improvements which occurred in its practice, as time, national tendencies, and artistic development gradually raised it from its first rude beginnings, and led by imperceptible, but inevitable steps, to the production of the miniature portrait.

Considering the ornate character impressed upon her ritual by the Christian Church, even at an early period of her

existence, it was but natural that an attempt should be made to raise the books used at her devotional services to the same ornamental level as the services themselves. In fact, missal* painting took its rise from the same influences which produced those strange mural paintings in the mysterious chamber in the Roman Catacombs under the Church of St. Sebastian, in the Via Appia, a quaint jumble of Paganism and Christianity, where the figure of Orpheus is represented side by side with the Adoration of the Kings, Daniel in the Lions' Den, Moses striking the rock, &c. On the ceiling of the chamber is a bust portrait of the Saviour, the earliest known attempt to portray His features, and which served as the model for all subsequent drawings of Him. Very possibly this chamber was used as the place of worship for the early converts to the new faith, at a time when they were forced, like moles, to burrow underground, and when the only legitimate use to which, in the eyes of the Roman authorities, a Christian could be put, was at the same time to provide amusement for the populace, and food for the wild beasts of the arena.†

At a period when war, pestilence, and famine formed the normal state of existence, the very stringency and hardness of the times separated the sacred from the secular, the life of religion from the life of the world, by so strict a line of demarcation that it almost

* I use the term missal painting merely as a convenient expression to apply to all illuminated religious MSS. Strictly, the missal is a book containing the liturgy, or office of the mass of the Latin Church. Prior to the 8th century the book was designated the Sacramentary (Sacramentarium, Liber Sacramentorum).

† The earliest manifestations of Christian painting frequently exhibit Pagan models in the attempt to typify the Saviour. Thus, he is here represented as the Orpheus of the new faith, charming and taming ferocious animals by the sound of his lute. When first Christian art dared to court the light of day, under the protection of Constantine, it felt an instinctive repugnance to draw its inspiration from "classical" works, produced under the influence of what, in a Christian sense, was a debased and immoral creed. In the place of "form" was established a school of "idea" and "symbolism," and allegory became the dominant feature of the early Byzantines. The Council held at Constantinople in 692 commanded symbolism to cease, and ordained that the central object of the Christian faith should be depicted as in the flesh, free from the veil hitherto employed. Unfortunately, the interference of the Church with the natural bent of artistic minds, produced an inflexible code of rules, which for centuries prescribed the exact forms, attitudes, &c., to be observed in the rendering of the human form. Art became a mere instinct, a poor form of tradition, continued without enthusiasm or progress.

became a line of defence, and men, for the fuller and more uninterrupted carrying out of their religious views, shut themselves up in companies, in deserts, or on mountains, secluding themselves from the outer and active world, and condensing their ideas and aspirations into the essential spirit of theoretical devotion ; and one of the few outlets for their feelings of all-absorbing adoration was by their expressing them in line, form, and colour. The love and zeal of a whole company of devotees was thus confided to the most gifted of their body, to him whose artistic insight could best ensure its worthy execution, the realisation of their dreams of religious beauty. Missal painting, in its form and nature, may thus be considered the most perfect reflection of the age it illustrates, apart from its subject and expression, and is the visible impression of the religious life and feeling of the period. Old work was hallowed work ; it was only the best, the highest, and the noblest of life that was recorded. When Emperors, Kings or Cardinals, Bishops or Priors, were honoured by a portrait representation of their persons and actions, the artistic record was almost a canonisation. At this distant period, and in our widely different dispensation, it is so difficult to sympathise with the artistic movement of that early age, and to realise the internal momentum that impelled its inspiration. Of one quality of the works of these old limners there can be no doubt, their perfect sincerity, the feeling which prompted St. (?) Columba to add to the Book of Durrow (an early Irish MS.) the following prayer, which, freely translated, runs thus : " I pray thy blessedness, O holy presbyter Patrick, that whosoever shall take this book in his hands may remember the writer Columba, who have myself written this Gospel in the space of twelve days, by the Grace of our Lord." *

* There is considerable difference of opinion concerning the attribution of Irish MSS.

For instance, this very Book of Durrow, from the fact of its having been written by a scribe named Columba, and preserved in a monastery founded by the great Saint, has been attributed to St. Columba himself. But most people, we imagine, at the present day, would hesitate before accepting this view unconditionally. Again, it has been alleged that Columba was a very uncommon Irish name ; but as Reeves, ' *Adamnan's Life of Columba*, ' page 5, enumerates twenty saints of that name in the Irish Calendar, we may fairly conclude that, in addition to these, there must at least have been a fair sprinkling of individuals bearing that name in the " Emerald Isle " who failed to attain the interesting eminence of canonisation.

These old books were the produce of faith, the outcome of loyalty and affection, untouched by ostentation, and seem to remind us that in graphic art, greatness may often be inversely reckoned by dimension.

All authorities seem to agree that the process of decorating manuscripts with gold, silver, and colour probably had its origin in the East, that marvellous birthplace of all the arts and nearly all the sciences. Certain it is, that Egyptian papyri, as far back as the 18th dynasty, commonly exhibit the rubrication of capitals and headings, and not unfrequently true miniature work, in some vignette or small picture of a mythological subject drawn in colour.

The intercourse which took place between Egypt and India, and such Western nations as Greece and Rome, bearing in its train the civilising influence of the Eastern arts, could hardly fail to establish in our hemisphere such captivating work as illumination; and yet from the far-off time of these Egyptian papyri up to the 4th century of our era, there is an absolute blank in its history. How it progressed, to what point of excellence it attained, to what uses it was put, or who were its great masters, we have no information whatever. The only uncertain whisper which reaches us at all is that well-known allusion by Pliny, made much of by Dibdin in the 'Decameron,' to a book mentioned by Varro, containing notices of seven hundred eminent men, with their portraits. Symmachus, a Latin author, writing in the 3rd century, speaks of having seen such a book, or a copy of it.

The rolls of papyri unearthed at Herculaneum contained no ornament. This of course proves nothing. The fact that these particular papyri were plain cannot exclude the possibility that illumination was practised for certain purposes by the Romans at that period. In what quarter, then, are we to look for the first indications of the art of illumination as we know it? that lovely art which was practised for more than thirteen centuries, with ever increasing beauty, amongst all the civilised nations of Europe. Before we attempt an answer to this question, let us consider the history of these early times, and see how far political events had a share in deciding the localities where art would find the most congenial soil.

About the year 330 A.D., Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor, determined to remove the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, which he christened after himself, calling in the aid of the best Greek architects and artists to render it worthy of being the head of the Roman Empire. The city was solemnly dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and inhabitants were attracted to it by all sorts of privileges and donations. The crowning glory of Byzantium, the Church of St. Sophia, was built by Constantine, though it has been occasionally ascribed to his son Constantius. If history is to be trusted, the son in no way resembled his father in his patronage of the arts, and did but little to add to the glories of the capital.*

Whilst Constantine was thus engaged in developing the arts in his new home, the Imperial city he had left in the West was tottering to its fall. Successive hordes of barbarians swept down upon Italy, subjecting Rome to pillage and destruction, and stamping out the accumulated civilisation of ages, creating a desert from which she only slowly emerged, her whole nature changed. The centre of Empire had become the centre of Christianity, and missionaries took the place of her conquering legions.

It seems pretty certain, therefore, that to the Greek artificers of Byzantium we must look for the first adaptation of illumination to the ornamentation of books of the Christian era. The use of gold and silver in illumination was known amongst Eastern nations from remote antiquity, and was so common with the later Greeks, that the scribes or writers in gold formed a distinct class. The use of vellum, stained throughout its substance of a lovely purple colour, for ornamental purposes, is also of very early origin. It was employed by the Romans for wrappers for their papyrus rolls. We have records that as early as the 3rd century, whole books were composed of this beautiful material, and written in gold or silver ;

* Whether the first edifice was the work of Constantine or his son Constantius matters but little, as it was destroyed by fire. The present building was erected by Justinian in 531, and dedicated 537. Six of its green jasper pillars were taken from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, whilst the Temple of the Sun at Rome yielded up its porphyry columns further to adorn the great embodiment of the new religion. From the time of the Mahomedan conquest in 1453, it has served new masters as the Imperial Mosque, its four minarets being added by Selim II. in 1566.

and it was against this extravagant luxury that St. Jerome penned his earnest protest. An instance of a book of this description is given in the life of Maximinus the Younger, by Julius Capitolinus, who mentions that the Emperor's mother presented to him the poems of Homer written on purple vellum in letters of gold. Maximinus died in 313 A.D.

One of the finest examples extant of the purple vellum and silver lettering is the 'Codex purpureo-argenteus,' now preserved at Upsala in Sweden. This Codex has been described by two great authorities as the work of Ulphilas, and the oldest illuminated MS. in existence, which they have placed in 360 A.D. It contains neither illuminated headings nor capitals, and therefore can hardly be called an illuminated MS. at all, unless the mere silver lettering can be called illumination. Ulphilas undoubtedly translated the Gospels into Gothic for the use of the Goths scattered amongst the Roman settlements in Wallachia, and wrote a Mæso-Gothic alphabet; but this particular Codex is a work of the 6th century. Other examples of purple vellum of the early time are the fragments of the illustrated Genesis at Vienna, the two leaves of the Purple Gospels in the Cottonian Library, British Museum, and the interesting Codex discovered not long since at Rossano in Southern Italy, and which is now known as the 'Codex Rossanensis.' The art of staining was continued with certain intervals as late as the 10th century, and even after it would seem to have become a lost art, the vellum was occasionally painted of a purple colour, but in no way rivalling the beauty of the earlier tint. An example of 8th-century staining is seen in the Canterbury Gospels (Royal MS. 1 E. VI.) in the British Museum. The Prayer-book of Charlemagne in the Louvre, of the 9th century, is a splendid instance of late purple vellum, and of the impetus given to illumination by that monarch. The first gold and purple MS. reached England about the close of the 7th century, when Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, presented to the Cathedral a copy of the Gospels thus adorned, and it is described at the time as "almost a miracle, and before that time unheard of in this part of the world."

The ravages of time and fire, the rough usage of reforming and unsympathetic hands, and that terrible result of destruction, the

palimpsest (interesting though it be to the palæographer, anxious, by the magic of his chemical re-agents, to revivify and decipher the early text, which the ruthless hand of the later scribe has occasionally striven in vain entirely to erase), have left us but few examples of mediæval art. The 'Dioscorides,' of the Imperial Library of Vienna, is amongst the earliest to which a date can be attached, as it was written for Juliana Anicia, daughter of Flavius Anicius Olybrius, Emperor of the West, in 472. It was probably written quite at the commencement of the 6th century, and contains some semi-classical miniatures of really excellent design. Even earlier than this, and probably of the 5th century, are the fragments of the 'Iliad' in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, consisting of about fifty fragments, cut out for the sake of the pictures they contain. It would have been a happy thing if the operator had himself been cut into fifty fragments before he laid his sacrilegious hands on such a gem. To the same century belongs the Greek Genesis of Vienna, which is full of Biblical illustrations; but a far finer and older Genesis once existed in the Cottonian Library. This was unfortunately almost entirely consumed in the fire which destroyed so many priceless MSS. The fragments which remain have been preserved with reverent care in the British Museum. It must have been full of miniatures, and here and there we get sufficient evidence of their excellence. The figures retain a classic feeling in pose and drawing, in refreshing contrast to the conventional elongated model which characterises later Byzantine work, and which never completely disappeared until the Florentine artists of the early Renaissance introduced a more natural treatment. To this scanty list must be added the 'Codex Rossanensis,' already alluded to as a purple MS. of the Gospels in Greek, of the latter part of the 6th century.

Whilst we are on the subject of early examples, we might as well see what remains to us of Latin MSS. of these times. The list is even more scanty than in the case of Greek MSS., and is, in fact, exhausted by the three Vatican Virgils. The first, the 'Codex Romanus,' written entirely in capital letters, contains about thirty large-size illustrations, for we can hardly call them miniatures. They are rough in execution, and many episodes of the story are jumbled together in the same illustration, resembling

GREEK SCHOOL, XII. CENTURY.

SIMEON METAPHOASTES.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

Add. MS. 11870, Fol. 188.



ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΚΑΤΑΛΙ
ΠΡΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΕΒΕ
ΕΝ ΤΡΟΤΟ ΤΗΣ
ΤΗΣ ΕΒΕ
ΤΗΣ ΕΒΕ

somewhat the antique manner found in Pompeian frescoes, the colours bright, but crude and inharmonious. The second, the 'Codex Palatinus,' contains no illustrations. These two Codices are assigned to the 4th century A.D., and in the opinion of so good an authority as Mr. Maunde Thompson, may possibly be even of an earlier date, for in the regularity of their letters they resemble very nearly the inscriptions of the first and second centuries.

The third Virgil, known as the 'Schedæ Vaticanæ,' is undoubtedly a later work. The writing shows evidence of having left the regularity of the earlier (inscriptive) character, and bears the impress of having settled down into a set book-hand. The miniatures, too, differ altogether from the confused illustrations of the earlier Codex, and appear as single pictures of very great merit. Some of the figures are essentially classical in anatomical drawing and general treatment, and one point about the miniatures is especially interesting, the really well painted landscape and marine backgrounds, which very rapidly disappeared from the work of subsequent miniaturists, only to be seen again at the beginning of the 15th century. There are portions of yet another Virgil in the Vatican, the remainder of which is at Berlin, assigned to the end of the 4th century. Each page begins with a large coloured initial; but there are no miniatures. The Ashburnham Pentateuch is probably not older than the 7th century, but is especially interesting as containing eighteen miniatures of purely Italian work, affording us an almost unique insight into the state of illuminating art-work in Italy at that time.

There are many examples of Byzantine MSS. scattered here and there throughout Europe, but few of them are older than the 11th century. An exception must, however, be made in favour of the 'Book of Joshua' in the Vatican, a volumen, or roll of parchment, thirty-two feet long, which probably dates from the 7th century, full of excellent illumination.* There also is the 'Dogmatica Panoplia,' executed for the Emperor Alexis Com-

* Although the Book of Joshua has been accepted by some authorities as belonging to the 7th century, it is but fair to say that many of the best critics consider it a copy, modelled on an earlier work, and assign its production to the 10th century instead of the 7th.

menus, 1081-1118. The figures are drawn in a very spirited manner, the Emperor appearing many times dressed in Oriental costume.

The purely Eastern origin of Byzantine illumination forces itself upon the mind whilst examining any of these books. The resemblance of the ornament used either as a frame to the miniature, or in the borders and head-pieces or cappings, to the patterns in ancient Persian tapestries and carpets, can hardly be accidental. The scheme of colour also is suggestive, the lovely and artistic junction of blue and green is precisely the key-note of the old pottery of Damascus and Rhodes, which, in some respects, is perhaps the most decorative of all the products of the potter's art. The lavish use of gold, as background or general ornament, also serves to recall the barbaric splendour of an Eastern clime. In the 14th century Byzantine art deteriorated, and finally died out in the 15th, when the city changed masters, and St. Sophia became a Turkish Mosque. Byzantium must, indeed, be regarded as the fruitful mother of the old miniaturists. At a comparatively early period of her art-work, her painters must have travelled west, and scattered themselves over many lands, for with the exception of England and Ireland, there is no school of illumination which does not show a large infusion of the Eastern principle and influence, lasting for many ages, and perhaps never completely disappearing, even from the classic ground of the Italian Renaissance.

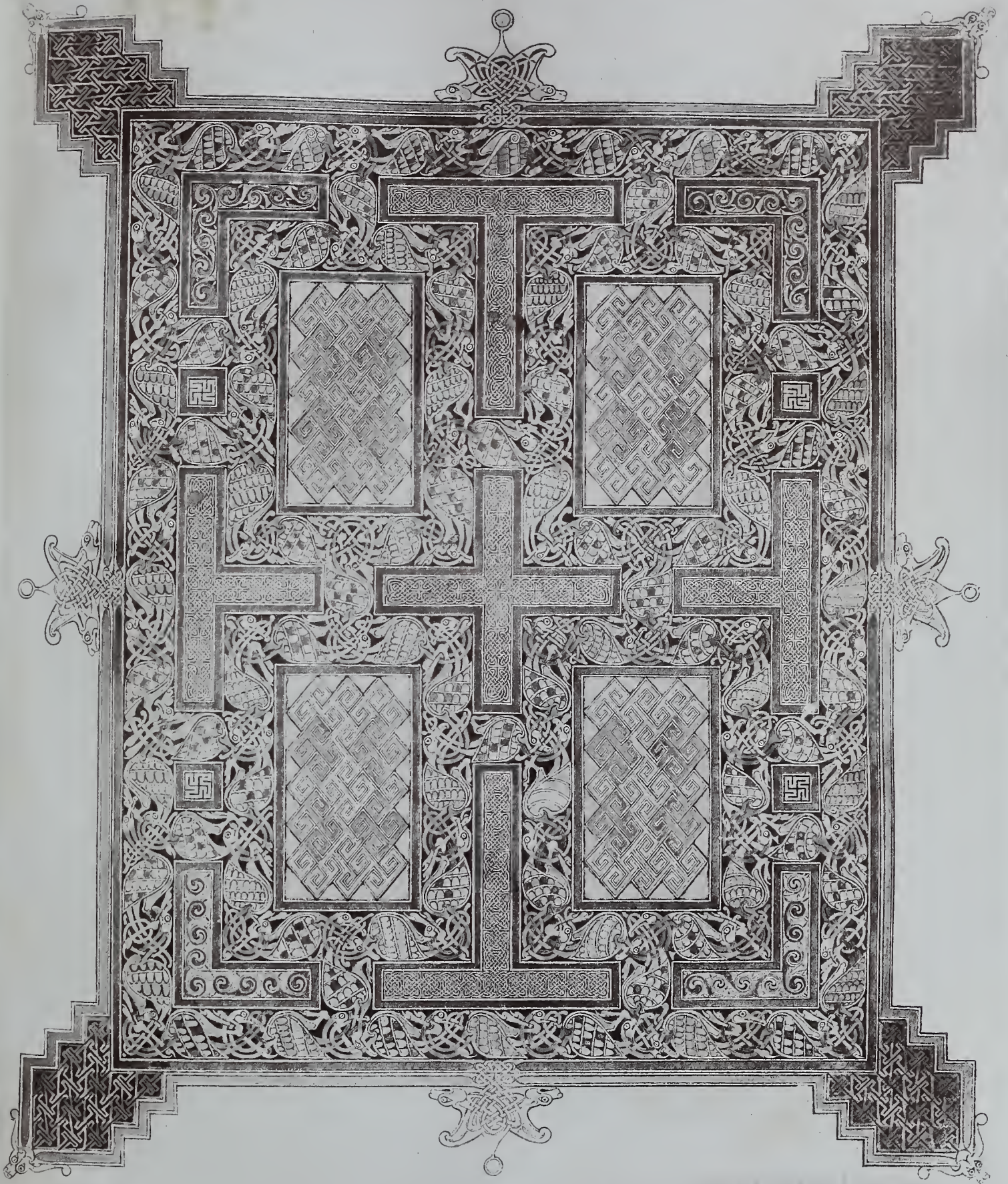
Whilst she thus sent her art-missionaries west and north, she also gave the "motif" for a school nearer home. Probably, as early as the 7th century the Arabic or Mahometan illuminators drew their ideas from her practice, though of course largely tinged by their own religious and traditional tenets. Being forbidden to draw the human figure, animals, or even plants, their designs consist chiefly of geometrical patterns, sometimes of wonderful intricacy, the introduction of Cufic inscriptions affording scope for gorgeous emblazonment. The colouring is very vivid, red, blue, and orange being the prevailing tints. The Turkish and Moorish Schools are merely offshoots of the Arabic; but the wilful destruction of the Moorish libraries in Spain has deprived us of all the finest specimens

HIBERNIAN OR ANGLO-CELTIC SCHOOL.

THE DURHAM BOOK,
EXECUTED BY IRISH ARTISTS AT LINDISFARNE, ABOUT 720 A.D.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

Nero. Div. Fol. 210b.



of their work. The Byzantine, as might have been expected, became more especially the prevailing feature in all countries professing the Greek Church. Russia boasts of a large number of Slavonic MSS., in which a certain national treatment is evident, grounded on their Byzantine ancestors' work. The Balkan countries and modern Greece also naturally followed the parent stock.

§ 2.—*Hibernian or Anglo-Celtic School.*

To trace the next development of illumination in point of time, we must leave Byzantium, and move to the North-West.

Christianity found a congenial soil for its work of conversion at a very early period in Ireland, and even in the 6th century the island was renowned for its learning and the number of monasteries and seminaries it contained. There is a tradition that the artists of the monasteries of Holy Island were the earliest to carry out and assimilate the art-teaching of the Roman missionaries; but be this as it may, a native style of art was born in the scriptoria of its monastic homes differing entirely from anything else in the whole history of illumination. It is quite free from either Byzantine or Roman teaching. The Romans, indeed, appear to have exerted but little influence on the native arts during their occupation of Britain. The aborigines were considered and treated as a servile race, and it was not until the missionaries of Christian Rome touched and softened the rugged nature of the inhabitants that any original talent appeared. It is somewhat difficult to explain the principle of this Celtic or Anglo-Irish work. It consists of combinations of geometrical patterns, interlacings, spiral coils and bands, whilst birds and lacertine animals are knotted and woven together in apparently inextricable confusion; but at the same time perfect harmony and accuracy of detail are maintained. The pigments are brilliant and generally light, so thickly laid on that they almost give the appearance of enamel, an effect which is generally enhanced by filling the interstices with black. Gold is used in one or two places, but only as minute spots, or to fill small triangles.

This fashion of intricate interlacing is always the first step

in art of a barbaric race, who seek by laborious complexity to make up for the absence of original design. It is seen in the earliest Eastern metal-work, in the art-monuments of ancient Mexico, the carvings of the South Sea Islanders, and even in the work of the more cultivated Hindoo. The Celtic work reached its highest point of excellence towards the end of the 7th century, and travelled into England when the Irish Colony at Iona sent a branch to Lindisfarne near Durham, and Aidan was appointed Bishop of the See, A.D. 635. He obtained from Oswald, Prince of Northumbria, leave to have his episcopal residence at Lindisfarne, where he founded a monastery and college similar to that at Iona.

Several very notable examples of this work still exist, such as the Book of Kells, preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, and the copy of St. Cuthbert's Gospels, called the "Durham" Book, in the British Museum. The Book of Kells was so called from having been preserved in the Abbey Church at Kells, in the diocese of Meath. It was saved from destruction by Bishop Usher in 1621, and formed part of his library, which was confiscated during the Commonwealth. Charles II., on his accession, gave it to Trinity College, Dublin, where it has since remained. Some idea of its work may be gained from the assertion of Westwood, who says, that on placing one of the drawings under a microscope, he counted in $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch 158 interlacements, without one false line. The Durham Book is second only to the Book of Kells, in the laborious minuteness of its ornament. Each Gospel is preceded by a drawing of one of the Evangelists, of a wooden, lifeless aspect, but still far in advance of the purely Irish work of the Book of Kells or the Lichfield Gospels of St. Chad. It is indeed almost incredible that artists who could produce such lovely ornaments would rest satisfied with such hideous and grotesque travesties of the human form. Mechanical drawing founded on tradition is all very well, but the Irish would seem to have drawn their inspiration from the stocks and stones representing their Pagan idols, rather than from the flesh and blood surrounding them. The Durham Book, or, as it is sometimes called, the Lindisfarne Gospels, is a folio volume, containing the four Gospels preceded by the Eusebian

HIBERNIAN OR ANGLO-CELTIC SCHOOL.

SPECIMEN OF FIGURE DRAWING
FROM THE SAME WORK AS THE PRECEDING.

Imago aequilae

ΣΑΓΓΑΝ

ΚΡΑΝ

ΝΙΚ



Canons. Between the lines of the text is a Saxon gloss of the 10th century, of great interest, as giving us the Northumbrian dialect, and at the end of the book is a note by the Saxon writer of the gloss, from which we learn its history. It seems to have been written and illuminated in honour of St. Cuthbert by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who succeeded to the See in 698, and died in 721. His successor, Æthelwald, caused it to be splendidly bound and adorned with gold and gems; which was executed under his direction by Bilfrith, who, according to Simon of Durham, was "Aurificis arte præcipuus." At the time of the Reformation, the "pious" reformers despoiled it of its cover, for the sake of the gold and jewels which adorned it.

The Irish interlacement had a marvellous persistence as an ornament both in its own country and abroad. The Irish Church sent out many Missionaries to various parts of the Continent, who doubtless took with them sacred books containing the peculiar decoration of the Celtic school. St. Gall, Luxeuil, Würzburg, Bobbio, and other centres still possess examples in which this Northern ornament is to be seen.*

§ 3.—*The Carolingian School.*

Towards the close of the 8th, and during the 9th century, the Carolingian School, encouraged and developed by the patronage of Charlemagne and his grandson, Charles the Bald, produced most sumptuous MSS. The mighty Emperor, one of the grandest characters in history, appeared, in the quaint language of an old writer, "full of eyes before and behind." Everything, great and small, seemed to pass under his personal supervision. He found time, not only for conquering the greater part of Europe, but completely renovated literature and the arts, and with his own hand wrote against the adoration of images, the sin of drunkenness, and even descended to such a minute question as the writing of love letters by nuns. The style of illumination may be described as a mixture of the acanthus and other well-known Roman forms, derived

* The specimens formerly preserved at Bobbio have been mostly transferred to Milan.

from a study of the Roman art remains in the Gallican provinces, the interlacement similar to the Celtic ornament, and a very strong infusion of the Byzantine splendour, making as a whole one of the most sumptuous epochs of illumination. But the miniature, as usual, is far behind the ornament. The endless series of Evangelists is always the same lifeless, conventional, elongated Byzantine tradition. Many examples of this school are extant. One of the most beautiful, 'The Golden Gospels,' is in the British Museum; then, again, there are the copy of the Gospels found upon the knees of the great Emperor when his tomb at Aix la Chapelle was opened, the Gospels of St. Servin de Toulouse, those of St. Médard de Soissons, the Bible of the San Calisto Monastery at Rome, the Metz Bible, &c. The celebrated monk, Alcuin of York, was invited by Charlemagne to France, to superintend the progress of learning and the arts. He presided as abbot over the Monastery of St. Martin of Tours from 796 to 804, and Tours and Aix la Chapelle became the two great centres whence emanated the finest work of this gorgeous period.

The burial of the great Charlemagne is picturesquely told by Palgrave. "They buried him in his own Cathedral. There they reverently deposited the embalmed corpse, surrounded by ghastly magnificence, sitting erect on his curule chair, clad in his silken robes, ponderous with broidery, pearls and orfray, the imperial diadem on his head, his closed eyelids covered, his face swathed in the dead clothes, girt with his baldric, the ivory horn slung in his scarf, his good sword 'Joyeuse' by his side, the Gospel-book open on his lap, musk and amber and sweet spices poured around, his golden shield and golden sceptre pendant before him." This Gospel-book here mentioned is now in the Louvre.

§ 4.—*The Anglo-Saxon School. The 'Opus Anglicum.'*

Towards the close of the 10th century, our native artists struck out a new line of their own in the art of illumination, which for originality of design, rich decoration, and boldness of form cannot be surpassed by any of the contemporary Continental schools. Its excellence secured for it, indeed, a special name, 'Opus Anglicum.'

SCHOOL OF CHARLEMAGNE.

CODEX AUREUS.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

Harl. 2788, Fol. 13 b.



ENGLISH SCHOOL.

OPUS ANGLICUM.

11th Century.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

Ar. 60, Fol. 52 b.



It is somewhat difficult to express in words the salient points which distinguished it from other works of the period. One of its chief ornaments was the simple grandeur of the frames and borderings to the texts and miniatures, consisting of massive gold bars, with natural foliage twining about them, forming a very rich and effective ornamentation.

The miniatures too show far more natural treatment than those we have just been considering. The finest example of this lovely work in England is the *Benedictional of St. Æthelwald* in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. It has the additional advantage of containing a metrical dedication, by which we learn that it was executed for Æthelwald, who was Bishop of Winchester 963 to 984, by the scribe Godeman. The dedication informs us that Æthelwald "commanded a certain monk subject to him to write the present book, and ordered also to be made in it certain arches, elegantly decorated, and filled up with various ornamental pictures, expressed in divers beautiful colours and gold." It contains thirty miniatures, of scenes in the life of Christ and the Apostles, many of them showing a feeling and power of composition in great contrast to the ordinary miniatures of the period.

Another very distinctive feature of Anglo-Saxon art is well shown in the *Utrecht Psalter*, so called from its present home. The British Museum possesses a later copy of it of the 11th century. It is filled with delicate pen drawings, little more than outline, but showing a facility and freedom quite unusual at this period. This *Psalter* was probably produced early in the 9th century in the North of France, and found its way to England, though the style had probably long been domesticated here. The light "fluttering" drapery and general character of the details almost suggest a Roman origin, and quite possibly some of the MSS. brought to Canterbury late in the 6th century by Augustine, its first Archbishop, contained the germs of this particular treatment. However this may be, it is certain that these flowing pen drawings, together with the Irish interlacements and the foliated frames of the '*Opus Anglicum*,' formed the staple of Anglo-Saxon art, down to the period of the Norman Conquest, when naturally a foreign influence crept in and modified to a large extent the peculiar features of our insular work.

Many examples of this school of design are still extant, which had its chief seat at the Monastery of Hyde, near Winchester. Such are the Benedictional of Archbishop Robert, now at Rouen, and in the British Museum are the Arundel Psalter, No. 155, the Gospels of Canute, Royal IDIX, the Cottonian Psalter, Tiberius CVI, and the Hyde Register in the Stowe collection, British Museum.

The fine volume 'The Canute Gospels' is an admirable specimen of the foliated frame, the Roman acanthus, the Irish interlacement, and the Anglo-Saxon pen-drawn heads, which adorn the medallions forming part of the massive frames.

The Cottonian Psalter suffered from the fire of 1731, but its 113 leaves show much characteristic work, especially a series of outline drawings, of the true Anglo-Saxon type, slightly touched with blue, green and red. A large folio copy of the Bible, in three volumes, containing numerous miniatures and very elaborate capital letters still remains in its home (Winchester). It is particularly interesting from the fact that it is unfinished, and shows every stage of the process through which an illuminated book had to pass. The first operator was the scribe, who commenced his work by running down the sides of each page a wheel armed with teeth at equal distances. Very delicate lines, generally red, but sometimes brown, were then ruled from these point marks across each page. Within these lines he wrote his text, leaving spaces for the capital letters, miniatures or other decorations. The scribe was followed by the illuminator of initials, borders and other ornamental accessories, and succeeded by the miniaturist.*

The foliated frame of the 'Opus Anglicum' lasted, with gradual development and modification up to the end of the 14th century, being still very apparent in such a work as the Salisbury Lectionarium, commonly called the Lovel Book, from its containing a frontispiece showing a portrait of Lord Lovel and the illuminator, the illustrious Siferwas, presenting the book to him (Harleian 7026, British Museum). John Siferwas was also the chief painter employed in the production of the Sherborne Missal.

* The Winchester Bible, although a good example of English work, can hardly be classed with the specimens just described. It is probably not earlier than the 12th century.

§ 5.—11th and 12th Centuries.

During the 11th and 12th centuries, Italian art in MSS. revived after a long slumber, and two separate schools came into existence. One seems to have penetrated from the North, to which the name Lombardic was given, showing in its intricate patterns of interlacings and animal forms a sort of refrain of Irish ideas filtered through the Carolingian Monasteries. Choral books of large size were produced, with enormous initial letters, often from 12 to 18 inches long, extremely handsome in design, showing the interlaced ornament in quite a bewildering maze.

The second school evidently permeated from the South, and for a long time is quite Byzantine in character, probably indeed the work of Greek artists, wandering from their centre at Byzantium. But after a time the native talent of the Italians digested and assimilated this foreign influence, and produced a really national school, extending not only throughout Italy, but also forming the *motif* of illumination to the countries bordering the Western Mediterranean, Southern France and Spain. In neither of these Italian schools however do we find much in the way of miniature, and this is perhaps remarkable in a country which, even at an early date, produced both pictures and wall-paintings. What little figure drawing there is in these MSS. is generally broad and tolerably well executed.

There is a curious MS. in the British Museum, written and illuminated at Winchester in the 12th century, which contains two paintings purely Italian in design, and of great excellence.

Some very creditable work was executed on the Rhine, chiefly in the Cologne School in the 12th century. A good specimen is in the British Museum, Harleian 2800-2802: A *Passionale* or 'Lives of the Martyrs,' probably written for the Monastery of Arnstein, situated on the Lahn about a mile above Coblenz. The monastery was founded by Count Ludovic in the year 1139, who converted his castle into a home for twelve monks, and consecrated it to St. Mary and St. Nicholas. A copy of the Bible (Harleian 2803, British Museum) is of nearly the same period and style, but more richly coloured and highly finished.

In France also, the prevailing fashion of large folio MSS. produced miniatures on a grand scale, in which the figure drawing is often excellent, the limbs well proportioned, and the drapery arranged with some idea of the body for which it formed a covering.

The interlaced branches chiefly to be found in the Lombardic School of the 12th century evidently formed the model upon which was grafted the exquisite white and coloured branch work of the Italian 15th-century Missals. It may be said generally that the figure drawing of the 12th century shows a very considerable advance upon preceding work, not only in general treatment of limb, drapery, &c., but chiefly in the truthful and earnest expression given to the heads of the various evangelists, saints, &c.

§ 6.—13th Century.

In the 13th century the pendulum swung once more. From the gigantic folios of the 12th century we come to small volumes full of exact detail and careful finish; the bold text of the preceding age gives place to a writing almost microscopic in character, and the miniatures partake of the general diminution, being frequently introduced within the interior of initial letters, which were themselves commonly enclosed in handsome square frames, with medallions along the sides containing figures of saints, prophets, minstrels, &c., having often a raised and burnished gold background. This raised gold work is very handsome; a thick layer of plaster (probably Chinese white) was laid upon the vellum with size, and rubbed down to a very even surface; it next received a coating of red paint, and then the gold leaf was applied, the hard surface thus obtained admitting of a large degree of burnishing. In this century we first find the introduction of backgrounds to miniatures and initial letters, of the beautiful diapered work in varied tones of the same colour, blue being in very constant use. This background, together with delicate mosaic designs of small squares of gold and colours of infinite variety, and the intricate scroll work which, like the diaper, generally appears in different shades of the same colour, lasted into the 15th century, when the natural background of landscape,

buildings, &c., came into general use. Ornamented borders, too, of delicate design begin to appear, commencing as simple pendants to the elongated initial letters, and gradually creeping further and further round the text. Early in the century there is great similarity of design as regards miniatures in the English, Flemish, and Northern French schools. As the century progressed, national differences are more apparent; the graceful drawing and delicate colour of the English school contrasting very favourably with either French or Flemish work.

The miniatures produced up to this time, though gradually improving in treatment, were by no means numerous in any given work; but late in the century a school arose in France in which the miniature was made the chief feature, the borders becoming quite subordinate. The headquarters of this development of illumination were certainly in Paris. The figures and drapery are managed in a very elegant manner, showing an artistic feeling quite beyond the usual mark. An allusion to this school was probably intended in the well-known and oft-quoted lines from the 11th canto of the 'Purgatorio' of Dante, translated by Cary thus:

"Oh! I exclaimed,
Art thou not Oderigi? Art not thou
Agobbio's glory, glory of that art
Which they of Paris call the limner's skill?
'Brother,' said he, 'with tints that gayer smile
Bolognian Franco's pencil lines the leaves,
His all the honor now; my light obscured.'"

The 'Hours of St. Louis,' preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, presents a very good specimen of Paris work. This book also shows the introduction of Gothic architecture of that period generally known as Early English.

A beautiful example of English art of the early 13th century is shown in a Psalter, the property of the Society of Antiquaries.

It belonged to Robert de Lindesey, Abbot of Peterborough, who died in 1232. The capital letters are set in square frames, along the sides of which are medallions containing figures of saints, &c. The interlaced work of the capitals, the diapered background and generally gorgeous and appropriate scheme of colour, serve as

an admirable specimen of the fine work executed in England at this time. Many works preserved in the British Museum, &c., of undoubtedly English origin, tend to prove that English illumination perhaps reached its climax during the late 13th and early 14th century. Such are the Tenison Psalter and the Bible in the Royal collection, marked J. D. i., of about 1270, showing the rich green, a favourite colour of the English 13th-century artists, and made additionally interesting by bearing at the end the artist's signature, "Wills, Devoniensis scripsit istum librum." Queen Mary's Psalter, also in the British Museum, is interesting in its history, as well as for the strictly English character of its decoration. It was presented to Queen Mary on her accession to the English throne in 1553, by Baldwin Smith, a merchant of London. The story goes that a considerable trade was carried on with the Continent at that time in vellum, to be used, especially in Holland, to bind books, &c., and that a cargo of manuscripts, &c., had been consigned to Mr. Smith for exportation. On looking over the contents of the parcel, he was struck by the beauty of this Psalter, and conceived the happy idea of presenting it to the Queen. It shows the English practice of outline drawings, delicately shaded with green, lilac, and brown, depending upon graceful drawing for the beauty of the figures, and reserving brilliant colour and gilding for the background.

§ 7.—14th Century.

The 14th century introduced considerable changes in the character of illuminated work. In Italy the Renaissance was beginning to make itself felt, and the influence of the Florentine School of artists is apparent in the peculiar flesh tints, shortened figures, and straight drapery of the miniatures, contrasting strongly with the still elongated forms and flowing lines of the English and French Schools. Whilst the earliest fathers of the Renaissance were departing from the groove of conventional idealism, in which the traditions of the Christian Church had hitherto confined the expression of the human figure, and were seeking amongst the works of antiquity for a purer sense of the beauty of form, so men seem to

ENGLISH SCHOOL.

Late 13th or early 14th Century.

QUEEN MARY'S PSALTER.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

Add. MS. 2 Bvii. Fol. 303 b.



Kyrieleyson
Christeleyson
Kyrieleyson.
Ite audi nos.



have gone far more to nature for their ideas of ordinary decoration ; and one of the chief features of ornamentation in the Northern Schools is the introduction and gradual development of the ivy-leaf pattern, which, from its pointed shape, accorded admirably with the Gothic architecture, brought to its highest form by William of Wickham, and the other artists, who in painting, architecture, goldsmith's work, enamel, &c., combined to make this a great artistic era. A very fine example of the ivy-leaf decoration, diapered background, and really artistic miniatures, is contained in the 'Prayer-book of the Duke of Anjou' in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. About the middle of the century, for the first time in the history of the art, secular books began to share in the labours of the illuminator. Romances, songs of the Troubadours and the Classics were multiplied by professional scribes and illuminators, and as a natural consequence the miniatures lose the more or less symbolic style in which sacred subjects had been hitherto drawn, and were treated in a more natural manner.

Amongst the various marks of progress in this century in the art of miniature painting, none is more noticeable than the great care and finish bestowed upon the heads of the characters represented. In most cases they have every appearance of having been studied from living models, "d'après le vif," in the quaint phraseology of the time, whilst the introduction of scenes of public and private life, of manners and customs, &c., renders the 14th-century miniatures peculiarly interesting. Caricatures and grotesque subjects, relating even to the clergy, women, &c., make their appearance in sacred books with an audacity which is truly astonishing, especially in those of the French School, where, in all ages, caricature has been so powerful an instrument of satire.

The first faint indications of a natural background of landscape, buildings, &c., are to be found early in the century, at first of a most conventional type, with as much disregard to perspective as characterises the work of a Chinese or Japanese artist. The determination of an horizon is especially troublesome to these early artists, and was only brought to a really pictorial state in the ensuing century.

A great impetus was given to the illuminator's art during the

period when Charles V. occupied the throne of France. He was the founder of the Royal Library, and a great admirer of illustrated books. At a great cost he accumulated a prodigious number in the tower of the Louvre. His brother, the magnificent Duke Jean de Berri, was his worthy rival in this respect, and devoted enormous sums to the purchase and production of manuscripts.

Even under Charles VI. this impulsè did not abate, and the miniaturist's art was never in a more flourishing condition. The Prayer-book of the Duke d'Anjou, already alluded to, was produced during this reign. A curious book is preserved in the Louvre, 'Demandes et reponses,' by Peter Salmon, a manuscript written for the King, and ornamented with charming miniatures, in which all the characters are true historical portraits. Another exquisite specimen of French miniature art of this period is the translation of Boccacio's 'De Claris Mulieribus.'

§ 8.—15th Century.

Although quite early in the 15th century, a few fine specimens of English work were produced, amongst which may be cited the 'Sherborne Missal,' belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, and a beautiful Book of Hours in the Ashburnham Collection, yet, owing partly to the temporary occupation of France by Henry V., and the consequent largely increased intercourse between the two nations, English art fell into decadence, and the French were left masters of the field. One of the most interesting products of the French School is what is known as 'The Bedford Missal,' in the British Museum. It was prepared for John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, and was presented by him to Henry VI. in 1430. It contains the only known portrait of the Duke, which was engraved by Vertue. The Prayer-book of Henry VI. is also in the British Museum. In six of the miniatures, the young King is seen in the act of devotion, and from his apparent age, the book was executed about the time of his coronation in Paris in 1431. These two books are certainly French work. Another MS. of about this period, interesting to students of English history, is the Shrewsbury Book (Royal MSS., British Museum). It is

FRENCH SCHOOL.

Early 15th Century.

HENRY VI. PSALTER.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

Dom. A XVII., Fol. 74.



Non custodiam
uas meas: ut non
delinquam in

lingua mea

English work, though executed on a French model. It was made for John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and presented by him to Margaret of Anjou, after her marriage with Henry VI. It is a book of romances of "Chivalrie," and contains a fine portrait of the Earl presenting his book to Queen Margaret, and also another of the King surrounded by his Court, giving Talbot his sword. The tendency observed even in architecture in the 15th century to quit a symmetrical for a picturesque treatment, to which the term "flamboyant" has been applied, is distinctly to be noticed in illumination. The borders which had become now solid surroundings to the text, gradually developed from the Gothic and ivy-leaf brackets, and the feet of the long-tailed capital letters afforded scope for the introduction of medallions, grotesque subjects, scroll work, and flowing foliage, in a sort of confused manner, our old friend, the ivy leaf, still holding its own in the decoration, though now only performing a subsidiary part. The 'Comedies of Terence,' preserved in the arsenal of Paris, is a very good specimen of what we may call the flamboyant border. About the middle of the century, Flemish art began to enter the lists with its French sister. Up to the 15th century the Low Countries had shown no individuality or great excellence in illumination. Indeed, in many respects, it was distinctly behind the surrounding nations, poor in design and colour, and the drawing of the figure crude, heavy, and inartistic. But under the influence of the Van Eycks, the school woke into new life, and as French art deteriorates, Flemish art improves, bringing miniature painting at the close of the century to rare perfection and elaboration.* Enormous numbers of illuminated MSS. were pro-

* An easy means of comparing the relative state of the French and Flemish schools is afforded by a 'Book of Hours' (Add. MS. 18,855) in the British Museum. It was executed in France quite late in the 15th century. At the end of the book, though in no way connected with its object, three or four Flemish miniatures have been added. The French miniatures in the body of the work are flat, hard, and dry, as deficient in character and drawing as in colour. The meretricious habit of intensifying the high lights by a lavish use of gold only serves to bring into greater prominence the poverty of the surroundings. The Flemish miniatures at the end are in direct contrast to all this in every respect. They are landscape scenes, with figures introduced in the foreground. The landscapes are most admirably painted, the colouring fresh and natural, and the tender tones of the aerial perspective worthy of Claude himself.

duced in Flanders during the latter part of the century. Especially at Bruges, their production became a positive manufacture, and most of the ordinary specimens met with, originated from that school. Not only is there great beauty in the miniatures, but the border-work shows many novelties in their hands. The flowing branches terminating in exquisite foliage, and the introduction of flowers, insects, birds, and even jewels amongst its interstices, gave the most brilliant framing possible to the text, especially when the shadows projected by these objects were carefully drawn in all their natural gradation, causing the objects to appear almost more like miniature realities than mere painted pictures. All the great Flemish artists of the century engaged occasionally in this work, the Van Eycks, Memling, Lucas von Leyden, Mabuse, and others, carried out in their illuminations the artistic skill and careful elaboration which characterise their larger pictures. One very interesting specimen of this school is the 'Chronicles of England' in the British Museum, executed for Edward IV., though its large and broad treatment hardly gives an idea of the beauty of the minute and intricate work of the smaller Prayer-books. It was, however, undoubtedly executed by Flemish artists, and the chief frontispiece, in Dr. Waagen's opinion, was drawn by Van Eyck. This, however, may be doubted. The seven volumes originally forming the work have been reduced by loss to three or four; but happily the first remains, giving a picture of the artist presenting the work to the King. From the individuality of character given to each figure, there can be little doubt of their having been drawn from life. The King accords very well with what we hear of the accounts of his person, though hardly flattering to one who was called "the handsome Edward." On the left is the unfortunate Clarence, his weak character plainly portrayed in his features. The figure in the front of the picture is Gloucester, his right hand playing with the hilt of his sword, as was his wont, his hard and determined face surely telling of the violent passions and unscrupulous cruelty which made him such an unlovely

Every figure, too, is full of character and individuality, and each in its place helps the general composition of the picture. These lovely miniatures are amongst the finest specimens extant of the illuminator's art.

FLEMISH SCHOOL.

Early 16th Century

BRITISH MUSEUM.

Addl. MS. 24098, Fol. 1.

15th Century.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

Addl. MS. 17280, Fol. 202 b.



character in history. Even as a study of costume this miniature is a lesson. One of the most celebrated specimens of Flemish work is known as the Grimani Breviary, preserved in St. Mark's, Venice. It is a quarto volume, bound in crimson velvet, with a gold border elaborately chased, enclosing a bust of Cardinal Grimani. It contains one hundred and ten drawings, most of them executed by the hand of Memling. Gerard of Ghent, and Livin of Antwerp, scholars of Memling, assisted him, and Levina Teerlinck, the talented daughter of Simon Benninck of Bruges, is also credited with a share in the work. The drawings have all been reproduced in photography by Antonio Perini of Venice.

'The Romance of the Rose' is another captivating specimen of Flemish work (British Museum), written by Guillaume de Lorris, and Jean or Jehan Clopinal (lame-leg). Some authors have classed it as 15th-century French work, others credit the Flemings with the borders and general ornament, but assign the miniatures to a French artist. There seems no sufficient reason, however, for dissociating the pictures from the borders, and the whole of the pictorial part may pretty safely be credited to the Flemish School. All the miniatures are of a very high class, though the single figures, representing the principal passions and troubles of life, exhibit a genius and character rarely met with in miniature art.

Our Museum can boast of possessing one of the very finest specimens extant of Flemish work of the late 15th century, the Breviary of Isabella of Castille, wife of Ferdinand II. The scribe was probably a Spaniard, but the lovely miniatures, the heraldic emblazonments, the borders of scrolls and flowers, sometimes on gold, sometimes on coloured ground, enclosing miniatures, must have emanated from Flemish artists of the very highest class. Amongst the many gems contained in this manuscript is the celebrated miniature representing St. Barbara, deservedly considered one of the most beautiful pictures "in little" now existing.

It is supposed to have been executed for Don Francisco de Boias, who was employed by Ferdinand and Isabella as ambassador to the Court of Maximilian I., to negotiate a double marriage between the two families, and presented by him to Isabella, on the occasion of these marriages.

Neither Spain nor Portugal ever really possessed a native school of illuminators. Foreign artists were almost exclusively employed, and by the specimens left to us, the Flemings seem to have been most favoured.

Take as a specimen the beautiful series of drawings in the British Museum, made for Fernando, third son of Emanuel, King of Portugal, by Mary of Arragon and Castile, showing the alliances of the Royal Houses of Spain and Portugal from the earliest period to the beginning of the 16th century. The manuscript consists of eleven leaves or tables, very richly illuminated, the series of portraits admirably painted, with all the minute elaboration and care of Van Eyck or Memling. The whole of the work is undoubtedly Flemish. The 'Commentary on the Apocalypse' (British Museum, Additional MS., 11,695) is a native Spanish, or rather, a 12th-century Visigothic work, executed in the Monastery of Silos, in the diocese of Burgos, completed in the year 1109. The elegance of the ornament, Saracenic in design, is in great contrast with the rude and unskilful drawing of men and animals. The architecture is distinctly Moorish, horse-shoe arches, and arabesque ornaments appearing on every page. 'Les lois d'Alfonso, Roi de Castile' (British Museum, Additional MS., 29,787), serves to exemplify the sombre, gloomy scheme of colour adopted by Spanish artists, fine though the miniatures undoubtedly are in drawing, composition, &c. Black is freely used in shading the draperies, and indigo in the blue dresses and shadows of the buildings, although ultramarine appears throughout the volume for small capital letters.

In German work we have not so many specimens to guide us as could be wished. As in the case of Spain and Portugal, a really original school of illumination hardly existed. The Arnstein Bible, already alluded to, tells us that in the 12th century, Rhenish Germany (chiefly Cologne) produced work of a high class for that period; but as time rolled on the ideas of the French and Flemings in the West, and of the Italians in the south, formed the basis of German illumination.

A curious variety of miniature work was in vogue during this century, which in its sobriety forms a striking contrast to the

SPANISH SCHOOL.

PRAYER-BOOK OF ALFONSO VTH OF ARRAGON.

About 1442 A.D.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

Addl. MS. 28962, Fol. 281 b.



Ad omnia bte virginis officia



alve sancta pariter
 emea puerpa regem
 qui celi terrarumq;
 regit i sella sedloy. **V**
 post partu ugo i
 uiolata pmanfisti

dei genitricis intercede pro nob. **Gloria**



wealth of colour and gold usually lavished on these paintings "in little."

It is essentially monochrome, and bears the name of "Camaieu Gris," the term "Grisaille" also being applied to it. It originated in the 14th century amongst French or Flemish artists, probably the former, and in some respects, such as the wonderful skill displayed in the treatment of light and shade, and the extraordinary minuteness and accuracy of detail, these beautiful miniatures quite hold their own as works of art by the side of their more showy sisters.

Specimens of this work appear as early as the time of the Duc de Berri. The Psalter, or 'Petites Heures,' executed for the Duke, now in the National Library, Paris, is partially ornamented "en camaieu." Another MS. in the same collection, produced about 1352, 'The Institution of the Order of the Holy Ghost,' contains some beautiful "camaieu" portraits, notably those of King Louis of Tarento, and his wife, Jane, Queen of Naples. The Bodleian Library contains two specimens, a volume executed for Charles Duke of Burgundy, and an 'Offices of the Virgin,' which is curious from its containing numerous miniatures "en camaieu," Flemish in character, surrounded by coloured borders, apparently of English work. The British Museum has a very good, though late, example (Harleian 625), containing an imaginary conversation between Francis I. and Julius Cæsar. The pictures are painted in a rich grey, heightened with white, some of the details sparingly touched with gold. Preceding the dialogue are medallion portraits of Francis and Julius Cæsar, drawn in grey on rich blue grounds. One is tempted to think whether Josiah Wedgwood ever saw these portraits, for they exactly resemble the form adopted by him two centuries later, for his series of medallion portraits.

Yet another magnificent example is 'Les Miracles de Notre Dame,' done for Philip of Burgundy about 1470 (Bodleian Library). Towards the close of the 15th century a perfect craze existed for the illumination of documents of all sorts and kinds. Charters, bills, indentures, books of account, and even mortuary rolls were quite commonly highly ornamented either in colour or by pen drawings. This practice was carried to its highest pitch in Venice. The

diploma granted to high officials, such as the Governor of any dependency, generally contained at least one grand miniature, very frequently the individual himself being represented in company with his patron saint, in the act of devotion before the Virgin and Child. Naturally in the eyes of the serious student of the different schools of illumination, such ornamented documents as these are but lightly esteemed; but they are of considerable interest if regarded as links in the history of portraiture. Even from the specimens preserved in the British Museum, a very charming collection of miniature portraits might be culled of the worthies who served the great Republic, when at the height of her glory. These diploma miniatures have been attributed to Titian, and others amongst the chief artists of the Venetian School; but it is highly problematical whether these drawings, beautiful though they undoubtedly are, can claim quite so exalted a parentage.

We are acquainted with so few of the artists, even by name, who produced the lovely miniatures of these illuminated manuscripts, that it is quite refreshing occasionally to come across one about whom a few reliable details are preserved. Of late years, France and Germany have devoted much time and labour to the task of separating truth from fiction, of winnowing the wheat from the chaff, with regard to the earlier workers in the field of art. Archives have been ransacked, records diligently searched, a municipal payment here, a legal agreement there, have been pieced together, so as to produce in many cases a tolerably complete history of certain artists, and a flood of light has been thrown into the recesses of what was previously a vague and shadowy land.

Amongst the artists thus rescued from oblivion, by the labours of such men as M. de Laborde, M. Grandmaison, &c., occurs the name of Jean Fouquet, painter to Louis XI. and Charles VIII. He was born at Tours somewhere between 1415 and 1420. He visited Italy, and studied under Antonio Filarete, being entrusted by his master with the task of painting the portrait of Pope Eugenius IV. A Limoges enamel in the Louvre represents Fouquet at about the age of thirty, with an inscription about the head, "Joh'es Fouquet."

Various entries in the Royal accounts relate to him, thus, in 1470, a payment is made to him for "la façon de certains tableaux"

ordered by the King. In 1472, Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans employed him to illuminate a 'Book of Hours.' This duchess was Marie de Cleves, third wife of Charles d'Orléans, the poet. Marie survived her husband, and at the Château de Blois continued to live in great magnificence, reckoning several painters amongst her retinue. Fouquet died somewhere about 1480. Several MSS., with undoubted miniatures from the hand of Jean Fouquet, are extant. The Bibliothèque Nationale of France contains two MSS., French translations of Livy, and one of Josephus; and at Tours is another Livy illustrated by him, for Cardinal Balue. At Dijon is a Virgil, said to be his work, and Geneva boasts a copy of Boccaccio; but perhaps his finest work is contained in the Boccaccio executed for Etienne Chevalier, now preserved at Munich.

The Paris Josephus contains a note written by Florimond Robertel, who was in the service of Anne de Beaujeu, daughter of Louis XI., and afterwards Treasurer of France under Charles VIII., to this effect.—

“En ce livre a douze hystoires, les trois premieres de l'enlumineur du duc Jehan de Bery, et les neuf de la main du bon peintre et enlumineur du Roy Louis XI, Jehan Fouquet, natif de Tours.” This volume must have remained long unfinished, if it was commenced by the illuminator of John, duc de Berri, and finished by Fouquet, as the Duke died in 1416, possibly before Fouquet was born.

The Livy at Tours was commenced for Cardinal Balue, but on the fall of that prelate, passed with his library to Louis XI., who commanded Fouquet to finish it in 1470. The frontispiece is so superior to the minor decorations, that probably it alone represents Fouquet's share in the completion of the work. As a colourist and draughtsman, Fouquet stood in the first rank. He was fond of emphasising passages in his work by a peculiar vivid yet soft vermilion, apparently got by glazing the vermilion with madder, always, however, kept in due place by fine neutral tints of buff and grey. His architectural backgrounds bear the mark of his Italian study, an influence which is also apparent in the graceful disposition of the figures of his groups, and the symmetry of his general composition.

Another artist who is credited with illuminating work is Jean Perréal, whose name constantly appears during the reigns of Charles VIII. and Louis XII. His exact dates are uncertain, but he is supposed to be the same person as Jean de Paris, who was living at Orleans in 1472. He was sent to England by Louis XII. to superintend the trousseau of his bride, Mary Tudor, sister to Henry VIII. Anne of Brittany, Louis's first wife, had been dead barely a year, and the King was already impatiently awaiting the arrival of the Princess Mary. Louis survived his second marriage but four months, and Jean Perréal, who had assisted, in the quaint words of a letter addressed by the King to Wolsey, "à dresser le dict appareil à la mode de France," was speedily summoned home to direct the bridegroom's funeral ceremonies.

Preserved at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, are two volumes of an illustrated Bible, which some have considered to be the work of Jean Perréal. From the constant occurrence of the ermine of Anne of Brittany and the porcupine of Louis XII., these volumes were probably intended for the use of the Queen. The first volume contains six, the second eight illustrations, the technical qualities and power of composition reminding us forcibly of Fouquet, though the architectural backgrounds lack the Southern magnificence of that accomplished miniaturist.

§ 9.—16th and 17th Centuries.

The Italian illuminators during the late 15th century were making rapid strides towards the perfection which is seen in the lovely work of the succeeding century. The symmetrical, as opposed to the "flamboyant," or picturesque style prevalent in the Northern Schools, held its ground far longer in Italy, their artistic skill enabling them to introduce medallions, &c., into the open border, without disturbing the general symmetrical effect. The Demosthenes in the British Museum shows this treatment well carried out, and here also we find the Byzantine capping still in existence, which was one of the chief ornaments in Greek illuminations. The lovely interlaced branch work is another feature of Italian 15th-century work. At first the branches are white,

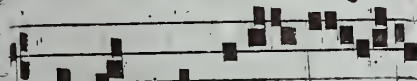
ITALIAN SCHOOL.

Late 15th Century.

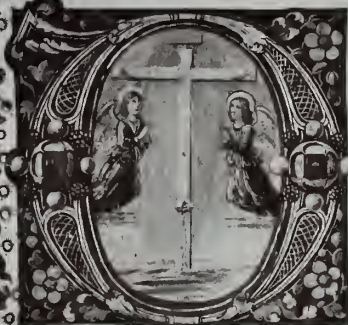
BRITISH MUSEUM.

Add. MS. 29735, Fol. 127 b.

Cantatur in tono pas-
 cali. et nō dicitur. Quēsu-
 mus auctor omnium. nec
 Glia tibi domine. V. Hec
 signum crucis erit in celo. all.
 R. Cum dominus ad iudici-
 um uenit. alla. ad mag. i.



O crux splēdidio: cunctis
 astris. mundo celebris. homi-
 bus. multum amabilis. san-
 ctio: uniuersis. que sola susti-
 dia portare talentum mundi
 dulce lignum dulces. et uo-
 dula. ferens pondera. salua
 pitem cati. in tuis lau-
 dibus hodie conqat. m. al-
 letura. alla. alla. alla. orō.



Cui
 qui
 in p
 clar
 salutifer crucis inuenti
 one passionis tue mira

cala suscitasti: concede.
 ut uitalis ligni pretio: e-
 terne uite suffragia conse-
 quamur: Qui uiuus.
 Postea pro sanctis. ma.
 Lux perpetua. V. Sancti et in-
 R. Vos elegit deus. oratio.

Pater. **P**ater. **P**ater. **P**ater.
 ut qui sanctorum tuorum
 alexandri. euentu. et the-
 odoli. itque uicinal' na-
 talitia colimus: a cuncti-
 malis imminētibus. corū
 intercessionibus liberemur:
 Per. **S**ciendum quod in
 festiuitatibus scē crucis et
 angelorum: nō fit omīo de-
 iplis. neq; de scō francisco
 nec de pace. Similiter nec
 in festis duplicibus. nec in
 fra octis eorum. **C**adu-
 matini. Inuit. Exultet
 in domino. ps. Venite. ym-
Eterna xpi munera.
 Duo nocturni sunt de sci-
 tertius nocturnus de festo
 crucis. lēc. de sanctis. Ro-
 me in a. uniuersa. Initio.



the interstices filled with various colours, as in the Juvenal in the British Museum; then the branches themselves were variously coloured on a background of gold or black; the latest state of all being an arrangement of cables in place of branches, enabling the artist to admit still greater symmetry and regularity of arrangement. Interspersed amongst the interlacings we find medallions, heraldic blazonings, &c.

There is a volume of fragments in the British Museum which gives a very comprehensive idea of the style of ornament practised in Italy in the 15th and 16th centuries. It belonged to the poet, Samuel Rogers, and was formerly in the collection of William Young Ottley. The fragments are one hundred and ten in number, taken from service books made for the various Cardinals and Popes of the time. Perhaps the most elaborate examples are those made for Pius IV. (1561-1564); many of these are signed by the artist, Apollonius Bonfratellis di Caprenica fecit, MDLXIV. A large number have also the arms of the various owners emblazoned on them.

Another fine Italian work is Additional MS. 15,813, written for the Monastery of St. Justina at Padua, in 1525, and illuminated by Benedetto Bordoni of Padua. There, too, is the lovely work (Add. MSS. 29,735), executed about the year 1500 for the Church of Santa Croce, Florence.

The adoption of models founded upon the antique produced the beautiful arabesques with which the name of Raphael is especially connected, and which at first were followed in illumination; but a more distinct phase was thought out by Girolamo and Francesco dai Libri, in which the arabesque gives place to the most elaborate compositions, allegorical figures, trophies, cameos, jewels, &c., being arranged in glittering profusion in every page. This gorgeous style of decoration culminated in the art-work of Giulio Gravata, commonly known as Giulio Clovio, a pupil of Giulio Romano, and also of Girolamo dai Libri, born in 1498. He was from early youth essentially a miniaturist, and in his eighteenth year executed some drawings for medals for his patron Marino, Cardinal Grimani, devoting to their production inconceivable care and patience. During his long life (1498-1578) he naturally produced many works, and it is astonishing that so

few have found their way into England. The 'Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans,' in the Soane Museum, is the finest specimen in England, and has the additional interest attached to it of bearing the signature of the artist. The authenticity of the series of drawings in the Grenville Collection of the British Museum of the victories of Charles V., said to be by Clovio, is very doubtful. Whilst fully admitting that the gorgeous splendour and extraordinary profusion and variety of ornament of the Clovio School captivate the senses, and that the classical feeling displayed in the borders and lovely medallions on a gold ground entitle them in this respect to the first place in the illuminator's art, yet I think there can be no doubt that in figure drawing, and especially in the character of the faces, they in no way come up to their Flemish brethren. Compare the best example of Clovio's work in this country, the Epistles of St. Paul in the Soane Museum, with the sheets in the British Museum of the alliances of the Royal Families of Spain and Portugal already mentioned. The large miniature of the Conversion of St. Paul is ill-drawn and weak in the extreme, whereas in the Flemish work there is hardly a head that is not a study. The dead King in the golden armour, and some of the bearded monarchs scattered through the different pages, show qualities which, in an ordinary miniature portrait, would place the artist on a level with any Oliver or Cooper that ever lived. Though, in the hands of the giants of the art, illumination undoubtedly reached its zenith at this period, yet the work went on for a hundred years or more before it succumbed to the change in the art ideas of men, to the influence of printing, &c. This latter factor had not the immediate effect upon illumination which might at first be supposed. For a long time the two arts went hand in hand. Many choice copies of classics and other books were printed on fine vellum, and received at the hands of the illuminator their final touches of ornament. One of the most beautiful instances of the double art is in the Grenville Collection of the British Museum. It is a history of the deeds of the invincible Duke Francesco Sforza, printed in Milan by Antonio Zarotti, 1490, in a velvet binding, ornamented with silver niello-work. It contains a full-page illumi-

nation and two portraits. The artist who painted the large miniature is the same as appears in so many of the illuminations of Mr. Malcolm's Sforza Book of Hours.

The 'Pliny Natural History,' in the Bodleian Library, and the Latin translation of Eusebius's 'De Evangelica preparatione,' by George of Trebisonde, dedicated to Pope Nicholas V., in the Harleian Collection, British Museum, are other well-known examples.

Amongst the later instances of illuminated MSS. may be cited a manuscript on alchemy in the British Museum, finished in 1582. The St. Croy 'Book of Hours,' dated 1601. A book executed for Philip IV., King of Spain, by Francesco de Herrera, which was in the Hafod Library, dated 1637. The Prayer-book of Louis XIV. in Paris, and that of Madame de la Valliere, formerly in Mr. Tite's collection. Perhaps about the very last important specimen we have is the magnificent missal in the Rouen Library, nearly three feet in height, which occupied a monk of St. Oudoen, named d'Eaubonne, for thirty years, and was completed in 1682. Comparatively few names of the artists who excelled in this branch of art have come down to our time. Thanks to the careful biographical works of Vasari, Lanzi, &c., we know more of the Italian masters than of others, and scattered here and there in the pages of Vasari is a good deal of information on the subject. I have before alluded to specimens of illumination by Cimabue, Giotto, and others of the earliest period of the Renaissance, which Vasari had collected in a book, and he also mentions Bartolommeo, Squarcione of Padua, Simone Memmi, Boticelli, and Piero da Perugia. The two friends of Giotto celebrated in Dante, Oderigi of Agobbio and his scholar Franco Bolognese, appear to have been exclusively miniaturists, and were employed by the Pope to adorn books for the Vatican Library. Of Fra Angelico he writes: "There are certain choral books from the hands of Fra Angelico in the cathedral of St. Marco at Florence, of which the miniatures are such that no words could do justice to their beauty." Liberale da Verona, Altavante of Florence, who illuminated the celebrated missal preserved in Brussels, originally executed for Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, and on which the former Regents of Belgium took their official oaths, and many others. The same author tells

us of Don Jacopo of Florence, as the most celebrated scribe in Europe, and says he left sixteen folio choral books to his monastery Degl' Angeli, illustrated in miniature by a brother of the same convent, Don Silvestro ; and their extraordinary skill was so highly venerated by their brother monks, that they embalmed their right hands after their death, and preserved them in a tabernacle. Such later artists as Francesco and Girolamo dai Libri, Clovio, &c., have been already mentioned. We must not, however, forget Cennini, who not only illuminated MSS., but who has also left us a long dissertation on the methods of painting in fresco, distemper, and miniature, and the manner in which gold is employed in all these varying methods.

Such is a brief history of the chief periods of development of the art of illumination. In dealing with such a subject, it is impossible to attain absolute precision. The changes brought about by successive schools were very gradual, and the variety of ornament evolved from the imagination of individual artists was infinite. Although, no doubt, in a certain number of typical examples it is easy enough to class them, yet in the case of very many more, even the most accomplished expert can only approximately assign a time and place. It requires no great stretch of fancy to think that the single portrait of small dimensions, known to us as a "miniature," must have been occasionally executed by artists, accustomed to paint from life the Popes, Cardinals, &c., who appear in the various devotional and other books of the time. That such specimens have not come down to our time need hardly surprise us. The missal, apart from the art value of its illustration, was guarded with reverence as a sacred book, treasured in the monastery where it was painted, or in the closet and library of the great ; religious sentiment, perhaps even more than appreciation as a work of art, contributed to its care and preservation. Painted on vellum, a substance little liable to decay, and shut out from the fading influence of light, by its being in a book, there would be every reason for so many specimens remaining, although so long a time had elapsed since they were executed.

With the miniature portrait, the surroundings were widely different. The great value it possessed was associated with the

immediate relatives of the person represented. As a rule, and especially in portraiture, succeeding generations care little for the relics of those who have passed away. To the unthinking mass, to vote a thing old-fashioned, is to condemn it at once to the lumber-room. This natural law was not lost sight of by Walpole. He picturesquely alludes to it thus: "Portraits that cost twenty, thirty, and sixty guineas, and that proudly take possession of the drawing-room, give way in the next generation to those of the newly-married couple, when they are slightly mentioned as my father's and my mother's portraits. When they become my grandfather's and my grandmother's, they mount to the two pair of stairs; and then, unless despatched to the mansion house in the country, or crowded into the house-keeper's room, they perish among the lumber of garrets, or flutter into rags before a broker's shop in Seven Dials."

Such a thing as a miniature portrait, when once the loving care of those who had personally known the original was withdrawn, naturally shared the fate of other unconsidered trifles. Tossed here and there, probably unprotected by any covering, exposed to the light, that sure destroyer of all water-colour painting, it rapidly became a wreck, and lost to us for ever.

Although for the reasons given it is fair to presume that miniature portraits were occasionally executed by the old illuminators, I can find only one specific allusion to the practice. Vasari, in his sketch of the life of Giulio Clovio, after enumerating his principal works, finishes thus:—

"Of these I have desired to give the world this notice, that such as cannot see those productions, for they are almost all in the hands of princes and other great personages, may at least know something of them and of him. I say 'almost' all because I know some private persons who have small cases containing beautiful portraits, by his hand, of sovereigns, of their friends, or of ladies whom they have loved."

It is worthy of remark that in speaking of these latter specimens, Vasari does not use the word "miniatures." In his day it had quite a different signification, and was not applied in our sense until a century and a half after he wrote.

It will scarcely be discursive to allude shortly to the material

which has had the honour of preserving and conveying to us the records and illuminations of the dim and distant past. The invention of parchment is far more ancient than the time of Eumenes, King of Pergamos, to whom it is often attributed. Herodotus speaks of the Ionians writing on the skins of goats and sheep, because papyrus was rare. Diodorus Siculus mentions that the Persians wrote their annals on skins. Lacroix, in his 'Curiosité de l'histoire des Arts,' thinks it probable that the King of Pergamos perfected the art of making parchment, as Ptolemy Epiphanes had prohibited the exportation of papyrus from Egypt. Ordinary parchment is made of sheep-skins dressed and refined, and rubbed with chalk and pumice-stone. A finer parchment, in imitation of vellum, was made from lamb and kid-skins; but vellum itself, as its name denotes, is made from calf-skin, and can be beautifully soft and smooth. The finest vellum of all, which goes by the name of uterine vellum, or, in the quaint language of the 17th century, "the skin of abortives," was obtained from the skin of calves prematurely born, and on this delicate material some of the best of the early miniature portraits were limned.

The custom of erasing writing from the surface of parchment, in order to use it a second time, was practised from very early times. The word "palimpsest," which was applied to these re-used materials, in its original Greek sense, means "scraped or rubbed," and therefore could only be strictly applied to materials which would bear this treatment, such as waxen tablets or vellum. The papyrus was of too delicate a nature to be scraped, and the erasure was effected by washing; but the term "palimpsest" came to be applied to any substance which was used more than once for literary purposes. Washing was also used at first to remove the ink from vellum; but owing to the fact that ink, to a certain extent, sinks into the substance of the vellum, such erasure was not perfect, and in process of time, owing to atmospheric influence, the original writing more or less reappears; consequently the earlier the palimpsest, the more valuable it is for the purpose of deciphering the original text, a process which has been aided by the action of certain chemical re-agents, of which the most

harmless appears to be the hydrosulphate of ammonia. When once the knife or pumice-stone came into common use, the erasure was complete, and the later palimpsests rarely yield anything of value.

The British Museum contains several notable examples of palimpsests, some of the best having been found amongst the Syriac MSS. obtained from the Nitrian desert in Egypt. A volume containing a work of Severus of Antioch, of the beginning of the 9th century, is written on leaves of the 'Iliad' of Homer, and the Gospel of St. Luke of the 6th, and the elements of Euclid of the 7th century. Another is a text of St. Chrysostom in Syriac of the 9th century, covering a Latin grammatical treatise of the 6th century, which in its turn has displaced the Latin annals of the historian Granius Licinianus of the 5th century.

The chief reasons for the destruction of early MSS. were the dearth of material, caused by wars or political changes, and also by the great multiplication of MSS., as education gradually spread. There is no doubt, too, that the introduction of paper caused a certain falling off in the supply of vellum. As early as the year 691, a synodal decree forbade the destruction of MSS. of the Scriptures or the Church Fathers, imperfect or injured volumes excepted. It is much to be feared that the later enterprising scribes were not always particularly careful in choosing imperfect or injured volumes only. In the 11th century the German emperors, with the same laudable desire to stop this wholesale destruction, ordered notaries to make use of new parchment only.

It is harrowing to think of the treasures of antiquity that may have been sacrificed in this worthless manner. Man is too apt to build up his own habitation with the débris of that of his predecessors. In a narrow, struggling, and enthusiastic period, he only remembers his own efforts and discoveries, and disdains the knowledge and experience that has been gathered and stored for him in previous ages, and thereby does himself and his successors no small disadvantage. It would be too great a distress to suppose that a true artist would ever have destroyed the beautiful compositions of an earlier age; but for one great tolerant mind,

there are so many mean and inferior ones who see no merit beyond their own style, appreciate no ideas which are not in accordance with their own views, and understand no genius which transcends their own limits, that we cannot help but fear that the bigotry of intolerance which believes in its own superiority of judgment may have massacred in an hour what its highest efforts could never have created in a lifetime of super-human length.

I cannot close this chapter without expressing my grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Maunde Thompson, the keeper of MSS. in the British Museum. Not only has he selected for my inspection and study typical examples of the various periods and schools from the unrivalled collection under his care, but I am also indebted to him for many valuable hints as to the arrangement of the matter, and for supervision of the proofs.





CHAPTER III.

MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND.

First half of the 16th Century.



HAVE attempted, in the preceding remarks upon the work of the later missal painters, to show the gradual process of evolution which step by step tended to the production of the portrait miniature in the form to which the word "miniature" is now generally applied. Early in the 16th century, this particular branch of art entered on a new and distinct phase of existence, and from this point there is no difficulty in tracing onwards the stream of artists who adorned it, until its final extinction within the memory of those still living.

Hans, the short for Johannes, Holbein has so entirely usurped the place of honour in the art records of the first half of the 16th century, that a short history of this remarkable painter will be the most fitting introduction to our history.

It is little short of astonishing, that until comparatively recent years, so little was known of him, that even the place of his birth, the year in which he was born, and the date of his death, were shrouded in mystery, and however much we may differ from Mr. Wornum in his criticisms, and dissent from many of his conclusions, we must allow that he brings such documentary evidence to bear upon the personal history of the artist, that his dates must be accepted as setting at rest the disputed facts of Holbein's birth and

death. The former is not of so much moment ; but whether he died in 1543 or 1554 makes a very great difference in considering the works usually attributed to his pencil.*

Three biographies of him were written long ago. That of Van Mander, published in Amsterdam in 1604, is the oldest ; Joachim von Sandrart, a painter of Frankfort, and Charles Patin, a physician of Bale, followed at longer intervals. They mainly accepted Van Mander's account, and added little original information to his biography. Indeed, the life of Holbein, written by Patin, contains such statements to the detriment of the painter, such accounts of dissipation, of domestic quarrels, and pecuniary difficulties consequent on his depraved life, that it is impossible to imagine a serious and cautious man like Erasmus would furnish a dissipated scamp with such letters of introduction as Holbein brought with him to Peter Ægidius and Sir Thomas More, when he first visited England in 1526. Patin's life of Holbein was not written until 1676, one hundred and fifty years after the painter left Bale, and may safely be dismissed as utterly untrustworthy in its scandalous details. All three biographers make the remark that Holbein painted with his left hand, which seems to have arisen from a circular print engraved by Lucas Vorsterman, which being reversed, as is so common in old engravings, necessarily puts his brush in his left hand.

The Holbein family unquestionably belonged to Augsburg, where probably Hans was born about 1495, but removed early in life to Bale, whence he first visited England in 1526, remaining here as the guest of Sir Thomas More for a little over three years, when he returned for a time to Bale. Towards the close of 1531 he revisited England, but in the meantime his great patron More had become Lord High Chancellor, and Holbein probably settled down on his own account. When he was first introduced to the King is eminently uncertain. Certain stories are told of More introducing him at a great entertainment given to the King, but the subject must remain a matter of conjecture. The first documentary evidence of a salary being paid to the painter is in the Book of Payments of the Royal Household on

* The credit of establishing the date of Holbein's death is entirely due to Mr. A. W. Franks and Mr. Black, by their discovery of the will of Hans Holbein.

Lady Day, 1538, when he received £7 10s. As the accounts of the preceding years have not been preserved, it is possible this was not the first payment made to Holbein as a "Servant of his Majesty." Nothing further is known of the period when he entered the King's service. He settled somewhere in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, Aldgate. A curious extract from a subsidy Roll for the City of London, dated the 24th of October, 1541, furnished by Mr. W. Nelson, of the Record Office, to Mr. Franks, gives us this information—

"Aldgate Warde
* * *
The Parisshe of Saint Andrewe Undershafte.
* * * * *
Stranngers.
Bernadyne Buttessey xxx li. . . xxx s.
Hanns Holbene in fee xxx li . . . iii li."

Stow gives a circumstantial record of the origin of the designation of this parish. The Church of St. Andrew the Apostle was called St. Andrew Undershaft, "because that of old time, every year (on May Day in the morning), it was used, that an high or long shaft, or May-pole, was set up there, in the midst of the street, before the south door of the said church, which shaft, when it was set on end, and fixed in the ground, was higher than the church steeple." This must have been rather a prodigious May-pole, considering that the height of the steeple and turret is ninety-one feet. The last payment to Holbein recorded in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Household was for Midsummer of this year, 1541: "A°. xxxiii (of Henry VIII.'s reign). Item for Hans Holbyn, paynter, nihil quia prius." This looks as if the painter had fore-stalled his allowance.

We now come to the vexed question of the date of Holbein's death. The evidence gradually accumulated on this point is overwhelming. The first link in the chain was supplied by the paper of Mr. A. W. Franks in the thirty-ninth volume of the *Archæologia*, "Discovery of the Will of Hans Holbein." This will was dated October 7th, 1543. A note attesting the administration of his goods, dated November 29th, 1543, was found in the Registry of the Wills of the Commissary London, preserved in St. Paul's

Cathedral, in the book called *Beverley*, folio 116, where Holbein is described as the King's servant, at a salary of £30 a year, living in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, and to assume that two individuals, exactly answering this description, died in the same parish in the same year, is surely bordering on the ridiculous. A further link is supplied by a document among the archives of Bale, dated 19th November, 1545. This is a letter from the Burgomaster Adleberg Meyer, to Jacob David, goldsmith in Paris. Speaking of Philip, Holbein's son, he mentions that the father is already deceased. After reviewing this chain of evidence, it is quite impossible to doubt that Holbein died (probably of the plague, which visited London in 1543, for the fifth time during Henry's reign) between October 7th and November 29th, 1543.

In reviewing the art-work of Holbein, we are at once struck by the remarkable way in which he overshadowed all his contemporaries, to say nothing of some of his predecessors and immediate successors. It would probably be within the mark to say that not one-tenth of the pictures and miniatures usually attributed to him, were ever seen by him. When we come to sum up the painters who were at work in the first half of the 16th century, the majority of whom showed the same technical qualities as Holbein, more or less, it will be apparent that Walpole's remark is a very true one, that "we must not consider every old picture to be a Holbein." We have Quintin Matsys (1466-1530); Jan van Hemessen (1530); Lucas van Leyden (1494-1533); Bartholomew Bruger (1553); Albert Dürer (1471-1528); Hans von Melem (1530); Hans Mielich (1515-1572); Hans Baldung, commonly called Grien (died 1552); Georg Pencz (1500-1550); Christopher Amberger (1498-1568); Hans Asper (1499-1571). The following artists are known to have visited England: Jan de Mabuse (1470-1532); Joost van Cleef (painting 1554); Luke Hornebolt (died 1544); Sir Antonio More (1525-1581); Lucas de Heere (1534-1584); Peter Pourbus (died 1584); Nicholas Lucidel or Neuchatel (painted 1561); Gwillim Stretes, the Dutchman, whose dates are uncertain; and amongst the miniaturists, Lucas Corneli, Simon Benninck and his talented daughter Levina Teerlinck.

There are surely enough good artists in this list to supply any number of Holbein pictures and miniatures, to say nothing of copies, good, bad, and indifferent, which have been produced by enterprising purveyors during the three hundred and forty years which have elapsed since Holbein's death. Mr. Wornum, in his 'Life of Holbein,' seems almost to throw doubt upon the fact that Holbein painted miniatures. Van Mander tells us that "he worked equally well in oil and in water-colours, he painted also miniatures of especial excellence; which last art he learned from one, Master Lucas, then in London, whom, however, he very soon far surpassed." It is a thousand pities that the biographer did not give us the surname of this Master Lucas, as by so doing he would have saved much speculation. There were at least four contemporary artists who rejoiced in the name of Lucas—Lucas van Leyden, Lucas Cranius or Cranach, Lucas Cornelii, and Lucas Hornebolt. The first two may be dismissed, as they were never in England. Lucas Cornelii is named by Walpole as Holbein's instructor in miniature painting. This artist was born the same year as Holbein, 1495. But as the wants of a wife and seven children drove him to this country from Leyden, he could hardly have come as a young man, and probably therefore followed rather than preceded Holbein. Lucas Horembout, or Hornebolt, was certainly settled here in 1529, and perhaps earlier. He was one of a family of illuminators and miniaturists. His father, Gerard, was in the King's service at a monthly pay of 33s. 4d., and is said to have died here, as Court painter to Philip and Mary, in 1558. The Son Luke, or Lucas, was also a "King's servant," at a higher salary than Holbein ever had, namely, 55s. 6d. per month. The date of his death is certainly fixed by a curious entry in one of the Household-books of Henry VIII. He was paid his salary in April 1544; but in May we are told: "Item, for Lewke Hornebonde, paynter, wages nil, quia mortuus." His sister Susannah is spoken of in high terms, as an illuminator, by Giucciardini: "La quale fu eccellente nella pittura, massime nel fare opere minutissime oltre ogni credere." There is also a very interesting passage about her in Albert Dürer's diary, on the occasion of his meeting her father at Antwerp in 1521: "Master

Gerard, illuminator, has a young daughter, about eighteen years of age, her name is Susanna ; she had made a coloured drawing of our Saviour, for which I gave her a florin ; it is wonderful that a female should be able to do such a work." She is said to have died at Worcester, as the wife of an English sculptor, of the name of Whorstley, in the words of the Italian writer, "ricca e onorata."

With these facts before us, it certainly seems probable that Luke Hornebolt, rather than Lucas Cornelii, instructed Holbein in the art of miniature painting. Besides the evidence of Van Mander, we have another witness as to the truth that Holbein painted miniatures, one who was more nearly a contemporary of his than Van Mander himself. Nicholas Hilliard says in the tract more particularly alluded to further on, "Holbein's manner of limning I have ever imitated and hold it for the best."

The dated portraits painted during Holbein's first visit to England are not numerous. Some of the best known are : Archbishop Warham, Sir Henry Guildford, and of course Sir Thomas More himself. The Windsor portfolios, which contain perhaps the most valuable of all the Holbein treasures preserved to us, possess the original drawings of these pictures, and also those of the large picture of Sir Thomas More's family. Probably no composition has given rise to more speculation than this "More" piece. At least six copies are known, of which Walpole says : "The two smaller are certainly copies ; the three larger probably not painted by Holbein ; and the sixth, though an original picture, most likely not of Sir Thomas and his family." This is rather strong language, but subsequent authorities mostly concur that the one preserved at Nostell Priory is the real original, though it is even now doubtful whether it was absolutely finished by Holbein's hand. One curious circumstance serves to mark the probable date of many portraits of Holbein's time, and that is the fashion of wearing the hair. Up to the year 1535, the hair was cut across the forehead, and hung down lower than the ears all round the rest of the head, as in Henry VII.'s reign ; but in Stow's 'Annals' it is mentioned that on May 8th, 1535, "The King commanded all about his Court to poll their heads, and to give them example he caused his own head to be polled, and from thenceforth his beard to bee

notted and no more shaven." In spite of this illustrious admonition, the fashion was not universal. The portrait of Sir Richard Southwell at Florence, painted in 1536, has long hair and shaven face; so also has the Duke of Norfolk, painted in 1540. Sir Henry Guildford, the two Godsalves, Sir John More, Sir Thomas More, and Nicholas Kratzer, the King's astronomer, all have long hair, and are beardless; these are all among the known portraits of Holbein's early time. Applying this rule to the King himself, we might infer that Holbein did not paint the King before 1535, which is likely enough, as the few Holbein portraits of him are bearded, and with the head polled or closely cropped.

At the time of the painter's first arrival in England, Catherine of Arragon was Henry's Queen; but her star was already paling before the charms of Anne Boleyn, who was firmly fixed in the King's affection as early as 1528.* Considering the entire absence of evidence that Holbein had anything to do with the Court during the first visit to England, it is pretty safe to assume that he never painted Catherine of Arragon. Walpole had two so-called portraits of her by Holbein. He thus describes them: "Catherine of Arragon, first wife of Henry VIII., by Holbein:" it was in the collection of Sir Robert Walpole. He then adds in a note: "Vertue thought it to be Catherine, Duchess of Bar, sister of Henry IV. of France, and so it probably is!" Of the miniature he says: "I have Catherine of Arragon, a miniature, exquisitely finished; a round on a blue ground. It was given to the Duke of Monmouth by Charles II. I bought it at the sale of Lady Isabella Scott, daughter of the Duchess of Monmouth." There is a miniature in the Queen's collection, which always passed for Catherine; but when the back was once uncovered, this very interesting inscription was discovered: "Anna Roper, Thomæ Mori filia. W. Hollar pinxit post Holbeinium 1652." This affords

* In Smollett's History of England, under date 1528, we read that "Wolsey's Secretary, Stephen Gardiner, and Edward Fox were sent to Rome to demand a new Commission, empowering the Cardinal to dissolve the marriage, and yet declare the daughter born of that marriage legitimate; as well as a decretal held to dissolve the King's marriage, and a dispensation for his marrying another wife, without any restriction. At the same time, the envoys were ordered to make the Pope acquainted with the extraordinary merit of Anne Boleyn, on whom the King had by this time settled his affection."

a very good example of the slipshod way in which both subjects and painters are arbitrarily determined on very insufficient evidence.

It would be a mistake to suppose that all the pictures and miniatures falsely ascribed to Holbein are unworthy of him. There are many excellent portraits dated, but not signed, both here and abroad, which were painted about Holbein's time, which would do no discredit to his best time. Amongst the monograms given to Holbein is HB. The small panel at Hampton Court, numbered 1085 in the Catalogue, and described as Holbein by himself, seems answerable for this. The portrait is certainly not by Holbein, nor does it represent the painter. The monogram is the ordinary mark of Hans Baldung, a celebrated artist of the time, now commonly known as Grien, or Grün. Again, Justus Van Cleef, an Antwerp painter, according to Van Mander the best colourist of his time, and noted for his beautiful rendering of the hands, certainly visited this country, and survived Holbein several years. The early portrait of Henry VIII., in the gallery at Hampton Court, judging by this peculiarity of the hands, is probably the work of Van Cleef and not Holbein; but with regard to portraits of the King, there is not a possessor of such a thing in the country who would not be horrified at the bare idea of any other artist being suggested than the great Hans.

It must be remembered that portraits of the reigning monarch are always as plentiful as blackberries; mere contract work supplied from the studios of the sergeant-painters or others. Philip Reinagle, the Academician, was the pupil and assistant of Allan Ramsay, sergeant-painter to George III., and he used to relate how for two years of his time he did nothing whatever but manufacture portraits of George III. and his Queen for presents, or for dealers, all of which were launched into the world as genuine portraits of their Majesties by Ramsay. So again, witness the innumerable enamel portraits of Louis XIV. by Petitot. The very monotony of the Henry portraits, always a full front face, the same cap and feather, the same greyish short beard, is alone sufficient to stamp them as mere "roba di bottega," turned out by the yard, and probably by the journeymen of some studio after Holbein's death.

Even ostensible autographs painted on the face of pictures cannot always be trusted. For instance, at Wilton is a portrait of Edward VI. which is signed "E. VI. HANS. HOLBEEN. P." Knowing, as we now do, the date of Holbein's death, this is impossible. In the same gallery is another picture, which is a copy of the small panel with portraits of three children, by Mabuse, now at Hampton Court. The picture is thus inscribed—

"K. HENRY VII.
THREE OF HIS CHILDREN. HANS HOLBEIN. P. 1495."
y° Father

And over the three heads respectively are the names Henry, Arthur, Margaret.

The information thus boldly placed on the face of the picture at Wilton is copied from the back of the picture at Hampton Court, on which is written: "Henry huit^{me}, Roy de la Grande Bretagne, avec ses deux sœurs. Marie espousa Louis XII. Roy de France, en suite Brandon: Marguerite espousa Jaques IIII. Roy d'Ecosse." This inscription is clearly not pretended to be an autograph, but its information is turned into a spurious autograph in the Wilton example. The portraits are really those of the three children of Christian II., King of Denmark. The original belonged to Henry VIII., and is thus described in his Catalogue: "Item, a table with the pictures of the three children of the Kynge of Denmarke, with a curteyne of white and yellow sarcenette paned together."

Let us now turn our attention to the miniatures ascribed to Holbein, and with which we are more immediately concerned. Those of Catherine of Arragon at Strawberry Hill have been already mentioned. Miniatures of Henry himself are not rare, and of course are always attributed to Holbein. The Duke of Buccleuch has two. Her Majesty has four at Windsor. Mr. Wornum's criticisms on these seem so unanswerable that I prefer to give his own words: "Three of these portraits appear to have been executed before Holbein came to England, and the fourth after our painter's death. They are—

"1. Henry VIII., three-quarter face, turned to the left; on card, round, $1\frac{5}{8}$ in. in diameter; bright blue ground: Inscribed

‘H.R. VIII. AN^o. ETATIS, XXXV.,’ that is 1526. He has a black cap with a feather; the beard is shaven entirely off, and the hair long, bright brown, hangs over and conceals the ears.

“2. Henry VIII., three-quarter face, turned to the left, on card, round, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, bright blue ground. Inscribed ‘REX. HENRICUS OCTAVUS.’ Nearly identical with that above described, except that the face is nowhere shaven; the age seems about the same. Both these miniatures are said to have belonged to Charles I., to whom they were given, according to the tradition, by Lord Suffolk. They are catalogued in a MS., by Vanderdoort at Windsor, but they are not in that catalogue ascribed to Holbein; they are numbered 48 and 49.

“3. Henry VIII., three-quarter face, turned to the left, oval, $1\frac{7}{10}$ in. in height, by $1\frac{7}{10}$ in. in width, on card, blue ground. The face is young, and much the same in other respects as that first described, especially as regards the long hair, and the absence of beard. It is inscribed ‘H. R. VIII. AN^o. XXXV.,’ with H and K combined in a lover’s knot, above, the K necessarily signifying Queen Katherine of Arragon, as the portrait is evidently not that of the King when advanced in years.

“4. Henry VIII., in oil on paper, attached to oak, round, $2\frac{5}{8}$ in. in diameter; green ground. Inscribed ‘HENR. 8. REX. ANGL. ÆTA: S. 57.’ Full face, in hat and feather, with an ermine or some other fur collar, close under the chin. The face, with scarcely any hair, and a thin beard, is the same type as that so familiar to us in the ordinary portraits of the King. The age on the miniature is an error; Henry VIII. never entered his fifty-seventh year; having been born in 1491, he would only have completed his fifty-sixth birthday if he had survived until the 28th June, 1547.”


At Windsor also is the Lady Audley, identical with the drawing of that lady in the Windsor series. The Sir Henry Guildford in the Royal Collection cannot possibly be by Holbein. Sir Henry was one of Holbein’s first sitters, and when he sat to him in 1527, was nearly fifty years of age, but the Windsor miniature represents him as a young man. The two sons of the Duke of Suffolk are more probably really by Holbein; they are dated respectively, September 6, 1535, and March 10, 1541.

They are said to have been given to Charles I., by Sir Henry Vane, and both are entered as Holbein's work in Vanderdoort's catalogue.

In the Loan Collection at South Kensington in 1865 were twenty-three miniatures and drawings ascribed to Holbein. The Duke of Buccleuch's two of Henry VIII, Anne of Cleves, and a Lady "Anno Ætatis suæ 23;" Alicia, wife of Sir Thomas More, belonging to Mr. Heywood Hawkins; Lord Thomas Seymour of Sudeley; Lady Jane Seymour, purchased by Mr. Bale from the Strawberry Hill sale in 1842, and now in my possession; the Earl and Countess of Kildare, contributed by Lord Boston; and many other specimens, all bearing the charmed name of Holbein. It may be asked respecting the Windsor Henrys, as well as those enumerated above, if they are not by Holbein's hand, by whom were they painted? There were certainly three artists at work in England, capable of producing the water-colour miniatures, and a fourth who could undoubtedly supply us with the small oil portraits. Luke Hornebolt and his sister Susannah have been already mentioned, and even the father, Gerard, is known as an illuminator, and therefore probably a water-colour miniaturist. In addition to this talented family, there was a female artist, Levina Teerlinck, daughter of Simon Benninck of Bruges, himself a celebrated illuminator. In 1538 she was in Henry's service at a higher salary than Holbein. She is spoken of in the highest terms both by Vasari and Guicciardini. Mr. J. G. Nichols gives many interesting details of her, extracted from the Trevelyan papers and other sources. At Midsummer 1547, "Maistris Levyn Teerling paintrix" was receiving quarterly wages of £11. In 1556 she presented to Queen Mary as a New Year's gift, a small picture of the "Trynitie." In 1558 (the 1st of Elizabeth) she presented "The Queen's picture finely painted on a card," which remained with Her Majesty, under the care of Mrs. Newton; and had in return "one casting bottell guilt," weighing $2\frac{3}{4}$ oz. In 1561, on the like occasion, there was presented "by Mrs. Levina Teerling the Queene's personne and other personages in a box finely painted." This present was so much esteemed by the Queen, that it remained "with her saide Majestie," that is, was retained in her

own keeping. The paintrix received in return "one guilt salt, with a cover" weighing $5\frac{1}{4}$ ozs.

At the South Kensington Loan Exhibition in 1865, a miniature was exhibited by Lord Spencer, No. 950 in the Catalogue. "Sir John Boling Hatton and his mother," signed and dated in gold letters "L. 1525," on a bright green ground. Can this L. mean Levina? It is given in the Catalogue to Lucas de Heere, but unfortunately this artist was not born till nine years after the miniature was painted.

The artist above mentioned who could worthily produce oil miniatures was Gwillim Stretes, a Dutchman, who was Court painter to Edward VI. Edward seems to have paid his artists better than Henry, for Stretes had the comparatively high salary of £62 10s. a year. This artist must have played a much higher part amongst contemporary painters than is generally supposed. Though Strype mentions two portraits of Edward VI. by him, no work is extant which is absolutely known to be by his hand. Strype's account runs thus: "Stretes received fifty marks for recompense of three tables made by him, whereof two were the pictures of his Highness, sent to Sir Thomas Holy and Sir John Mason (ambassadors abroad);" the third, a picture of the late Earl of Surrey, attainted, and by the Council's commandment fetched from the said Gwillim's house. Between Stretes and Mrs. Teerlinck, I suspect, a good many Holbeins may be accounted for, both pictures and miniatures, without troubling the great Hans at all. Another instance of a painter who could at any time be set down as a veritable Holbein is Georg Pencz of Nuremberg, a scholar of Albert Dürer. The Erasmus at Windsor bearing his monogram  would inevitably have been classed as a fine Holbein, had the signature been hidden.

The discovery of the real date of Holbein's death has a great influence on the pictures of the end of Henry's and commencement of Edward's reign. Up to quite a recent date, portraits of the young King were as freely given to Holbein as are still the stock likenesses of Henry VIII.; yet we now know that Edward was only six years old when Holbein died.

In the roll of New Year's gifts, for the 30 Henry VIII., that is

for January 1539, there is mentioned as Holbein's gift, the portrait of Prince Edward as a child. "By Hans Holbyne, a table of the picture of the Prince's Grace." In return for which, the King's present to Holbein is also entered:—"To Hanse Holbyne, paynter, a guilt cruse with a cover (Cornelis) weighing x oz. one quarter." Cornelis, says Mr. Franks, is evidently the King's goldsmith Cornelius Hayes, who is often mentioned in the Privy Purse expenses and in the household accounts. Mr. Nichols remarks as to Edward's age, as painted by Holbein: "I am aware of three pictures only that bear this test, those belonging to the King of Hanover, the Earl of Yarborough, and the Duke of Northumberland." The two former are almost identical, and possibly one is copied from the other. The Duke's likeness is somewhat younger in appearance than the others, and very probably is the New Year's gift referred to above. There are also Holbein's three drawings of the Prince in the Royal Portfolio at Windsor: the first in infancy, the second at the age of about four, and the third in profile, apparently rather older. The fine portrait of Edward at Petworth, representing the young King seated on his throne, with a magnificent canopy over his head, inscribed in the corner, "Anno Dominij 1547, Anno Ætatis suæ 10," cannot of course be by Holbein. Stretes was then the King's painter, and would naturally be selected as the artist to produce such a work as this. I have a miniature which came from abroad, as Edward VI. by Holbein. It turns out to be the portrait of quite as interesting a person by almost as interesting a painter. Francis II., King of France, the boy-husband of Mary Queen of Scots, by Janet. At South Kensington was exhibited (No. 2664) a miniature of Edward VI., soon after his father's death, set in a case enamelled on gold 1547, of course ascribed to Holbein. Stretes was also probably the painter of the large picture representing Edward VI. transferring the Bridewell Palace to London.

Before we take leave of Holbein, we must glance for a moment at his talents as a designer and modeller.* The British Museum

* Since this was written, Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, et C^{ie} have produced a magnificent work in Paris, entitled, 'Dessins d'Ornements de Hans Holbein.' The plates include the Seymour cup and the Denny clock. A perusal of this book will show Holbein as quite the equal of any of the giants of the Renaissance.

contains perhaps the finest collection of his drawings and designs to be found in Europe. The cinque-cento design of "The Seymour Cup," so called because it bears the motto of Jane Seymour, and the initials of the King and Queen, is in the same taste as, but perhaps purer than, the best work of Benvenuto Cellini, Holbein's contemporary, but his junior by five years. The design for a clock for Sir Anthony Denny, and that of a chimney-piece bearing the Royal arms, are both replete with the purest taste. As an architectural designer, he is credited with the Whitehall gateway and the Wilton portico; but it is extremely doubtful if he had a hand in either.

In compiling the foregoing short history, chiefly taken from Wornum's 'Life and Works of Holbein,' Mr. Franks's paper, Mr. Nichols's remarks, and other sources, I have not attempted to allude to the Augsburg or Bale portions of the artist's career, and have only so far given the facts of his sojourn in England as chiefly bear upon his connection with miniature art.



JAMES I.

Nicholas Hilliard

ERASMUS.

N. Hilliard.

SHAKESPEARE.

N. Hilliard.

JANE SEYMOUR.

Hans Holbein.

SIR C. HATTON.

N. Hilliard.

ELIZABETH.

N. Hilliard.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

N. Hilliard.

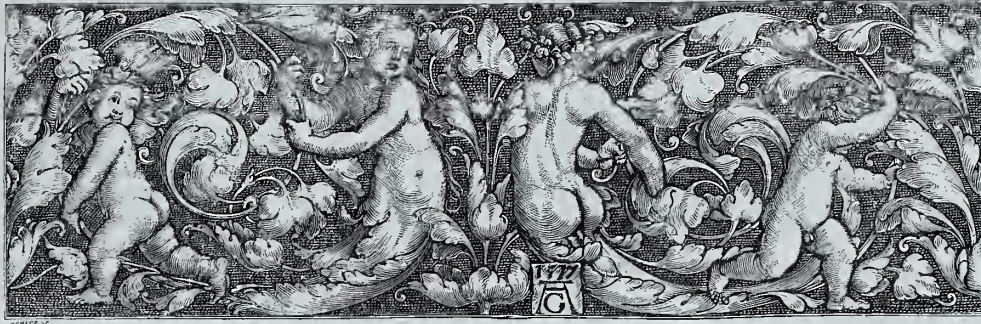
PRINCE HENRY.

N. Hilliard.

MRS. HOLLAND.

N. Hilliard.





CHAPTER IV.

MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND.

Second half of the 16th Century.



UP to the reign of Elizabeth, no artist seems to have devoted himself exclusively to portrait miniature as a profession.

Many of the painters already mentioned, together with others equally well known, such as Sir Antonio More, Zuccherò, Van Cleef, Lucas de Heere, &c., painted miniatures occasionally; but probably the first to work entirely in this branch of art was our own countryman, Nicholas Hilliard, limner, jeweller, and goldsmith to Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards to James I. He was the son of Richard Hilliard of Exeter, High Sheriff of the city and county in 1560. Nicholas was born in 1547, and began life as a goldsmith. What first led him to try his hand at miniature portraits is uncertain, and finding no instructor capable of directing his studies, he himself tells us, in the tract already spoken of, that he adopted Holbein as his model. He must have made rapid progress, for the Earl of Oxford had his portrait by himself at the age of thirteen.

The influence of the illuminators is very marked in his performances. All the colours used are perfectly opaque; he employs gold to heighten the effect of jewels, dresses, &c., and his faces present the flat shadowless appearance of the saints of the missal. This latter feature may be partly due to the

tradition told of Elizabeth, that she ordered all artists to paint her without shadows, though I am unable to find any author who can bring forth reliable evidence that this order ever really emanated from the virgin Queen. But be this as it may, I fear it must be confessed that though he equalled his model Holbein in neatness and accuracy of detail, he fell far short of him in character and force, whilst he certainly never attained the transparency of flesh tints, and beautiful modelling of features, which adorn the miniatures of his great scholar and successor Isaac Oliver.

In such a collection as the Royal Miniatures at Windsor, which undoubtedly contains the finest works known of all three masters, the difference is very apparent. The two children of Charles Brandon by Holbein, the four portraits by Hilliard of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and his mother Jane Seymour, may be set side by side with the two glorious Olivers, Henry Prince of Wales, and the full length of Sir Philip Sidney. It is not difficult, with such specimens, to class the three masters in order of merit.

The four portraits just mentioned of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Jane Seymour, are probably the same as those described in the Catalogue of Charles I., as contained in a curious jewel; on the top of the jewel was an enamelled representation of the battle of Bosworth, and on the reverse the red and white roses. This jewel was purchased by the King of Hilliard's son. The interesting setting has long since disappeared, happily the contents are safe at Windsor.* He drew Elizabeth very often. Charles I. had three portraits of her by Hilliard,

* There are two or three other jewels containing miniatures by Hilliard, which are happily still intact. The lovely little prayer-book containing a miniature of Elizabeth at the commencement, and the likeness of the Duc d'Alençon at the end, the prayers written in a beautiful hand in six languages by Elizabeth herself, in the possession of E. Joseph, Esq., is one of the most interesting historical relics in existence, and bears ample testimony to the skill and culture of old Roger Ascham's illustrious pupil. Again, may be mentioned the likeness of James I., in its contemporary diamond setting, sold in the Hamilton sale for the large sum of £2,835. Last, there is the miniature of Mary Queen of Scots, in its original setting with pendant jewel, containing a lock of her hair, in the collection of Jeffery Whitehead, Esq.

EARL OF LINDSAY.

P. Oliver.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

I. Oliver.

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

P. Oliver.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

I. Oliver.

EARL OF LEICESTER.

I. Oliver.

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

P. Oliver.

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

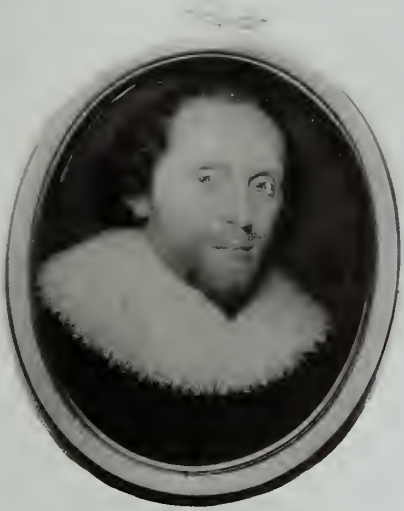
P. Oliver.

D. DONNE.

I. Oliver.

DE RAOZ
EARL OF ESSEX.

I. Oliver.



including a full length in her robes sitting on a throne. A miniature picture is also set down to him in Charles' Catalogue, giving a view of the Spanish Armada. Under James I., Hilliard increased in favour, as the following patent, granted to him by the King, sufficiently shows: "Whereas our well-beloved servant, Nicholas Hilliard, gentleman, our principal drawer of small portraits, and embosser of our medals in gold, in respect of his extraordinary skill in drawing, graving, and imprinting, &c., we have granted unto him our special license for twelve years, to invent, make, grave, and imprint any pictures of our image or our Royal family, &c., and that no one do presume to do, without his license obtained, &c."

This must have been a source of considerable profit, as, in addition to copies made from his miniatures, large numbers of small plates, jetons, &c., were engraved in niello by Simon de Pass and others, bearing the Royal portrait, for which he doubtless received a royalty. Hilliard died January 7th, 1619, and was buried in St. Martin's Church in the Fields, Westminster. His son, Lawrence Hilliard, was appointed by his will sole executor.

There would seem to be some justification for the appellation of "Old Hilliard," given to Nicholas by some of the old writers, for it seems certain that his son Lawrence followed in his footsteps. A warrant of the Council is still extant, dated 1624, ordering the payment to him of £42 for five pictures by him drawn. Lawrence was still alive in 1634, but nothing is known of any definite work done by him.

Isaac Oliver, the second on the roll of English water-colour miniaturists, is said to have been born in Leicestershire in 1556; but I have been unable to verify either date or place. Walpole thinks he was of French extraction, because he signed some of his works "Olivier." And the indefatigable Vertue found out several of the same name in France—Aubin Olivier, of Boisy, the inventor of machinery for stamping money, and a Peter and John Olivier, who were printers at Caen in Normandy. Isaac certainly wrote a treatise on limning in English; but, on the other hand, his notes in his pocket-book, which has been preserved, are partly in French and partly in English. The fact is, there

is no documentary evidence to prove anything connected with the history of this great miniaturist. His work must speak for him, and it is second to none in the whole history of miniature art. He is supposed to have studied under Hilliard, and Zuccherò is credited with having assisted his earlier attempts. He occasionally painted in oil, and in this manner, according to Vertue, he painted the portraits of himself, his wife and children, a head of St. John the Baptist, and the Holy Family. At Welbeck is a likeness of T. Cavendish, the famous sea-captain; and in Walpole's time Lord Oxford possessed a portrait of Sir Philip Sidney in oil. His painting of James I. served for a model to Rubens and Vandyck, when they had occasion to draw that King after his decease.

In an office book of the Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chambers, in the possession of the late Dr. Rawlinson, was an entry of payment to Isaac Oliver, picture-drawer, by a warrant dated at Lincoln, April 14, 1617, "for four several pictures drawn for the Prince's Highness, as appeareth by a bill thereunto annexed, £40." Isaac Oliver died at his house in Blackfriars in 1617, aged sixty-one or sixty-two. He was buried at St. Anne's Church in that parish, where his son Peter erected a monument to his memory, with his bust in marble; but both were destroyed in the great fire in 1666.

Sir Antonio More visited England in the reign of Queen Mary. He was sent here to paint the Queen's likeness by Philip of Spain. He remained during the Queen's lifetime, and then returned to Spain with Philip. He died at Antwerp, the date of his death being very uncertain. It has been variously stated as occurring any time from 1575 to 1588. He painted the Queen both life-size and in miniature. Charles I. possessed a portrait of Mary painted by More on a small round gold plate. I have a miniature of Elizabeth as Princess, painted in body colour on slate by his hand.

Frederic Zuccherò arrived in England in 1574. He painted Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, and others. A miniature in my possession—William Duckett, in oil on copper—has

always borne the reputation in the Duckett family of being Zuccherò's work.

Tradition associates him with Nicholas Hilliard as instructing a pupil destined to become greater than either of the masters—Isaac Oliver.

Lucas de Heere worked in England in Elizabeth's reign, though the date of his arrival is uncertain. There is no evidence that he painted miniatures. The specimen assigned to him in the Loan Collection of South Kensington, No. 950, has already been discussed. We next come to the names mentioned by Heydock in his tract (see page 7), Shute, Betts, &c. It is possible this Shute is John Shute, who styles himself "Paynter and Architecte" in a book written and published by him in 1563, called 'The First and Chief Groundes of Architecture,' and dedicated to the Queen. Nothing is known of his miniature work. There were two artists of the name of Betts, John and Thomas. John is said to have been a pupil of Hilliard's, and is called "Designer" in Hall's 'Chronicle of the Year 1576.' Vertue mentions a miniature by him of Sir John Godsalue, who was Controller of the Mint to Edward VI. Betts could hardly have painted this miniature from life. The knight is portrayed with spear and shield, and round the portrait is the legend, "Captum in Castris ad Boloniam, 1540." Sir John, in fact, accompanied Henry VIII. in his expedition to Boulogne in that year. He died in 1557. Now, if John Betts were a pupil of Hilliard, who was born in 1547, he could hardly have painted a miniature of a man who died in 1557. There is a likeness of Sir John Godsalue amongst the Holbein heads at Windsor. There seems, indeed, to be confusion everywhere as to the dates of John Betts. An oil head, said to be by him, was exhibited in 1875 at the Old Masters Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which was dated 1545. If Betts were a pupil of Hilliard's, this head must have been painted by him two years before Hilliard was born, which is, to say the least, extraordinary. The fact is, that nothing reliable is known about him. What was the exact relation between John and Thomas Betts is uncertain. I am fortunate in possessing a specimen of Thomas's work, 'John Digby, Earl of Bristol.' Judging by the date of John Digby, I should be inclined to think that Thomas was

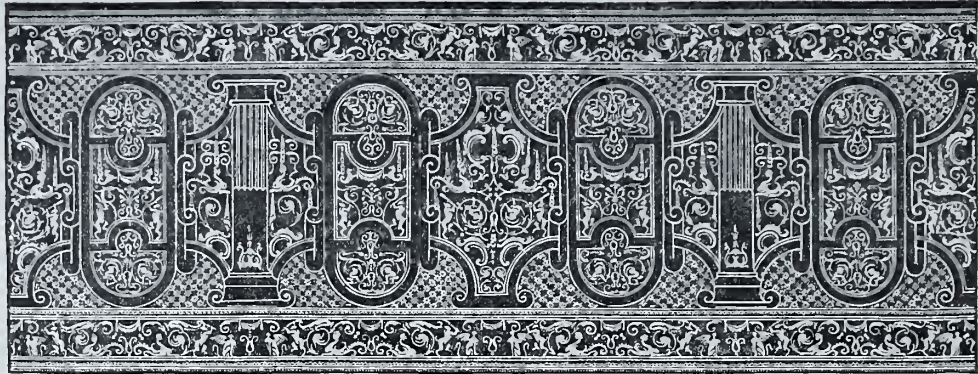
the son of John Betts. But so little is known of these artists, and works executed by them are so rare, that we have no ground for more than a conjecture. The name is mentioned in the introduction to the catalogue of the Loan Collection of miniatures of South Kensington; but the authorities were unable to procure a specimen for exhibition. Pettruccio Waldini was by profession an illuminator, but Vertue mentions a miniature of Sir Philip Sidney painted by him.

In a curious book by Meres, called 'Wits' Commonwealth,' published in London in 1598, is this entry: "As learned Greece had those excellent artists renowned for their learning, so England has three—Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, and John de Cretz—very famous for their painting. So as Greece had, moreover, their painters, and in England we have also these—William and Francis Segar, brethren; Thomas and John Betts; Lockie, Lyne, Peake, Peter Cole, Arnoldi, Marcus (Garrard) Jacques de Bruy, Cornelius, Peter Golchi, Hieronim, and Peter Vandervelde." Most of these artists have left no work by which they can be identified, though Lockie painted a portrait of Dr. John King, Bishop of London, from which Simon de Pass engraved a plate. John de Critz, or Cretz, was serjeant painter to Charles I. The duties of that office seem to have been of a varied description. What would a Leighton or a Millais say to these entries? "To John de Critz, serjeant painter, for painting and gilding with good gold the body and carriage of two coaches, and the carriage of one chariot, and other necessaries, £179 3s. 4d., anno 1634." Here is another: "John de Critz demandeth allowance for these parcells of worke following, viz., for repayreing, refreshing, washing, and varnishing the whole body of His Majesty's privy barge, &c., &c." Or this: "For several times oyling and laying with fayre white a stone for a sun-dial opposite to some part of the King and Queen's lodging." Walpole gives the above extract from Meres, adding this sage remark: "I quote this passage to prove to those who learn one or two names by rote, that every old picture they see is not by Holbein, nor every miniature by Hilliard or Oliver." He might have added: "Nor every enamel by Petitot."

The Peake mentioned in the extract from Meres is doubtless

the Sir Robert Peake to be described further on. Vasari gives the names of many miniaturists of this period, and one or two of them have been already mentioned. Probably, however, the greater number enumerated by him were rather illuminators than miniature portrait painters.





CHAPTER V.

MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND.

17th Century.



THE 17th century, destined, as its years rolled on, to witness the advent of some of the greatest masters of the art, added but little, in its earlier time, to the roll of miniature painters. James I. was not an æsthetic King. Thanks to his early tuition under the celebrated George Buchanan, Patrick Young, and the Abbot of Cambus-Kenneth, he became a good classical scholar, but he was essentially a pedant. Perhaps it was just as well for art that he never sought to interfere with its development, or endeavoured to impress any ideas of his own upon its professors, but happily left it to take its own course. He possessed shrewdness of a low vulgar type, but his inordinate vanity largely neutralized his early training, and his literary effusions both in verse and prose were as voluminous as they were contemptible. It was certainly not for want of brilliant artists that James's reign can show such scanty achievements in art-work. Inigo Jones arrived in England in 1604, and although he was at once appointed architect to the Queen (Anne of Denmark) and Prince Henry, his talents were mainly employed in designing the scenery and machinery of the Court Masques. True, on his second visit to England, about 1616, James

VARIOUS MASTERS, 16th and 17th CENTURIES.

ANDREW MARVELL.

Mrs. Beal.

J. DUCKETT.

Zucchero.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

David Loggan.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Sir A. More.

HENRIETTA MARIA.

Vandyck.

EDWARD VI.

L. Teerlinck.

MARY, QUEEN OF WILLIAM III.

Lewis Crosse.

LADY CHESTERFIELD.

N. Dixon.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

J. Flatman.



was seized with a sudden idea that he would like the finest palace in Europe, and Inigo Jones supplied the plans. Had they been carried out, judging by the designs, which were published by the architect Kent in 1727, James would certainly have realized his desire; but unfortunately the King forgot to provide the money, and only a small corner of the new buildings was commenced near Charing Cross. George Heriot, the Edinburgh jeweller, was at work as the leading goldsmith, and on intimate terms with the King, who familiarly spoke of him as "Gingling Geordie," and whose portrait was admirably drawn by Sir Walter Scott in 'The Fortunes of Nigel.' The family of De Pass and Elstracke could supply niellos and engravings. Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, and later, his son Peter, the past masters of miniature, were in the full tide of their powers, whilst Rubens, and probably Vandyck, were ready to execute the King's commands, supposing they had been given; and yet, surrounded by this band of giants, how little record there is of any grand work directly referable to the inspiration of the monarch. His son, the gifted but unfortunate Prince Henry, was, however, a true art connoisseur. He must have commenced collecting works of art early in life, seeing that he died at the age of nineteen, and yet left pictures, statues, coins, medals, &c., to form the basis of the magnificent treasures accumulated during the ensuing reign. The Duke of Buckingham, the "Steenie" of James I., was a great collector, and taught the young Charles his first lessons in art, which were destined to bear such prolific fruit when that prince came to the throne. As regards miniaturists, Hilliard and Isaac Oliver were still at work, the former dying in 1619, the latter two years earlier, 1617. Later in James's reign, Cornelius Jansen came to England (1618). He painted entirely in oil, and made many copies of his own large works in miniature size. The celebrated miniature of Milton at the age of ten, is by his hand. Another artist in this reign, who painted miniatures, was Robert Peake, who appears to have received payment for pictures from the Council of State as early as 1612. He was originally a print-seller on Holborn Bridge, and had the honour of being Faithorne's master.

In James's reign, too, began the art-work of Peter Oliver, the

worthy son of a worthy sire, the eldest son of Isaac. The dates of his birth and death are very uncertain. The former is generally put in 1604. It must however have been earlier, for a miniature painting, "Burial of Christ," by Isaac Oliver, left unfinished at Isaac's death, was completed by Peter and bears his signature and date, 1616.

This miniature painting is thus described in Charles's catalogue: "A great limned piece of 'The burial of Christ,' which was invented by Isaac Oliver, and was left unfinished at his decease, and now by his Majesty's appointment finished by his son Peter Oliver." The size of this great piece is given, 11½ inches by 1 foot 3½ inches. In the same catalogue, by the bye, is mentioned a copy of Raphael's "St. George," dated 1628, by Peter Oliver, 9½ by 7 inches. This was in the Hamilton Collection, and happily restored to the Royal home at Windsor when the Hamilton treasures were dispersed in 1883. There is a difficulty here as to dates. Peter Oliver is said to have finished the work left uncompleted at his father's death, and signs his completed work 1616. Isaac died in 1617. How then could Peter finish and date the picture a year *before* his father died? Again, if Peter was born in 1604, he would necessarily have been twelve years of age when he finished and dated his father's picture, which of course is incredible.

I have tried unsuccessfully to clear up this question. Thinking the generally accepted date of Isaac's death might be erroneous, I had the Wills Office at Somerset House searched for his will, and find that the dates and contents are correctly given in Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painting.' It was drawn, June 4, 1617, and proved by his widow, Elizabeth Oliver, on October 30, 1617, and the following is an extract relating to his art work:—"Except all my drawings alreadye finished and unfinished and Lymning pictures be they historyes storyes or anything of Lymning whatsoever of my owne hande worke as yet unfinished. All which I give and bequeathe to my eldest sonne Peter yf he shall live and exercise that arte or science which he and I nowe doe. But yf he shall dye without yssue and not use the same arte then I will that all the same Drawyngs only shall remayne to suche another of my sonnes as will use and exercise that arte or science. Item My will ys that my sayd sonne Peter shall have the first proffer of

the sale of my pictures that shall be sould and fyve shillings in a pounce cheaper than any will give for them." I am forced, therefore, to leave the dates as they are, though there certainly is an error somewhere.

Redgrave says the probate of Peter Oliver's will was found, bearing date 1660, but Mr. Cust, of the Print Department of the British Museum, kindly furnished me with the following extract:—"Vertue's MSS. Add. MSS. 23069, fol. 27. Search the Office of Wills, for Peter Oliver, limner, who being weak and sick at Isleworth, there made his will, appointing his wife Anne, sole heir and executrix, left to her all his goods and effects of what kind soever and his house in which he lived at Isleworth to her, to do with as she pleased. December 12, 1647. This will was signed only with his mark, being, I suppose, near his death, though in his lifetime he wrote a curious neat hand." I was not inclined to put unlimited faith in Redgrave's assertion, and was not sure whether Vertue obtained his information from the Office of Wills, so I had a search made on my own account, with the result that I find the will was "Proved at London, 15 December 1648 by Anne Oliver, relict and extrix." As the will is very short, I give it *in extenso*:—

"(Somerset House, Essex, fol. 184). Will of Peter Oliver of Isleworth, in the Countie of Midd., gentleman. Dated 12 Dec. 1647. I appoint my wife Anne Oliver sole executrix and doe bequeath to her all my whole estate to be at her disposinge. Item I doe give and bequeath unto my aforesaid wife the house I nowe live in wholie to her for ever.

"The marke of Mr Peter Oliver.

"Witnesses, Clem. Billingsley and John Turner."

Thinking it probable he was buried at Isleworth, I had the parish register searched, but no record of his burial appears. In those troublous times registers were not always kept with scrupulous care. I have since found out that the register of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, contains the following entries, completely setting at rest the vexed question of the dates of the deaths of both the Olivers:—

"Isaack Oliver, buried 2 October, 1617."

"Mr. Peter Oliver, buried 22 December, 1647."

Russell, the painter, who was connected with the Oliver family, related to Vertue the following anecdote. "He said that Charles II., anxious to obtain all the specimens he could of Oliver's work, paid a visit incognito to Peter's widow, immediately after his accession to the throne. He was told by one Rogers of Isleworth that both the father and son were dead, but that the son's widow was living at Isleworth and had many of their works. The King went very privately, and unknown, with Rogers to see them, the widow showed several finished and unfinished, with many of which the King being pleased asked if she would sell them. She replied, she had a mind the King should see them first, and if he did not purchase them, she would think of disposing of them. The King discovered himself, on which she produced some more pictures which she seldom showed.* The King desired her to set her price; she said she did not care to make a price with His Majesty, she would leave it to him; but promised to look over her husband's books, and let His Majesty know what prices his father the late King had paid. The King took away what he liked, and sent Rogers to Mrs. Oliver with the option of £1000, or an annuity of £300 for life. She chose the latter. Some years afterwards it happened that the King's mistresses having begged all or most of these pictures, Mrs. Oliver, who was probably a prude, and apt to express herself like one, said on hearing it, that if she had thought the King would have given them to such unworthy persons, he never should have had them. This reached the Court, the poor woman's salary was stopped, and she never received it afterwards."

Peter Oliver was largely employed by Charles I. to copy pictures in the Royal Collection in water-colours, of miniature size, Thirteen pieces of this description are catalogued by Vanderdort, all bearing Peter's signature. Whether the son equalled the father as a miniaturist is a moot point. I have examined carefully many signed specimens by both artists, and as regards delineation of

* Walpole says: "It is extraordinary that more of the works of this excellent master (Peter Oliver) are not known, as he commonly made duplicates of his pictures, reserving one of each for himself." He gives, as his authority for saying this, the painter Russell, mentioned above. The Rogers here mentioned, Walpole surmises to have been a man named Progers, well known for being concerned in the King's private pleasures.

character, colouring or *chiaroscuro*, I confess I see very little difference between their technical qualities; but we must always remember that the father was the first painter who struck out a new path in portrait miniature, and imparted life and nature to the flat shadowless work of the missal, an influence from which his contemporary Hilliard could never free himself. The wonderful "treasure-trove" of the works of these artists, which occurred in Walpole's time, is best told in his own words: "Since this work was first published, a valuable treasure of the works of this master and of his father Isaac was discovered in an old house in Wales, which belonged to a descendant of Sir Kenelm Digby. The latest are dated 1633, but being enclosed in ivory and ebony cases, and the whole collection locked up in a wainscot box, they are as perfectly preserved as if newly painted. They all represent Sir Kenelm and persons related to or connected with him. There are three portraits of himself, six of his beloved wife at different ages, and three triplicates of his mistress, all three by Isaac Oliver, as is Lady Digby's mother, which I have mentioned before. But the capital work is a large miniature copied from Vandyck of Sir Kenelm, his wife and two sons—the most beautiful piece of the size that I believe exists. There is a duplicate of Sir Kenelm and Lady Digby from the same picture, and though of not half the volume, still more highly finished. The last piece is set in gold, richly inlaid with flowers in enamel, and shuts like a book. All these, with several others, I purchased at a great price, but they are not to be matched."

William Faithorne, the engraver, born in London, in what year is uncertain, was a pupil of Peake's, and accompanied him to the Civil War, in the King's service. He was made prisoner at the taking of Basing-House, confined some time in Aldersgate, and then permitted to retire to France. He returned to England in 1650, and continued his engraving and print-selling until 1680, when he retired to a more private life in Printing House Yard. Whilst in Paris, Robert Nanteuil instructed him in drawing portraits *ad vivum* in crayons and plumbago. Graham says he learned painting from Philip de Champagne at the same time, and that on his return to England painted miniatures. I have seen several small heads in crayons and plumbago signed by him, but know nothing of his

water-colour miniatures. His crayon portraits are admirable, and I see no reason to doubt his power of painting miniatures. He died in 1691. One of his sons followed his profession, but fell into dissipated habits, and died at the age of thirty.

Theodore Russell is credited by some authorities with having painted miniatures. He was the nephew of Cornelius Jansen, whose sister married Nicasius Russel, or Roussel, of Bruges, jeweller to James I. and Charles I. Theodore, the eldest son, was born in 1614, and worked with his uncle, and afterwards with Vandyck, whose pictures he copied "in little." I can find no record of his having attempted miniature portraits *ad vivum*. There are specimens of his Vandyck copies at Windsor, Warwick Castle, &c. His son, Antony Russell, also a painter, told Vertue the story of Charles II.'s visit to the widow of Peter Oliver. A sort of connection existed between the Russell and Oliver families, one of Antony Russell's uncles was godson of Isaac Oliver's widow.

In 1625 Charles I. came to the throne. Probably no reign in English history has given rise to greater diversity of opinion as regards its political events, but even his sternest critics will hardly deny that to Charles I. we owe the inauguration of a golden age in art, and the creation of a sound, good taste, which, up to that time, had been utterly wanting in England.

Elizabeth was pompous, but avaricious; James I., lavish to favourites, but, in all other respects, mean to a degree, and, as we have seen, without a spark of the *feu sacré* in his nature. Charles alone patronised art from an innate love of all that was beautiful and true. From the universality of his knowledge and his practical acquaintance with the technical details of nearly every art, he never failed to appreciate true ability, or to foster talent wherever he found it. Naturally, miniature painting shared in the general renaissance, and some of its greatest masters made their first appearance under his auspices, and were indebted to him personally for their advancement.

At the beginning of Charles's reign, a name appears which does not strictly belong to our subject, but is of interest in the art records of the time, for to him we owe the Catalogue of Charles the First's treasures of all kinds:—

Abraham Vanderdort, a Dutchman, brought over to this country a bust of a woman, modelled in wax, as large as life, and showed it to Prince Henry, who was so struck with it and the artist that he immediately appointed him keeper of his medals, at a salary of £50 a year. The death of the young Prince soon put an end to the engagement, but, as soon as Charles ascended the throne, Vanderdort was retained in his service with a salary of £40 a year, and 5s. 6d. a day as board wages, and appointed keeper of the Royal Cabinet. The poor man's end was tragic. The King told him to take particular care of a miniature by Gibson, "The parable of the lost sheep." Vanderdort hid it so carefully that when the King asked him for it he could not find it, and hanged himself in despair. After his death his executors found and restored it to the King.

Another name connected with art, rises almost instinctively to one's mind whilst writing on these subjects :—

Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, must ever remain a prominent figure in the history of great collectors. He was the first man who professedly set to work to form a collection of art-work in this country, and led the way for Prince Henry, King Charles, the Duke of Buckingham, and others. He employed agents to scour the world for all that was beautiful and rare, a service which in those days was by no means free from personal risk, as one of his agents discovered to his cost. A Mr. Petty, whilst returning from Samos with a cargo of Greek sculpture, was overtaken by a violent storm, lost all his Greek statues, was himself imprisoned as a spy, and, with great difficulty, at length obtained his release. Even the ruins of this glorious collection have attained a world-wide celebrity. The Greek statues and marbles, inherited by the Duchess of Norfolk, were sold to the Earl of Pomfret, and presented by the Dowager Countess to the University of Oxford, where they are known as the Arundelian Marbles. The cameos and intaglios, the Duchess of Norfolk bequeathed to her second husband, Sir John Germaine. His widow, Walpole's "Lady Betty," gave them to Lord Charles Spencer, on his marriage to her great niece, Miss Beauclerc. Lord Charles gave them to his brother the Duke of Marlborough. They contained amongst them the priceless gem : "The marriage of Cupid

and Psyche," and have long been known as "The Marlborough gems;" but, alas, their old home knows them no more! The great and lasting influence exercised by Vandyck upon the English School of Portraiture, must be the excuse for devoting a few lines to him, although he cannot strictly be classed amongst the subjects of this memoir. Walpole mentions a miniature head of him in oil, done by his own hand; three or four specimens were shown at South Kensington attributed to him, and I have Henrietta Maria, undoubtedly by him. In the preceding century, Holbein formed the starting-point, whence the portrait painters immediately succeeding drew their inspiration, but it must be remembered that in the 16th century no school, so to speak, of portraiture existed. It was quite the dawn of the day of face-painting, to use an old expression. Holbein's work shows such abundant traces of the Van Eyck, or Flemish school, that no just comparison can be drawn between the masters of the two epochs. Another circumstance must be taken into consideration. The costume of the two periods was so different, that whilst the one found himself surrounded by ugliness, stiffness and unnatural treatment generally, the other revelled in the flowing locks and graceful garments of the Charles period. The wives of Henry VIII. seemed to consider a head of hair as a thing to be hidden as completely as possible under the hideous coif then in fashion. The ladies of Charles's time, following the fashion introduced by Henrietta Maria from the Court of Henry IV., treated this natural ornament of woman in the happy medium between the coif of Henry VIII. and the monstrous erections of the early Georges. It was not wonderful, therefore, that when men first beheld the features of those well known to them depicted on the canvas of Vandyck, full of the subtle light and shade, the delicate *nuances* of *chiaroscuro*, and the warm tints of nature, a new revelation should seem to be presented to them, and that from that moment portraiture should awake into a new life. Mr. Wornum says that Vandyck was in London in 1621, working for James I. It is certain that, on the 17th February of that year, an order was issued on the English Exchequer to pay to "Anthony Vandike the sum of one hundred pounds by way of reward for special services by him performed for his Ma^{tye}." This may refer to the whole-length

portrait of James at Windsor, the head of which has always been attributed to Vandyck. Also on the 28th of the same month there was issued "A passe for Anthonie Van Dyck, gent., his Ma^{tie's} servaunt, to travaile for 8 months, he having obtained his Ma^{tie's} leave in that behalf, as was signified by the E. of Arundell." This entry certainly looks as though Vandyck was not only in England, but in the regular pay of the Crown.

Very soon after this he went to Italy, where he remained about four years. He was again in Antwerp at the end of 1626, and worked continuously there during 1627, 8, and 9, in the latter year producing the "Armida and Rinaldo" for Charles I. Thence he visited Holland, on which occasion he and Franz Hals took each other's portrait. Negotiations were now opened with Vandyck by Charles's desire, through Sir Kenelm Digby and the Earl of Arundel, to induce him to return to England, the King having been moved thereto, by seeing a portrait of Nicholas Lanier, which is now in the possession of the Duke of Westminster. This portrait was described in the catalogue of the King's pictures as "Ye picture of Nicholas Laneer, master of his Maj^{tie's} musick, half a figure in a carved all over gilded frame." About the end of March or the beginning of April, 1632, Vandyck arrived in England; he was almost immediately appointed Principal Painter in Ordinary to the King, knighted and installed at Blackfriars, with apartments in Eltham Palace, and received a pension of £200 a year, which, however, seems to have been paid very irregularly. He died on the 9th of December, 1641, and was buried on the north side of the Choir of old St. Paul's.

His works are very numerous; he painted the King, his wife and family many times, including that curious portrait of Charles in three positions on one canvas. Charles was anxious to have his bust executed by Bernini the Italian sculptor, and Vandyck was commissioned to prepare this working portrait for the sculptor's use. The bust was finished, and is supposed to have perished in the great fire at Whitehall in 1698.* In enumerating the works

* A bronze, supposed to have been taken from this bust, stands in the corridor at Windsor, and a weak late copy in marble is in the Vandyck Room. I am not conversant with Bernini's work, but if the bust of Charles may be taken as a specimen

of Vandyck, we must not forget to mention the wonderful series of etched heads executed by him. For decision and character no finer work has ever been done.

He also drew a design of the history and procession of the order of the Garter to adorn the walls of the banqueting hall at Whitehall, the ceiling of which had been painted by Rubens. It is surely a curious instance of the irony of fate that, on that cold grey morning in January 1649, Charles should have stepped forth for the last time from that same banqueting hall, in the home he had loved so well, and which, in the plenitude of his power, he had dreamed of making the most splendid palace in Europe. Had the unfortunate monarch secured the stability of his throne by infusing into his government the same liberal ideas which he entertained towards the arts, the dream would have been easy to realise, seeing that he had ready to his hand a combination of talent not often found existing together: Inigo Jones, Rubens and Vandyck.

One of the earliest miniaturists of the time was Sir Balthazar Gerbier, painter and architect, a second-rate artist and a very worthless personage. He was originally a retainer in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, and is called by Sanderson a common penman. He attended Buckingham in a mission to Spain, and there is a curious letter extant from the Duchess to her Lord, wherein she says: "I pray you if you have any idle time, sit to Gerbier for your picture, that I may have it well done in little." He wormed himself into the favour of Charles I. and seems to have been as much employed in the diplomatic dirty work of these intriguing times as with his pencil. He was knighted by the King in 1628.

John Hoskins was a fine miniature painter, but it is singular how little is really known of his history. The only authentic record is in Graham's English School, where we are only told, "that he was bred a face-painter in oil, but afterwards taking to miniature, far exceeded what he did before; that he drew the king, his queen, and most of his court, and had two considerable disciples, Alexander

of his powers, he was but a poor performer, and did but scant justice to the fine painting Vandyck gave him as a model, and which now hangs in the Vandyck Room at Windsor.

LADY CATHERINE HOWARD.

J. Hoskins.

JOHN DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL.

T. Betts.

CHARLES I.

R. Gibson.

EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.

B. Lens.



and Samuel Cooper, the latter of whom became much the more eminent limner." There is a tradition of a son of the same name, and the difference in the signature is supposed to mark the two, but unfortunately I have seen three different manners of disposing the I.H., thus: H. ðI., I H. If one son is needed to account for the difference, why not two, seeing that there are three known signatures? The son's name is nowhere mentioned in any book of reference; Redgrave, however, says the son painted a miniature of James II. If this be so, of course the existence of a son is sufficiently proved, but he does not give his authority for the assertion.

Cornelius Poelemberg, celebrated for the smoothness and finish of his pictures, is mentioned in Charles's Catalogue, as the painter of miniatures in oil, of the King and the children of the King of Bohemia; and eight more miniatures, by the same hand, are placed in the Catalogue of James II. The works of George Jamesone are little known in England, but he was called the Vandyck of Scotland, and indeed they were fellow-pupils under Rubens at Antwerp. He painted large portraits, history and landscape, as well as miniature. When Charles visited Scotland in 1633, the Magistrates of Edinburgh, knowing his Majesty's taste, employed Jamesone to make drawings of the Scottish Monarchs; with which the King was so much pleased, that, enquiring for the painter, he sat to him, and rewarded him with a diamond ring from his own finger. Samuel Butler, the author of 'Hudibras,' is credited with having painted miniatures, the author going on to say, "for which, also, he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the most eminent limners of his time."

Francesco Cleyn cannot for himself claim place here as a miniaturist, but he was the father of several artists in this branch. On a small print of the father, etched by one of the sons, Evelyn wrote: "A most pious man, father of two sons who were incomparable painters in little; all died in London."

He also had a daughter named Penelope. Vertue mentions a miniature "like Cooper's manner, but not so well, of Dorothea, youngest daughter of Richard Cromwell, Oct. 4, 1688, signed P.C." Francesco, the father, was the painter of the beautiful

grotesques associated with his name, and was appointed by Charles, designer of the Tapestry Works at Mortlack (Mortlake).

Of the two Coopers, nephews and pupils of John Hoskins, Alexander, the elder brother, went abroad and resided some years in Amsterdam, and at last entered the service of Queen Christina. Samuel Cooper was rather the painter of the Commonwealth and Charles II., but he was at work well within this reign, having been born 1609. Cooper lived and painted for many years in France and Holland, probably the early years of his artistic life, which would account for the few works bearing his name, before the Commonwealth. After he painted Cromwell, the dates on his portraits of English Characters carry him on pretty continuously till his death in 1672.

To this consummate artist must be as freely given the supremacy in miniature, as to Vandyck in large portraits, or to Petitot in enamel. No one ever approached him in his power of endowing a water-colour miniature with all the strength, breadth, and freedom of oil. It is perhaps too much to say that without a Vandyck, we should not have had a Cooper. The latter was an original genius, who would have come to the front under any circumstances, but the influence of the great Fleming is apparent throughout all Cooper's work.

Walpole has very happily expressed Cooper's merit thus: "If a glass could expand Cooper's pictures to the size of Vandyck's they would appear to have been painted for that proportion. If his portrait of Cromwell could be so enlarged, I do not know but Vandyck would appear less great by the comparison." I have not seen the Cromwell, but the truth of Walpole's remarks must be equally apparent to any one who has ever seen the magnificent General Monk, or Duke of Monmouth, in the Royal Collection at Windsor.

His works still remaining to us are very numerous, though the well-known story of destruction, in the time of Queen Anne, must have accounted for a good many more. Sir Andrew Fountaine, the well-known collector of that period, had got together a prodigious number of the works of Hilliard, the Olivers, Cooper, &c., and awaiting the preparation of a home for them at Narford, had hired two rooms at White's Coffee House, St. James's Street, wherein to

LORD FAIRFAX.

S. Cooper.

SIR I. MAYNARD.

S. Cooper.

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

S. Cooper.

JOHN THURLOE.

S. Cooper.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

S. Cooper.

EARL OF DARTMOUTH.

S. Cooper.

COL. LILBURN.

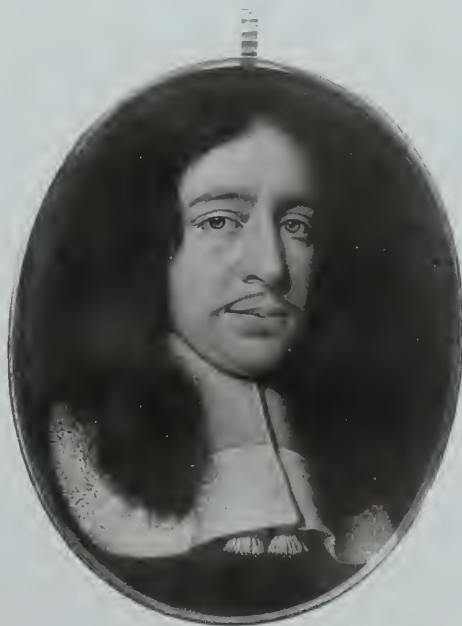
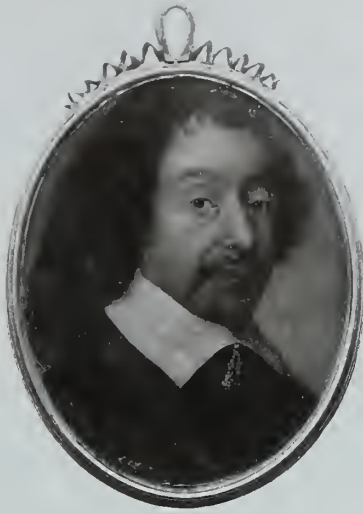
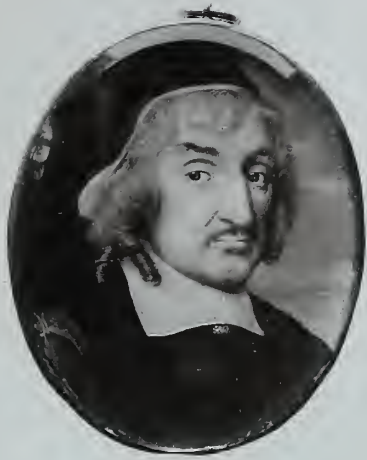
S. Cooper.

THOMAS MAY.

S. Cooper.

COL. DUCKETT.

S. Cooper.



deposit them. The house was entirely burnt down, and everything perished. So numerous were the miniatures, that it was considered worth while to sift the ashes, for the gold of the mountings.

Another artist coming within this reign was the curious little personage, Richard Gibson, the dwarf. He was page to a lady at Mortlake, and was placed by her with Francesco Cleyne, then director of the tapestry works, to learn drawing. He succeeded so well that Charles patronized him largely.

It was mentioned on a previous page, that a miniature painting of the "Good Shepherd" by Gibson, was the cause of poor Vanderdort's death. Gibson was three feet, ten inches high, and married Anne Shepherd, the same height as himself. The nuptials were celebrated in the presence of the King and Queen, who promised the bride a diamond ring, but the Civil troubles arising soon after, she never received it. Gibson died in 1690, aged 75, and his small wife lived until 1709, when she was 89 years of age. They had nine children, five of whom survived and grew to an average size. Two of the same were also miniature painters, namely,—

Edward Gibson, a son of the dwarf, taught by his father and Sir Peter Lely, and William Gibson, a nephew, who must have amassed considerable means, as he bought the greater part of Sir Peter Lely's collection after his death. There was also a daughter of Richard Gibson, Susan Penelope, who married a jeweller named Rose. She painted miniatures in water-colours, of rather a large size. She belongs properly to the latter part of the 17th century, but I have inserted a notice of her here, to connect her with the other members of the Gibson family. She died in 1700. Walpole mentions one or two miniatures by her. An Ambassador of Morocco, who sat to her and to Sir Godfrey Kneller at the same time, and a portrait of Bishop Burnet, in his robes as Chancellor of the Garter.

A signature D.D.G. appears on some miniatures of this period. David de Grange. He was also an engraver. I can find no special particulars of his life, and, if his engravings were no better than his miniatures, it is hardly necessary to spend time in searching for details of so poor an artist.



CHAPTER VI.

MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND.

17th Century—continued.



Sooner had Parliament got the upper hand in the Civil struggle with the King, than their fury seemed to vent itself even upon the art-works which belonged to the unfortunate monarch. As early as 1645, they commenced with the contents of York House, and forsooth must invest themselves with a flimsy cloak of religion to hide their iconoclastic nakedness.

Here are some votes passed on July 23, of that year, which speak volumes :—

“Ordered that all such pictures and statues there (York House), as are without any superstition, shall be forthwith sold, for the benefit of Ireland and the North.

“Ordered that all such pictures there, as have the representation of the Second Person in Trinity upon them, be forthwith burnt.

“Ordered that all such pictures there, as have the representation of the Virgin Mary upon them, be forthwith burnt.”

Immediately after the death of the King, several votes were passed for the sale of his goods, pictures, statues, &c.

It is due to Cromwell to say that, as soon as he possessed sole power, he did his best to stop the indiscriminate dispersion of the King's property, and Ludlow, by his orders, prevented the sale of Hampton Court. He also saved the Royal Library

at St. James's, which had been chiefly formed by James I., and contained, amongst other rarities, many priceless MSS., to which Prince Henry had added a large number of coins, medals, gems, &c.

Notwithstanding Cromwell's good intentions, the House proceeded to vote that the personal estate of the late King, Queen and Prince should be inventoried, appraised and sold, except such parcels of them as should be thought fit to be reserved for the State. The jewels connected with the Crown were locked up, immediately after the King's death, though many had been sold by Charles to raise money for arms, &c.; amongst those thus disposed of, was the wonderful collar of rubies, which had belonged to Henry VIII., and appears in most of the likenesses of that monarch. A large pearl which Charles always wore in his ear, was in the collection of the Duchess of Portland, having been presented to the Earl of Portland by William III.

The sale lasted up to August 9, 1653. In the middle of the last century, a catalogue was discovered, in an old house in Moorfields, of the whole of the goods thus sold by auction. There were included in the sale, the furniture of nineteen palaces, and the total proceeds are set down at £118,080 10s. 2d. Considering the enormous quantity, as well as great excellence of the collection, this sum represents a very inadequate result, and leaves a large margin, which can only be accounted for by robbery and trickery of every kind. Cromwell's name appears as the purchaser of the Raphael cartoons at Hampton Court, for a sum of £300. Notwithstanding the havoc thus made, a certain remnant must have remained in their old homes, for the Catalogue of James II. contains notices of many pictures which had been in the Royal Collection. Nearly the whole of these were, however, destroyed in the great fire at Whitehall in 1698. A good many also were carried off to Lisbon by Charles II.'s widow, the Portuguese Catherine.

The transitional period of the Commonwealth adds not one name to our lists of miniaturists. The spirit of the Puritans was essentially destructive. Beauty in their eyes means idolatry, a thing to be destroyed and got rid of; a spirit amply exemplified in that curious entry in Aubrey's History of Surrey, where "one Blease, was hired for half-a-crown a day to break the painted

glass windows of the church at Croydon." Let us hope he took plenty of time to fulfil his contract.

The destructive work, commenced with such zest by the Reformers of Henry VIII., was busily carried on by their worthy successors of the Commonwealth, and, as the result of their united efforts, the world is certainly the poorer, but is man any the better?

With the restoration of Royalty, in the person of Charles II., the arts again began to flourish, though it must be confessed the taste, which had distinguished the reign of his father, did not return. Charles II. introduced the fashions of the Court of France, without their elegance. The monarch's licentious nature tinged everything, from literature to women's dress; the latter being fully described in a Puritan tract, published in 1678, and entitled: "Just and reasonable reprehensions of naked breasts and shoulders." As Vandyck was the presiding genius of portraiture in the preceding reign, so Sir Peter Lely* was the model painter of Charles II. He came to England in 1641, and painted Charles I. at Hampton Court. The picture is now at Sion House. Oliver Cromwell also sat to him, but it is as the delineator of the rather wanton beauties of Charles II. that he is best known. He caught the reigning character, and

On animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.

He seldom painted men, but I have two small pieces of General Monk, and Prince Rupert, which bear witness to his power of doing so, when he condescended to leave the fair sex. He taught nearly all the portrait painters of this period, both in great and little. In that wonderful store-house of contemporary gossip, Pepys' Diary, we are given many curious bits of information about the artists of his time, Cooper, Lely, &c. :—

1668, March 30. "To Mr. Cooper's house to see some of his work, which is all in little, but so excellent, as though I must confess, I do think the colouring of the flesh to be a little forced, yet the painting is so extraordinary, as I do never

* Lely's family name was Van der Faes. His father acquired the name of Lely from having lodged in a house at Soest, in Westphalia (where he was stationed in garrison), the front of which bore the emblem of a lily.

expect to see the like again. Among the rest of the pictures was one Swinfen, that was Secretary to My Lord Manchester, Lord Chamberlain, done so admirably as I never saw anything; but the misery was, this fellow died in debt, and never paid Cooper for his picture, but it being seized on by his creditors among his other goods after his death, Cooper says that he did himself buy it and give £25 out of his purse for it, for what he was to have had but £30."

Cooper painted Pepys' wife: and there is the entry: "He hath £30 for his work, and the crystal and gold case comes to £8 3s. 4d. and which I sent him this night, that I might be out of debt."

An entry in Evelyn's Diary gives a curious insight into Cooper's practice of taking likenesses for medals or coins. He says: "January 10, 1662. Being called into his Majesty's Closet when Mr. Cooper, yē rare limner, was crayonning of the King's face and head, to make the stamps by, for the new milled money now contriving, I had the honour to hold the candle whilst it was doing, he choosing the night and candlelight for yē better finding out the shadows."

This finding out the shadows was the natural result of Vandyck's full *chiaroscuro*, in contrast with the flat, shadowless faces of Elizabeth's, and James's time. Pepys mentions sitting to Hales and says: "I do sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder." He paid Hales £14 for the picture, and £1 14s. for the frame.

This Hales, or as generally written, Hayls, must have had an excellent opinion of himself; he took to miniature painting when Cooper tried his hand at oil, and threatened to continue unless Cooper desisted. Cooper did desist, probably not so much from fright of Hales' terrible threat, as from finding the new medium not so congenial to his taste as the water colour to which he was used. Yet he could paint well in oil. The General Fairfax in my possession in oil on copper, was long an unknown portrait, and supposed to be by Vandyck, until an old engraving taken from the miniature turned up, and told us who was the sitter, and that the painter was Samuel Cooper.

Pepys gives a lively picture of the popularity of Sir Peter Lely, or as he calls him "Lilly," and the grandeur of his establishment: "October 20, with Commissioner Pett to Mr. Lilly's, the great painter, who came forth to us, but believing that I came to bespeak a picture, he prevented it, by telling me that he should not be at leisure these three weeks, which methinks is a rare thing. And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner."

Here is another: "1667, March 25—Called at Mr. Lely's, who was working, and, indeed, his pictures are, without doubt, much beyond Mr. Hales's, I think, I may say I am convinced; but a mighty proud man he is and full of state."

I must not forget to mention amongst the curiosities of miniature, portraits in needlework, an art which has long since died out, but was much in vogue during the Charles' reigns. I have a Charles I. beautifully executed with needle and silk, which has been an heirloom in the Buller family since it was worked by the Princess Elizabeth at Carisbrook Castle, during her father's last imprisonment there. Another portrait of Charles was exhibited at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy a few years ago, so finely done that it required a lens to say accurately whether the needle or brush had produced the result. I have heard of a Cromwell equally fine, but have never seen it.

There is another variety in the rendering of Charles' portrait. His long locks, cut off for the convenience of the executioner, were dipped in his blood on the scaffold, and afterwards worked up into the likeness of the Royal Martyr. Several are supposed to have been made, but one especially was shown at South Kensington in 1865, by the late Dowager Lady Shelley, which had been in her family since Charles' death.

Amongst the most interesting miniaturists of this reign, was Mary Beale, like so many others, a pupil of Sir Peter Lely. She was the daughter of Mr. Cradock, a clergyman of Walton-on-Thames, and during her life seemed to be especially patronised by the clergy. The details of her life are more fully known than those of most artists, owing to the fact of her husband keeping a most minute diary of all her doings.

Many of these diaries came into the possession of the indefatigable Vertue, who gives copious extracts from them in his manuscripts. The names of the sitters, the prices obtained, the income derived each year from her profession, are all fully stated, and interesting items of general information crop up here and there, such as: "Sunday, May 5, 1672: Mr. Samuel Cooper, the most famous limner of the world, for a face, dyed." The most lucrative year she ever had, realised to her £429.

The Beales were very religious, and seem to have carried out literally the precept of giving away a tithe of their income; for various entries relate to the sum put by for charitable uses, always amounting to two shillings in the pound of their income. Her son, Charles Beale, also painted in miniature, but failing sight soon obliged him to give up work.

Thomas Flatman combined miniature painting with the law and writing poetry. His miniatures are better than his poems. Indeed Vertue pronounced him equal to Hoskins, next to Cooper, and, undoubtedly, he painted remarkably well.

He seems to have been on intimate terms with the Beales, as his name frequently appears in the diaries. To judge by his portrait by John Hales, he must have been a remarkably handsome man.

The union of his three occupations, law, painting, and poetry, seem to have given rise to various epigrams, complimentary and the reverse. Mr. Oldys writes:—

"Should Flatman or his client strain the laws,
The painter gives some colour to the cause;
Should critics censure what the poet writ,
The Pleader quits him at the bar of wit."

Rochester, on the other hand, thinks but little of his poetry.

"Not that slow drudge, in swift Pindaric strains,
Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
And rides a jaded muse, whipt, with loose reins."

Amongst other artists who painted miniatures combined with other work, we may mention Samuel van Hoogstraten, chiefly a painter of still life, but also of many small portraits. Houbraken, the engraver, learned drawing from him.

John Greenhill, the most promising of Lely's scholars, occasion-

ally painted in little. The Charles II., and Catherine of Braganza in my possession are by him. At first, very industrious, he soon fell into a dissolute course of life and died in the flower of his age.

Miss Anne Killigrew was another instance of the union of painting and poetry, and, like Flatman, succeeded better in the former than the latter occupation. She painted James II. and Mary of Modena in miniature, and also a likeness of herself, which was well spoken of.

Gaspard Netscher, a pupil of Terburg, was invited to England by Sir William Temple, and painted several miniatures here, in oil on copper. Herbert Tuer, a grand-nephew of George Herbert, the poet, has left some miniatures by his hand, said by Vertue to possess considerable merit.

John Dixon painted both in miniature and crayons, but chiefly the former. Late in life, he became concerned in a bubble lottery, Queen Anne, then princess, being a large ticket-holder: the affair turned out a failure, and Dixon was ruined. He retired to the country, where he died in 1715. There are miniatures signed "N.D. Nathaniel Dixon." I can find no record of him in any book of reference.

William Hassell is another miniaturist of the period about whom little is known. Vertue mentions a portrait signed by W. H. 1685, which was engraved by Vanderbank, and falsely said to be the Earl of Marr.

Matthew Snelling was a gentleman who took to miniature painting for amusement, and being evidently by nature a ladies' man, would never consent to portray the stronger sex. He is mentioned by Mr. Beale in one of his diaries, as sending presents of colours to Mrs. Beale, and Cooper painted his portrait. This list includes all that is known of miniature painters of this reign, but there are some very charming portraits executed in lead pencil, or, as the name then was, "plumbago," which, for beauty of work, come very near the ordinary water colour. Indeed, considering the absence of colour to help the effect, and the rather intractable nature of a lead pencil, they are in their way more surprising performances than that form of miniature best known to us. Let any one even of considerable artistic talent, take a pencil and piece of vellum or paper, and try to copy the Samuel Butler, which is either by David Loggan or George

White, and they will soon learn to respect the cunning hand which could do so much with such slight means.

The men who practised this method were really engravers, who drew these portraits from life, for the purpose of subsequent engraving. David Loggan, George White and his son Robert all worked in this manner. Thomas Forster has left many portraits of this nature, but whether he was an engraver or not, is uncertain, as there is no account of him anywhere, as far as I know. Robert Nanteuil, the celebrated French engraver, drew nearly all the portraits he took from the life, in the same way.

The short and turbulent reign of James II. was not favourable to art. The King himself was partial to it, but the disturbed political atmosphere left him small leisure to devote to it. Nevertheless a few names appear which must be noted.

William de Keisar, a jeweller of Antwerp, painted in miniature, enamel and oil. He came to England under the auspices of Lord Melfort, and was so well received here, that he gave up his establishment at Antwerp, and settled in England. Shortly after, the revolution occurred; his business left him, and the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, to which he had recourse in his despair, completed his ruin. He died at the age of forty-five, but left a daughter, who followed her father's profession.

He was not the only painter who was diverted from his legitimate work, by the *ignis fatuus* of the philosopher's stone; even the great Vandyck himself, led on by Sir Kenelm Digby, neglected his pencil, and spent much time and money in his later years, in the futile search for this crowning joy of life.

A young Italian, named Francati, attained considerable reputation by his miniatures in pen and ink; he drew the King and Queen and several members of the Court.

The reign of William III. was prolific in portrait painters, but produced few miniaturists.

Sir Godfrey Kneller occupied the chief place, as Vandyck and Lely had in previous reigns. The story of Kneller's first introduction to royalty is amusing. It was in the year 1674. The Duke of Monmouth saw and admired a portrait of his secretary which Kneller had painted, and prevailed on Charles II. to sit to

him just at the time that Lely was to paint the King, as a present to the Duke of York. Charles, with characteristic laziness, and unwilling to have double trouble, proposed that both artists should draw him at the same time. Lely, as the established favourite, chose the best light; the stranger was to draw him as he could, and performed his work with such facility and expedition, that he had finished the portrait before Lely completed his first ground tints. Kneller had the honour of reckoning ten Sovereigns among his sitters. He painted Charles II., James II., and his Queen, William and Mary, Anne, George I., Louis XIV., Peter the Great, and the Emperor Charles VI.

He commenced under the happiest auspices, having received instruction from Bol, Rembrandt, and Franz Hals, but he imitated none of them.

Kneller had quite sufficient of the "feu sacré," to have placed himself amongst the first rank of portrait painters. Some of his heads have all the freedom and nature of Vandyck, and more dignity than Lely, but two things were against him, his own character, and the epoch in which he lived.

His inordinate vanity and love of money tempted him into gross carelessness. He rolled out portraits at such a stupendous rate, that, at his death, there were five hundred of them left unfinished, and so slovenly was his work, that, in many considered completed, he had left some of the primed canvas bare, with no colour on it. The ruling motive of his work was best expressed in his own words. In giving his reasons for taking to portrait painting, he said: "Painters of history make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead—I paint the living, and they make me live."

At the time that Kneller painted, it must be remembered that taste had already commenced that downward course which reached its lowest depths early in the 18th century.

No guiding spirit either of King or noble was there to reward merit according to the worth of its productions; consequently slovenly showiness took the place of conscientious work and artistic finish.

Let us now see what miniature painters flourished at the time.

Thomas Sadler, son of a Master in Chancery, began by painting miniatures for his own amusement. He received instructions from Sir Peter Lely in painting, but, owing to reverse of fortune, took to drawing miniatures as a profession. Amongst other portraits, he painted John Bunyan, which was engraved in mezzotint. Simon Digby, Bishop of Elfin, in Ireland, is mentioned in Graham as an accomplished miniaturist; many of his works were preserved at Sherborne Castle, the seat of the Digbys.

Susan Penelope Rose was a daughter of Gibson, the dwarf, and the wife of a jeweller. She painted miniatures with great skill and freedom. A half-length portrait, eight inches by six, of an Ambassador from Morocco, dated 1682, is mentioned by Walpole with great praise.

John Faber, the elder, came to England in 1695. A native of Holland, he was an engraver by trade; he drew many miniatures on vellum with pen and ink, but I can find no record of his attempting water-colour.

This brings us to the close of the 17th century, a century famous not only for the enormous strides made in art generally, but also, and more especially as far as we are concerned, for the number and quality of the miniaturists who practised during its course. To an Englishman, Nicholas Hilliard, belongs the honour of having been the first to establish portrait miniature as a distinct branch of art; and for more than a century and a half, this country stood alone in keeping up an unbroken series of painters "in little," and we must wait until the 18th century is well on its way, before we arrive at anything like a school of water-colour miniaturists in any other nation. In searching through various books of reference and art dictionaries, I have found many names of artists who are said to have painted small portraits. I have not included them here, as such a description hardly seemed to come within the limits of miniature, though, indeed, it is by no means easy to define accurately what constitutes a miniature. The same difficulty confronted the authorities of the Loan Collection at South Kensington, in 1865, and ultimately without laying down any technical definition of the term, they agreed to accept all such works as were drawn to a small scale, and were in respect to manner of a miniature

character, except paintings on porcelain. Redgrave, in the 'Century of Painters,' falls into a curious error in attempting to define a miniature. He considers the term "as strictly applying to portraits executed in water-colour on ivory, or in enamel on copper, and in some few instances, on silver or gold." Were we to accept this definition, what is to become of all the great masters who flourished up to the end of the 17th century, before ivory was thought of?

It is quite uncertain at what period ivory first came into use as a basis of miniature portraits. I have a likeness of Frederic, Duke of Schomberg, the celebrated general of William III. It is done on a thick, rough piece of ivory, quite different from the thin slips which were afterwards used, and is the earliest specimen of an undoubted contemporary portrait executed on ivory that I have seen. In the course of investigations on this point, I have been shown many specimens of the Cooper period, done on ivory, which were fondly believed to be original, but from careful examination of the technical work, I am quite sure that they were all subsequent copies, and that no original work was done on this basis, until quite the end of the 17th century. I have lately seen a miniature of Mary, daughter of James II., and wife of William III., also on a thick piece of ivory. She wears the Dutch crown as an ornament on her breast, and the English crown lies on a cushion by her side. This is about the same period as the Duke of Schomberg, and tends to confirm the probable date of the first use of ivory.





CHAPTER VII.

MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND.

Portraits in Enamel.



THE art of painting portraits in enamel commenced in the 17th century, and I have, therefore, thought it best to devote a chapter to its consideration here, before we pass on to relate the history of miniature painting in the 18th century.

It is quite a moot point when the process of enamelling, that is, covering a metal surface with a fusible colour, first commenced. In the British and other Museums, we may see amongst Egyptian antiquities, many specimens of idols, ornaments, &c., considered to be works in enamel, as fresh and brilliant as when they left the hands of the cunning artificers of the Nile three thousand years ago. Monsieur Labarte, for instance, upholds the theory that enamelling on metal was known to, and practised by, the Phœnicians and ancient Egyptians, whilst other authorities contend that what passes for enamel, is nothing more than the filling in of "champlevé" cavities with pieces of glass, marble, &c., and that the true art of enamelling on metal was unknown prior to the Christian era. As, however, the point of antiquity in no way helps us to a consideration of that branch of it, in which we are more particularly interested, we must leave the question in the hands of the archæologists.

The year 1630 is generally assigned to the first beginnings of

enamel portraiture as we understand it, but certain circumstances seem to show that, as usually happens, the efforts of antecedent workers gradually led up to the final perfection of the art. I have in my possession a curious finger ring of the time of Elizabeth, bearing a portrait, apparently of Raleigh. The costume, collar, &c., are done on the *champlevé* principle, cavities excavated in the gold, filled in with enamel of appropriate colour; the face, however, is painted in opaque colour on a plane surface, and with the exception of the tints being pale and thin, is essentially the same in treatment as the ordinary enamel portraits of the 17th century. Again, there is no doubt that at Limoges, the later artists constantly used opaque colour in the production of portraits. Jules Labarte especially mentions twelve enamel pictures to represent the twelve apostles, ordered by Francis I., of Leonard Limousin in the year 1545. Francis died before their completion, and after various changes of habitation, they now decorate the Chapel of the Virgin, in the church of St. Peter, at Chartres. The process of their manufacture is thus described. A layer of black enamel was spread over the copper, and upon that a layer of white enamel. The design was drawn with a point, so as to scratch through the white layer, and thus obtain an outline in black. The subject was then painted on the white enamel with fusible colours, in which the metallic oxides were mixed in far larger proportions than in the enamel colours previously in use. Apparently the result was pale and thin, and far from rivalling the glowing palette of Toutin and Petitot. Still the process was the same, and puts back the opaque process far before the time of the two Frenchmen. About the year 1630, Jean Toutin, a watch-maker at Chateaudun, prepared a scheme of colours, opaque and fusible, which, applied on a layer of white enamel spread on a gold surface, were capable of passing through the fire unchanged. He soon perceived the value of his process, if applied to portraiture, but not possessing the natural talent of a draughtsman, he called in the aid of one Isaac Gribelin, who had at the time established a reputation for his portraits in pastel, which Toutin worked out in enamel. This Gribelin must not be confounded with Simon Gribelin, who visited England about 1700, and amongst other works executed a series of engravings from the Raphael Cartoons at Hampton

DUCHESS DE BRISSAC.

Petitot.

LOUIS XIV.

Petitot.

UNKNOWN.

Petitot.

MARSHAL TURENNE.

Petitot.

NINON DE L'ÉUELOS.

Petitot.

HENRIETTA MARIA.

Petitot.

LA VALLIERE.

Bordier.

UNKNOWN.

Petitot.

LOUIS XIV.

Petitot.

DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

Petitot fils.

LOUIS XIV.

Petitot.



Court. Toutin had a certain number of pupils, but they would appear to have confined themselves to the production of watch cases, rings, &c. Such enamels as the portraits of "Le Grand Condé," Gaston of Orleans, or Nicholas Fouquet, in my possession, must have been the combined work of Toutin and Gribelin. They are clearly anterior to Petitot, and the colours fall far short of the brilliance subsequently attained by the great Genevese. History fails to furnish us with the name of any enameller between the two, who could have produced such good work as these portraits exhibit. Following close on the heels of Jean Toutin in point of time, we come to the great high priest of enamel, Jean Petitot, born in Geneva, in 1607. His father was a wood-carver, named Paul Petitot. The family were originally French, but having adopted the Protestant religion, retired to Geneva, where Jean commenced life by enamelling the jewels then so much in vogue. The reputation of Charles I., as the friend and protector of artists, probably induced him to come to England, somewhere about 1635, and he showed the King's jeweller specimens of his work far exceeding in beauty anything which was then being produced in this country. He was introduced to Charles by Turquet de Mayerne, a Genevese settled in this country, the King's physician, and a celebrated chemist. Charles at once took Petitot into his service and assigned him an apartment in Whitehall; he ordered Sir Anthony Vandyck to instruct him in the practice of portraiture, and Mayerne to help him with his chemical knowledge to the acquisition of certain colours which his palette still lacked. Petitot was probably accompanied to England by a fellow-worker named Bordier. There is considerable confusion amongst the authorities about the two Bordiers, Pierre and Jacques. If there really were two men of that name connected with enamel painting, they had both worked in England. The only signed piece of Bordier's work known was the wonderful enamelled watch presented to General Fairfax after the battle of Naseby, signed "P. Bordier, fecit." This was in Walpole's Collection at Strawberry Hill.

During the last troubled years of Charles' life, Petitot left England, and went to Paris, somewhere about the year 1645. He was very well received by Anne of Austria, Cardinal Mazarin, and

later by Louis XIV. He was here joined by Jacques Bordier, and Pierre passes from the scene. Louis XIV. gave Petitot an apartment in the Louvre and a pension. In 1650 Petitot and Jacques Bordier married two sisters, Marguerite and Madeline Cuper, and from that time, to Bordier's death in 1684, these two men lived and worked together, painting every one of note in the French Court, chiefly from the works of Le Brun, Champagne, Mignard, and the pastels of Nanteuil, as they had done in England from Vandyck and Honthorst. Fearing the consequences of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, Petitot begged permission to return to Geneva. This was refused, and he was thrown into prison at Fort L'Eveque, where Bossuet endeavoured to convert him. Whether he yielded to force and signed his recantation, or whether his failing health induced the King to release him, is uncertain, but he returned to Geneva in 1687, being then eighty years of age. Sitters still flocked to him, and, to gain rest, he retired to Vevey, where he died suddenly in 1691, aged eighty-four, whilst engaged on a portrait of his wife.

Petitot was forty-five years of age at the time of his marriage, but nevertheless had seventeen children by Margaret Cuper, nine sons and eight daughters. The only one of the family who showed his father's talent was Jean. He was born in 1652, and at the age of sixteen was already at work on enamel portraits. His father brought him to England in 1677, where he obtained the same favour with Charles II. that his father had enjoyed with Charles I. In 1682 he returned to Paris and married Madeline Bordier, the daughter of his father's old friend, Jacques Bordier. He returned to England in 1695, but the date and place of his death are uncertain.

Signed pieces by either father or son are extremely rare. Walpole mentions a portrait of the Duke of Buckingham in his possession signed by the father. Jules Labarte mentions a portrait of the Duc d'Anjou, signed "Petitot le fils." Two enamels of the younger Petitot and his wife, both signed and dated, were exhibited at South Kensington by Lord Cremorne, and there is the Duchess of Portsmouth in my possession, signed "Petitot le fils, 1685." M. Rikoff, of Amsterdam, has the Duchess of Marlborough signed

“Petitot, 1698.” This of course must be the son, as the elder Petitot had been dead seven years. The authorities of the Louvre, however, mention in their Catalogue that they have never seen instances of signed Petitots. The names of several pupils and immediate successors of Petitot are mentioned by various authors. Louis Duguernier, Ferrand, Perrault, and the engraver Chatillon; whilst after his return to Geneva, Mademoiselle Terroux, and the brothers Huaud, would appear to have studied with him.

The great Jean Petitot perfected the art of enamel portraits. From the time when he placidly drew his last breath in the quiet little Swiss town there is practically but little to say on the subject. Such as he left it, such it is now, and after the lapse of two centuries and a half, although the majority of miniaturists have tried their hand at enamel, as well as water-colour portraits, he still remains “*facile princeps*.” No one has ever approached him.

His portraits of English characters are far scarcer than those of the Court of Louis XIV. His stay in England probably did not exceed ten years, and during that time he was almost exclusively employed by Charles I. As political troubles thickened, and men's minds were turned to sterner thoughts, he saw that England was no longer a congenial soil for artistic work, and he retired to Paris. Under the influence of Vandyck, his English portraits are said to be drawn with a freer and bolder touch than he exhibits in his later years. I have examined every enamel bearing the name of Petitot, which was in any way accessible, and I am quite sure that not even our own Cosway has been made to bear the burden of so many imitations and reproductions as have been foisted on the great Genevese enameller. His contemporaries just mentioned, Ferrand, &c., were, by the records of the French Court, very clever enamellers, and it is more than probable, unless they were exceptions to the general rule of human nature, that they would attempt to found their style on that of the acknowledged head of their newly-discovered branch of art. No signed piece, emanating from any of these contemporary artists, is known, as far as I am aware, and not a few so-called Petitots may really be the work of these men, overshadowed as they were, by the one name on every man's lips.

I have seen many Louis XVI. boxes bearing on the lid a so-called Petitot portrait, which I firmly believe was executed at the same time as the box. When we recall the names of enamellers, such as Augustin, Carteau, Courtois, Durand, Le Tellier, Oudry, Pasquier, and many others, who were always engaged in executing wholesale orders for enamels to mount in the Royal Diplomatic presents of the time, we can easily imagine that they were perfectly indifferent whether the order was for a celebrated character of any previous reign, or for their contemporaries. One of these enamellers, Jean Baptiste Weyler, not only executed diplomatic orders, but also commenced a series of enamels of celebrated persons of his country, and in that series we find many of the characters of Louis XIV.'s time, including Louis himself, Le Grand Condé, Turenne, Catinat, the painters Philippe de Champagne, De Troy, and others of the late 18th century. This series was continued after Weyler's death by his widow, who afterwards became Madame Kugler, but her enamels are in every way inferior to those of her husband. At the beginning of the present century, an artist named J. Lambert, was well known as a copyist of Petitot enamels, and is said to have caught to a certain extent the technical qualities of his great predecessor. When all these facts are duly considered, they will at all events go some way to explain the large number of so-called Petitots, which are constantly cropping up, but which in their *ensemble* utterly fail to reach the standard of excellence which a little study of the subject will enable any one to apply for themselves. I have a Louis XIV. of rather large size for Petitot, in a shagreen *etui*, studded with the Royal monogram in silver. I have myself seen, at various times, four copies of this enamel, varying from a very fair reproduction down to an abominable travesty, each of which was of course brought forward as an undoubted Petitot. Apart from the possible reproductions alluded to above, and which may be termed legitimate copies, I am sorry to say the French hold an unenviable pre-eminence for the production of spurious enamels and miniatures. It is really a matter of some danger to attempt a collection of French specimens; many at once no doubt display the cloven hoof clearly enough to warn off even a novice, but I have seen some which would puzzle an expert. If any of these

VARIOUS MASTERS IN ENAMEL.

DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

Zincke.

QUEEN ANNE.

Boit.

UNKNOWN.

Huand.

WILLIAM III.

Unknown.

MRS. SIDDONS.

Horace Hone.

LE GRAND CONDÉ.

J. Tontin.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

J. Meyer.

NICHOLAS FOUGUET.

Chetillon.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

H. Bone.

DINGLINGER.

Thienpondt.

UNKNOWN.

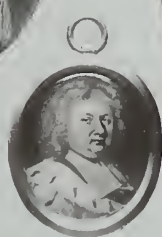
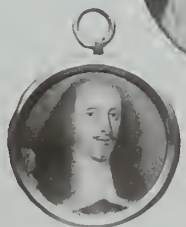
N. Hone.

UNKNOWN.

Dinglinger.

CHARLES IV.

Prieur.



enterprising gentry get hold of a really old miniature, it matters not how time or exposure to light may have wrecked the once beautiful tints, the merest ghost suffices them; they will restore and paint it all over again with a subdued palette, and, like new wine, artificially aged by the arts of the chemist, it presents itself in a guise which will take no denial. There is one counterfeit which positively haunts me: it is a miniature of a good-looking woman, in a large falling muslin cap, and a spotted muslin dress. I should think by its appearance the original was by Cosway; but scarcely a dealer, or a sale of miniatures, is without a copy of this specimen. I have seen it oval and round, in old or in brand-new ormolu frame, and even mounted in a really old tortoiseshell snuff-box. It must be a very popular miniature, to judge by the number of reproductions of it in existence. A person I know had in his possession a proof of that charming drawing by Cosway of Madame Recamier, which, by the way, was not an original, but taken from a miniature by Augustin, for the engraving. A French dealer borrowed the print for a time, and when he returned it, produced also a large miniature on ivory, which he had the effrontery to declare had recently come into his hands, and which was evidently the original of the drawing. It was shown to me, but two minutes' inspection sufficed to see that the colours were scarcely dry. The drawing had been taken to Paris, photographed on to the ivory, and then painted over. Naturally, as long as the demand for really fine old things of any class is practically boundless, and the supply extremely limited, the collectors' arch-enemy, the forger, will find a lucrative employment, whether the article be a Shapira manuscript or a French miniature, and English dealers are by no means free from very decided attempts to increase the supply; but, in the matter of miniatures, the English purveyor is not to be mentioned in the same breath with his Parisian brother. The following is a brief description of procedure in the process of enamelling, taken from a treatise by William Essex.

“To make a plate for the artist to paint upon: a piece of gold or copper being chosen, of the requisite dimensions, and varying from about an eighteenth to a sixteenth of an inch in thickness, is covered with pulverised enamel, and passed through the fire, until it becomes of a bright white heat; another coat of enamel is then

added, and the plate again fired ; afterwards a thin layer of a substance called flux is laid upon the surface of the enamel, and the plate undergoes the action of heat for the third time. It is now ready for the painter to commence his picture upon." Flux partakes of the nature of glass and enamel ; it is semi-transparent, and liquifies more easily in the furnace than enamel. When flux is spread over a plate, it imparts to it a brilliant surface, and renders it capable of receiving the colours ; every colour during its manufacture is mixed with a small quantity of flux ; thus when the picture is fired, the flux of the plate unites with the flux of the colour, and the colouring pigment is perfectly excluded from the air by being surrounded with a dense, vitrified mass.

The colours are prepared from metallic oxides. Many metals are perfectly useless to the enameller, on account of the high degree of heat to which enamel paintings are subjected, and his scale of colour is consequently limited. Modern science has, however, done much to supply this deficiency. The colours are mixed with spike, oil of lavender, and spirits of turpentine ; and these are chosen in preference to linseed oil or megilp, because the former volatilise rapidly under the effect of the heat, while the latter, from their unctuous nature, would cause the enamel to blister. Camel's-hair or sable brushes are used by the artist, and the plate undergoes the process of firing after each layer of colour is spread over the whole surface. This process corresponds to the drying of the pigments in oil or water-colour painting, before the artist ventures to retouch his work. Sometimes a highly finished enamel requires fifteen or twenty firings. Great care must be taken to paint without errors of any kind, as the colour cannot be painted out or taken off, as in water or oil, after they have once been vitrified, without incurring excessive trouble and loss of time. If the unfortunate artist miscalculates the effect of the fire on his pigments, his only alternative is to grind out the tainted spot with pounded flint, and an agate muller, and so hard is the surface that a square inch will probably take him a whole day to accomplish.



CHAPTER VIII.

MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND.

18th Century.



THE introduction of the process of enamelling by the two Frenchmen Toutin and Petitot added enormously to the resources of the miniaturist. Owing to its imperishable nature, it will become more and more valuable as time rolls on, and will give to generations yet unborn a fresh and brilliant impression of the great ones of the past, when water-colour miniatures shall have faded out of existence. The 18th century, as far as art is concerned, was as poor and barren in its commencement, as it was grand and prolific in its later years. The reign of Queen Anne doubtless produced giants in literature, but this Augustan age of letters was associated with a terrible decadence in all matters pictorial.

Kneller was still the shining light of portraiture, but the miniaturists who came to the front during this reign were few and far between.

Lewis Crosse was decidedly the best artist in miniature of this period, and painted many admirable portraits of the celebrities of the time. He almost invariably signed his name "L. C." Like his predecessor, Peter Oliver, he was celebrated for the fine water-colour copies "in little" of the works of the old masters. A curious incident is mentioned of him. He was ordered to repair a miniature of Mary Queen of Scots, in the possession of the Duke of

Hamilton, with special directions to make it as handsome as possible. As his ideal of female beauty was a round face, he naturally supplied what nature had denied her, and completely altered the likeness. It is a well-known portrait in black velvet, trimmed with ermine, and innumerable copies have been made from it, the modern rendering of Mary's face being largely taken from this very portrait. It is needless to say it differs materially from the very few authentic portraits of the unfortunate Queen, such as Janet's likeness when Queen of France, the Hilliard in the possession of Mr. Whitehead, &c. This miniature was sold in the Hamilton sale at Christie's in July, 1882, No. 1616, for £110 5s. Crosse possessed a very valuable collection of the works of Hilliard, the Olivers, Hoskins, Cooper, &c., comprising the only portrait of Hoskins known, a profile head in crayons.

Charles Boit, the son of a Frenchman, but born at Stockholm, came to England to follow his trade as a jeweller, but soon changed it for enamel portraits. At first he made so little way, that he went about the country teaching children to draw. An escapade with one of his pupils caused his detention in prison for two years, during which time he perfected himself in the art of enamelling. The prices he obtained for his work appear enormous, receiving for some of his larger plates as much as £500. His greatest work was to be an enamel of Queen Anne, surrounded by her Court, the Duke of Marlborough, Prince Eugene, &c. The size of the plate was to be twenty-four by eighteen inches. Boit obtained an advance of £1000, and erected a special furnace in May Fair. As no enamel had been made of that size since the old days of Limoges, he wasted a large sum in ineffectual attempts to lay a perfect ground. He obtained a further advance of £700, but before much progress had been made, the Queen died, and the plate was never finished. His goods were seized for debt, he fled to France, changed his religion, and was well received by the Regent. As the French had known no enamel portrait painter since the days of Petitot, his works were much sought after; but he died suddenly in Paris in 1726.

During the reign of George I. we come to the very lowest ebb of portrait paintings. A public that could tolerate Jervas at the top

of the profession was worthily served by such a poor dauber. His powers as a portrait painter were very accurately gauged by Dr. Arbuthnot. Jervas pretended to be a freethinker, and one day was talking very irreverently of the Bible with Arbuthnot. The latter maintained that Jervas was not only a speculative, but a practical believer. Jervas defied him to prove it. The doctor quietly replied: "You strictly observe the second Commandment, for in your pictures you make not the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." In the utter dearth of native talent in this, the chosen home of miniature, it is refreshing to find abroad a lady artist, whose work will worthily compare with the majority of those who have followed miniature painting as a profession. I allude to the Venetian Rosalba Carriera. There is no record of her having visited England, but in 1720 she went to Paris, accompanied by her brother-in-law, Pellegrini, where she caused a furore. Her miniatures and pastels were eagerly sought. She painted the Royal Family and most of the Court, and was elected a member of the Academy. Gracefully designed, and charmingly coloured, the drawing good, and the flesh clear and natural in tint, and beautifully rounded in its light and shade, her work is as pleasing to the eye as it is correct according to the canons of art. She lived to the age of eighty-two; but during her last years her sight entirely failed.

Her residence in Paris may be said to have marked the commencement of anything approaching a school of miniature painters in that capital, for, from this time onwards, we find a gradually increasing number of artists who adopted this branch of art as a regular profession. In England one, Isaac Whood, is mentioned as drawing miniature portraits in lead pencil on vellum; he seems to have had a reputation as a wit, as well as an artist.

Jean Zurich, son of a jeweller, practised both miniature and enamel portraits, but was soon overshadowed by his countryman Zincke.

Christian Richter, also son of a jeweller, came to England and painted miniatures, strongly coloured, resulting from a study of the works of Dahl.

The Genevese Jacques Antoine Arlaud was a curious character. He was designed for the Church, but preferred miniature painting. He copied the celebrated Leda of Correggio; but in 1738, in a fit of piety, he destroyed the picture in a singular manner. He cut up Leda anatomically, and presented the different members to his friends. His works were much admired, and he received many medals, which are still preserved in the Museum at Geneva.

Mrs. Hoadley, whose maiden name was Curtis, was a pupil of Mrs. Beal, and painted miniatures with great spirit. She married Dr. Hoadley, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, and gave up the profession.

The long reign of George II. naturally includes many artistic names, but the earlier masters will not detain us long. Richardson and Jervas were still at work, and when they had passed away, Thomas Hudson became the chief portrait painter of the time. His only claim to immortality consists in the fact that Sir Joshua Reynolds was his pupil.

With this distinguished man commenced the wonderful renaissance of portraiture which marked the latter half of the 18th century. From him, as from a fountain-head, the stream swept grandly on, ever gaining fresh force as it flowed, producing a series of portrait painters, both "in great" and "in little," who, for the beauty of their work, and the character and individuality of their delineation, are worthy to be compared with any other epoch in the history of Art.

Sir Robert Strange, the eminent engraver, painted miniatures chiefly connected with the Stuart family and his own belongings. He was a devoted adherent of the Stuarts, and was "out" in the rebellion of 1745. A most romantic story is told of his first introduction to his future wife. When the fatal battle of Culloden resulted in the flight of the rebel army, Strange, seeing the door of a large house open, entered, and made his way to the first floor, where a young lady was singing whilst at work. Young Strange implored her protection. The young lady, quite unconcerned, desired him to get under her hoops. It is refreshing to find that an article of female attire, so hideous as the hoop of the Georges, could possibly be turned to so useful a purpose. Shortly afterwards the house was

searched ; the lady continued at her work, singing as before, and the soldiers entering the room, and seeing Miss Lumsden alone, respectfully retired.

Strange, as in duty bound, fell in love with the lady and married her. Her family, indignant at the marriage, completely cast her off, and an affecting tale is told of the poverty and struggles of their early married life ; how the wife, in the shades of evening, would steal out, unknown by the curious eyes of neighbours, to dispose of the produce of her spinning-wheel, proud to add a mite, however small, to the scanty gains of her husband. Strange afterwards became reconciled to the Royal Family, was pardoned by the King, and later on received the honour of knighthood. As an engraver, few of any period have surpassed him. He died in 1792, but Lady Strange survived until 1806.

There is considerable confusion about the various artists belonging to the Lens family. Walpole, however, gives the history of the family pretty clearly. The first of the name was Bernard Lens, a painter who died February 5th, 1708, and was buried in St. Bride's, aged seventy-seven. His son, also Bernard, was a mezzotint engraver and drawing master, and drew for Sturt and other engravers. He died April 28th, 1725, aged sixty-six. It was the son of this engraver, also Bernard, the third of the name, who was, in Walpole's words, "the incomparable painter in water-colours." He taught drawing to the Duke of Cumberland, the Princesses Mary and Louisa, and to Walpole himself. He copied many works of Rubens, Vandyck, &c., and, according to Walpole, his copies had all the merits of the originals. He left three sons ; the eldest was a clerk in the Exchequer, but the two younger became miniaturists. Their names are not given, possibly they represent the P. Lens and A. B. Lens, whose signatures are known on miniatures.

The man who is best remembered in this reign is Christian Frederic Zincke, born in Dresden in 1684, and who came to England in 1706, where he studied with Charles Boit. Walpole goes so far as to say he not only surpassed Boit, but rivalled Petitot. The first part of this assertion may be allowed to pass, but can the second be subscribed to, with equal facility? There are a large number of his portraits in existence ; but in no single instance that

I have ever seen can he be said to be in any way comparable to the great Genevese. His colour is brilliant, but it is a brilliance that obtrudes itself upon the eye as a mass of patches of colour unconnected by any general harmony, whereas in Petitot's work, however brilliant any one part may be, an exquisite blending of tones binds the whole picture together, and the eye loses itself in the general effect. Again, that crucial test of excellence in miniature, the treatment of the hair, tells terribly against the Dresden enameller. It is true that the very ugly wig of George the Second's time did not lend itself to pictorial treatment as readily as the flowing locks of Louis XIV. ; but, after making every allowance for the difference of material, the result in the one case was stiff and ill-modelled, in the other replete with the lustre and grace of nature. Nothing in this line ever has, or ever will, exceed the tenderness of the tiny curls encircling the foreheads of Petitot's female beauties, whether Henrietta Maria or the Ninons and Vallieres of the French Court supplied his models. Once again, in drawing, the one was immeasurably superior to the other. Where Zincke essayed anything beyond a head he lost himself. I have a group of the Duchess of Buckingham and her son, about as ill-conceived and ill-drawn as anything of the kind could be ; whereas when Petitot drew a full-length, which he did once, viz. Rachel de Rouvigny, Countess of Southampton, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, a very large enamel $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, by $5\frac{3}{4}$ wide, he displays draughtsmanship equal to his great teacher Vandyck.

For many years Zincke had more sitters than he could attend to, and at last raised his price from twenty to thirty guineas to limit their number. In 1746 he retired from business in consequence of failing eyesight, and died at Lambeth in 1767.

It was during this reign that the erratic meteor, John Stephen Liotard, flashed into England, taking London by storm with his long beard and Turkish fez. He painted admirable miniatures, and occasionally tried enamel ; but pastel was his favourite medium. After painting all sorts of people abroad, from Maria Theresa in Vienna, to the Pashas of Constantinople, he succeeded here so well as to make Reynolds look to his laurels. He paid two visits to this country, leading a wandering life on the Continent during

the interval. His works are literally true to nature, but stiff and wanting in ease and grace. He had no power of idealizing, or even refining any portrait he undertook. Devoid of imagination, he appeared incapable of rendering anything but what he saw before his eyes, and yet he was an artist of great merit. I have seen specimens in which the figure is as rigid as a marble bust, but the flesh tints juicy as a Rosalba, and the jewels technically perfect as a Holbein or a Janet. He died about 1790.

Joseph Goupy was celebrated in his time; he taught the Princess of Wales, and was cabinet painter to the King. His uncle, Louis Goupy, also taught and practised miniature; but I have never seen a specimen of the work of either artist.

James Deacon took Zincke's house in Covent Garden, and is said to have painted miniatures in a masterly manner. He lost his life by attending a case at the Old Bailey, the day that the gaol fever carried off the Judge, the Lord Mayor, and many of the audience in May, 1750.

Gervase Spencer was a gentleman's servant, who preferred art to livery. He painted both in miniature and enamel, and especially in the latter class produced many excellent portraits. He died in 1750.

Thomas Worlidge was for many years of his life a miniaturist, then he tried life-size portraits in oil, with but little success. Ultimately he took to producing etchings in the manner of Rembrandt, and made a very good living by them. He also drew heads in lead pencil.

André Rouquet, a Swiss by birth, resided here for many years, and followed Zincke in enamel portraits. He wrote a book, 'The Present State of the Arts in England,' from which much valuable information may be gleaned. On turning over its pages, one cannot but be struck by the truth and relevancy of Walpole's sweeping condemnation of portrait painting in the pre-Reynolds' period:

"We are now arrived at the period in which the arts have sunk to the lowest ebb in Britain. From the stiffness introduced by Holbein and the Flemish masters, who not only laboured under the timidity of the new arts, but who saw nothing but the

starched and unpliant habits of the times, we were fallen into a loose, and if I may use the word, a dissolute kind of painting, which was not less barbarous than the opposite extreme, and yet had not the merit of representing even the dresses of the age."

Happily in the miniatures of the time we may fairly conclude that we have the work of one individual hand throughout, and that, whether good or the reverse, they represent the artistic thought and manual power of the professed author; but in the case of the large portraits produced during this cycle of art-bathos, it would puzzle any number of experts to detect the various hands employed on the canvas.

Hear this little anecdote from Rouquet's work, and then judge from what terrible depths the great Devonshire painter delivered us. "Two rival artists took it into their heads to have entirely to themselves another painter whose name was Vanaken, to be employed in the drawing of the drapery; this man had real abilities, and might have done much better things, but chose to confine himself to this branch, because he was sure of business. The two painters agreed to pay him 800 guineas a year, whether they could find work for him to this amount or not, and he on his side engaged to paint no drapery but for them. The two rival painters who had thus engrossed Vanaken, occasioned a great deal of confusion among the rest of their brethren, who could not do without his assistance. The best of them knew not how to draw a hand, a coat, or ground. They were obliged to learn it, and of course to work harder—sad misfortune! From that time ceased the flow of unfinished canvasses to Vanaken's house, by hand, by carrier, and even by stage coaches, from the most remote towns in England, on which one or more masks were painted, and at the bottom the painters who sent them took care to add the descriptions of the figures, whether large or small, which he was to give them. Nothing can be more ridiculous than this custom, which would have continued, had Vanaken still been available." Hogarth drew the supposed funeral of Vanaken, attended by the painters he worked for, discovering every mark of grief and despair. Vanloo was one of these two artists who monopolised his services; the name of the second is not mentioned, but it is thought to have

been Hudson. It must be remembered that this pretty *exposé* of the originality and genius of the men who painted our ancestors a century and a half ago is taken from the work of a man who wrote in the defence of the state of art in England, in answer to the well-known 'Letters from England,' of the Abbé le Blanc, though most certainly the Abbé's scathing criticism is not one whit too severe. Here is his opinion: "The portrait painters are at this day more numerous and worse in London than they have ever been. Properly speaking, they are not painters; they know how to lay colours on the canvas, but they know not how to animate it. Nature exists in vain for them, they see her not, or if they see her, they know not the art of expressing her." In fact, to these men, art was but a trade, carried on according to the conventional rules of the past, the same artistic properties, the same postures and attitudes; hence the pretty story of the sitter who wished to be painted wearing his hat. His request was grudgingly acceded to; but in order to preserve the eternal fitness of things, another hat was carefully painted under his arm, so that tradition, which prescribed the inevitable pose, might not be interfered with. Small wonder, therefore, that when Reynolds showed his portraits on his return from Rome, one of the clique, Ellis, a pupil of Kneller, exclaimed: "This will never answer; why, you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey!"

On Reynolds attempting to reason with him, this magnificent creature cut short the conversation by exclaiming: "Shakespeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting, damme!" Having delivered this unanswerable ultimatum, he sailed out of the room, no doubt convinced in what he was pleased to call his mind, that he had once for all nipped in the bud the temerity of this would-be innovation. If this terrible Mr. Ellis lived long enough to see Reynolds's later portraits, what would he have said about some of the attitudes portrayed, so very unlike Kneller! Surely such pictures as "The Duchess of Devonshire and Child," "Pick-a-back," Lord Althorp, with his hands in his pockets, Master Bunbury as Henry VIII., or that prim little bundle in a mob-cap, Penelope Boothby, would effectively have scared out of the worthy man any small modicum of sense with which Nature had ever blessed him. No one

was so quick as Reynolds in seizing a passing action as the "motif" of his picture. A child playing with his properties in the studio, became the chief figure in his "Infant Academy." Mrs. Siddons turning round to call his attention to something on the wall, became as "The Tragic Muse," the finest portrait ever painted, whilst John Hunter, bored into a fit of abstraction by the monotony of sitting for his portrait, enabled Reynolds, after many ineffectual attempts, to present to us the great surgeon and thinker in the most appropriate pose possible. We must think of these things, and think of them seriously, if we would realise to its full extent the grand reformation brought about by those sturdy Englishmen, the fathers of our national school, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Wilson, and Romney, men who dared to think for themselves, to trample under foot the inanities of their predecessors, and to brush aside, let us hope for ever, the cobwebs of tradition which had endeavoured to "crib, cabin, and confine" portrait painting within the four corners of a set of rules, inexorable and unchanging as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Talking of rules, even the colours on the palette were set by rule. Vermilion and ochre, blue black and Indian red had to do duty for all ages and complexions, and when the face painter had finished all he considered worthy of his attention, the journeyman painter of drapery was turned on and completed the picture with the wooden arms, hands, and body of the lay figure, dressed for the occasion with the stock properties of the studio. Even historical painting, so called, had long been reduced to mathematical precision. 'Peacham's Complete Gentleman' will teach any aspiring artist, wishful to produce the allegorical history painting of the period, many useful things. How Eternity is to be represented as a fair lady having three heads, signifying those three parts of time, "the past, present, and to come," in her left hand a circle, pointing with her right forefinger up to heaven. For Apollo or Lot (a curious mixture of persons), he says he is to have "long curled yellow haire, crowned with lawrell, his roab purple, his bow silver, his harp gold, his throne emeralds." And so he goes on, through the whole category of celestial and terrestrial beings, not forgetting floods, rivers, and all sorts of

nymphs, hope, victory, fame, &c. &c. This same author, however, becomes more interesting to us when he treats of the methods of the earlier miniaturists. After praising old Mr. Hilliard and Mr. Isaac Oliver, as inferior to none in Christendom, for the countenance in small, he goes on to say: "Since a man is the worthiest of all creatures, and such pleasing variety in countenance is so disposed of by the Divine Providence, that among ten thousand you shall not see one like another, you shall begin to draw a man's face, in which, as in all other creatures, you must take your beginning at the forehead, and so draw downward till you have finished." And then he gives us the method of preparing "your tablet for a picture in small:" "Take of the fairest and smoothest pasteboard you can get, and with a sleek stone rub as smooth and even as you can; that done, take the fine skin of an abortive, which you may buy in Paternoster Row, and other places, it being the finest parchment that is, and with starch, thin laid on, and the skin well stretched and smooth, pressed within some book or the like, prepare your ground or tablet; then, according to the general complexion of the face you are to draw, lay on a weak colour; that done, trace out the eyes, nose, mouth, and ears with lake or red lead, and if the complexion be swarthy, add either of sea-coal or lampblack, to deepen and shadow it. When you have thus done, lay it by for a day, or till it be well dry; then, by little and little, work it with a curious hand, with the lively colour, till you have brought it to perfection." There are several notices in Charles' Catalogue alluding to this method of covering card with vellum before painting, such as a little round vellum young ladies' picture, in an old-fashioned black cap, bare necked, the vellum being wrinkled by "varnishing," and "the blue ground also wronged," or "upon a blue grounded card the picture of Dr. Chambers, physician to Henry VIII.," or "done by Hans Holbein upon a grounded card. One of the Duke of Brandon's children." This miniature is now at Windsor. Many of these miniatures are described as "in a white ivory-turned box;" but the use of ivory as a ground was yet unknown.



CHAPTER IX.

MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND.

The 18th Century—continued.



HAVE dipped thus far into the record of portrait painting under the two first Georges, dreary as that record is, because I think a certain study of the general art condition of any period is strictly relevant to the subject we are discussing. Hogarth says, "The artist and the age are fitted for each other, and the arts, like water, will find their level."

There is truth in his remark, though in a usual way Hogarth is a better teacher with the pencil than the pen. In times of prolific production like the present, there are waves of graphic manufacture of sufficient volume to flood and even overflow any possible spaces for their reception. Let us hope that the modern doctrine of "survival of the fittest" will work as well in art as in nature. The inferior produce of the pencil can scarcely perish fast enough; but a priceless masterpiece, the strong limning of a Holbein, the full colour of a Betts, or the fine modelling of an Oliver, has a protecting influence apparently within it, from the undying genius which created it. In tracing the history of portrait miniature from its earliest beginnings, we have seen, that in its ebb and flow, it has naturally partaken of the state in which art in general existed at any given epoch, of course more especially with regard to portrait art. We have seen how in the 16th century the

force and character of Holbein inspired Hilliard and Isaac Oliver, even the blue background of the Basle painter retaining its place, with few exceptions, up to the time of Vandyck. Then when the great Fleming arose, and showed men that in portrait painting, as in most other things, nature is the best guide, he was quickly followed by Samuel Cooper, whose tiny works, replete with the strength of Holbein, and the natural grace of Vandyck, brought miniature painting to the highest flood of excellence. From that point we have traced the tide ebbing. From Lely to Kneller, on through Jervas, Vanloo, and Hudson, lower and lower sank the art of portraiture, both "in great and little," until the lowest point was reached towards the end of George II.'s reign, and then happily again the tide turned. The outburst which followed the rise of Reynolds and Gainsborough is in many respects the most surprising of all the upheavals in the history of portraiture. For sixty years, from 1760 to 1821, we shall find an uninterrupted succession of miniature artists, which is quite bewildering in its number and in the excellence of many of its members. Before, however, entering upon the consideration of that prolific time, I should like to call the attention of the reader to two names, neither of them miniaturists, but to whom, nevertheless, art, in its historical aspect, owes a deep debt of gratitude, George Vertue and Horace Walpole.

George Vertue was an engraver by training, and was born in London in 1685. Early in life he commenced to take an interest in antiquarian research, and in 1713 began his history of the Painters of England. He was a man of admirable character, humble and retiring, but possessed of uncommon energy and perseverance. His talents and knowledge secured him the patronage and friendship of all the virtuosi of the time. Lords Somers, Oxford, Winchelsea, the Duke of Dorset, and others, took him for tours in various parts of England. Note-book in hand, he jotted down every scrap of information he could gather. He visited every collection, made catalogues of them, attended sales, copied every paper he could find relative to art, searched offices, registers of parishes, and registers of wills for births and deaths, turned over all our own authors, and translated those of other countries which

related to his subject. Thus he continued his search from 1713 to 1756, when his manuscripts amounted to forty volumes, and he was hard at work up to his death in 1756.

Horace Walpole and Strawberry Hill are household words, wherever and whenever art in any shape is written of or discussed. No man since the great Lord Arundel possessed so catholic a feeling for all that was beautiful and rare. Blessed with consummate taste and faultless judgment, and with ample command of means, he surrounded himself on the banks of the Thames with a collection of art treasures of all periods and countries, probably unequalled in the annals of any private collector.

Happily for us, Walpole purchased Vertue's MSS. of his widow, or probably the work of his lifetime would have been lost to us.

It is better to give in Walpole's own words the share he had in preparing the MSS. for publication: "Vertue had made several draughts of a beginning, and several lives he had written out, but with no order, no connection, no accuracy; nor was his style clear or correct enough to be offered to the reader in that unpolished form. I have been obliged to compose anew every article, and have recurred to the original fountains from whence he drew his information—I mean, where it was taken from books. The undigested method of his collections, registered occasionally as he learned every circumstance, was an additional trouble, as I was forced to turn over every volume many and many times, as they lay in confusion, to collect the articles I wanted; and for the second and third parts, containing between three and four hundred names, I was reduced to compose an index myself to the forty volumes. One great satisfaction the reader will have, in the integrity of Mr. Vertue; it exceeded his industry, which is saying much. No man living, so bigoted to a vocation, was ever so incapable of falsehood. He did not deal even in hypothesis, scarce in conjecture. He visited and revisited every picture, every monument that was an object of his researches; and being so little a slave to his own imagination, he was cautious of trusting to that of others. In his memorandums he always put a query against whatever was told him of suspicious aspect; and never gave credit to it until he received the fullest satisfaction." It is hardly too much to say that without the labours of these two men, the art

records of this country would have been a blank. Their united work has rescued from oblivion many and many an artist who would otherwise have been absolutely unknown to us, and especially is this the case with the early miniaturists. To read through the article on Nicholas Hilliard in the 'Anecdotes of Painting,' and observe the various sources whence scraps of information were obtained, will give a pretty good idea of the enormous labour involved in presenting anything like a connected narrative of these old painters. In searching for material to compose this memoir, I have turned over many books on art, both English and foreign, and it is quite curious to observe that in scarce one of them is the name of Walpole absent. Every author would seem to have quarried deeply in the mine of knowledge provided for him by the great authority of Strawberry Hill, and I can only repeat the words I commenced with, that art, in its historical aspect, owes him a deep debt of gratitude.

The way is now clear to enter upon a history of the renaissance of miniature which was inspired by Reynolds, and which, as I have mentioned, lasted roughly for sixty years. This latter date brings us to the death of Cosway, and though certain of the older names linger after that date, the inevitable ebb had again commenced, which up to the present date shows no signs of turning. Hitherto, I have anxiously sought high and low for names of artists who adorned this branch of art, glad when a stray name here and there of some one not generally known, rewarded the search; but now another difficulty presents itself. The workers in miniature are so numerous, that it is hopeless, in a memoir like the present, to embody notices of them all in the text. I shall hope some day to give the names of them all in a dictionary form, merely selecting for description here a few of the more prominent and representative men.

One of the first that meets us is not a lovely character, *Theodore Gardelle*, born in Geneva in 1722. He spent a dissolute life in Geneva, Paris, and Brussels, and settled in London as a miniaturist in 1759. He lived on the south side of Leicester Fields. A pretty story tells us that he murdered his landlady in a fit of art-rage, because she failed to appreciate a miniature he had painted of her; but I fear the murder was prompted by far less æsthetic feelings. As she resisted his improper and violent

advances, he not only murdered her, but cut her body in pieces and burned it. He was convicted and hanged in the Haymarket in April, 1761. Perhaps it ought to be a consolation to us that the æsthetic explanation of the murder is not the true one, or Philistine criticism might frequently suffer condign punishment at the hands of professors believing in the Divine right of artists, and we should hardly look forward with unalloyed joy to the advent of the future art-master, for whom Mr. Whistler says we are to wait, and who shall come with "the mark of the gods upon him" (whatever that may be), "to continue what has gone before."

Amongst the earliest names of the Renaissance are those of the three enamellers, *Michael Moser*, *Jeremiah Meyer*, and *Nathaniel Hone*. Like so many of the enamellers, Moser's work was at first connected with jewelry and covering with designs in enamel the fashionable trinkets of the day. He possessed, however, far too high an artistic feeling to content himself long in this lesser occupation. He became manager of the St. Martin's Lane Schools, a foundation member, and first Keeper of the Royal Academy. He was of great service to art in many ways. He distinguished himself as a painter, modeller, sculptor, and teacher, and even as a medallist he did good work. He enamelled the portraits of the Prince of Wales and Duke of York on a watch case for George III., and was paid handsomely by the King for this piece of art-work. Mary Moser, his daughter, was a distinguished flower painter, and was also elected an original member of the Royal Academy. She is supposed to have indulged in a romantic attachment to Fuseli, which, however, seems to have been quite unrequited. Moser was born at Schaffhausen in 1704, and died in London in 1783. In addition to his other works, he executed the Great Seal of England.

Jeremiah Meyer practised chiefly in enamel, but possessed the double appointment of enamel painter to George III., and miniature painter to the Queen. He was a capital artist, his enamels were very tender in colour, the drawing excellent, and in finish reminds one of the beautiful work of John Smart. His style was founded upon the work of his contemporary Reynolds, from whom he undoubtedly drew the grace and elegance always found in his later works. Associating the two words, enamel and Reynolds,

LADY MELBOURNE.

R. Cosway.

DUCHESS OF GORDON.

R. Cosway.

UNKNOWN.

R. Cosway.

LADY PAGET.

R. Cosway.

MRS. MOFFAT.

R. Cosway.

MRS. SHERIDAN.

R. Cosway.

UNKNOWN.

R. Cosway.

GEORGE IV., WHEN AN INFANT.

R. Cosway.



what would the world not have gained in loveliness, had that great painter been an enameller, and had he been able to seal up in the fierce fire of the kiln, the dreams of beautiful colour his glowing brush produced, but which his faulty method caused, alas! to fade almost as soon as they were created.

Nathaniel Hone painted miniatures both in water-colour and enamel. In 1769 he was elected a Royal Academician; but in consequence of his hatred of Sir Joshua Reynolds, proved a very turbulent member of that body. The only conceivable reason for his dislike appears to have been jealousy. Hone commenced painting portraits on a large scale, with far less success than he had achieved in miniature. Failing to displace Reynolds in popular esteem, he lost no opportunity of vilifying and satirizing him. He knew, as indeed everybody else knew, and knows, that Reynolds had borrowed the attitudes of some of his portraits from Vandyck, and he painted a picture of an old man in a gown, holding a wand in his hand, in the act of commanding the very engravings which he affirmed Reynolds had used, to rise out of the flames, which picture Hone called the Conjuror. There was at first some indelicacy, which he had introduced in the centre of the picture, but which he afterwards painted out, referring to a slanderous report which had been whispered as to Sir Joshua Reynolds and Angelica Kauffmann. This picture, being considered by the members of the Royal Academy as a most malicious satire on their President, was refused admission into the Academy. Upon this, Hone determined to have an exhibition of his own works separately, which he did at No. 70, St. Martin's Lane.

Horace Hone was the son, not the brother, of Nathaniel, as has been sometimes stated. He was elected Associate of the Academy, but never quite rivalled his father's powers as a miniaturist.

Richard Cosway was born in Tiverton in 1741. He was taken in, whilst a boy, by Mr. Shipley, the proprietor of the Drawing School in the Strand, to wait upon the students, and carry in the tea and coffee, which Shipley's housekeeper was allowed to provide, and for which she charged threepence a head. Some of the students, amongst whom were Nollekens, Smith, and others, gave Dick, as the boy was called, instruction in drawing, and finding him

to have talent, advised him to try for a prize in the Society of Arts, and in 1755 he obtained a premium of £5 5s. for a drawing, repeating the performance each year up to 1760. Soon after this, he taught drawing in Parr's Drawing School, also in the Strand, and painted fancy miniatures, tops of snuff-boxes, &c., for the jewellers. With the money thus gained, he transformed himself from a very dirty little boy into the smartest of fops, which induced Mat Darley, the famous caricature printseller, to put an etching of him in his window in the Strand, as "The Macaroni Miniature Painter," a name by which he was ever after known. He lived first in Orchard Street, Portman Square, then at No. 4, Berkeley Street, opposite the Duke of Devonshire's wall. At that time he kept a black servant, who seems to have been a literary character, having published an octavo work on slavery. About this time Cosway married Maria Hadfield, daughter of an hotel keeper at Leghorn or Florence; the celebrated Charles Townley giving the bride away. From Berkeley Street he removed to Pall Mall, to a house which had previously known many artist tenants. Jervas had lived there; next was Ashley the painter, who married Lady Duckenfield; after him came Nathaniel Hone, who kept a famous black woman in it as his model. Cosway's immediate predecessor was the celebrated "Celestial Doctor Graham," who is said to have exhibited there Emma Lyon, afterwards Lady Hamilton, as Hygeia, the Goddess of Health. Cosway's next move was to Stratford Place, the house at the south-west corner, with a lion outside it. Before he was really settled there, the terrible verses, said to have been written by Peter Pindar (Doctor Wolcot), were stuck upon his door:—

"When a man to a fair for a show brings a lion,
'Tis usual a monkey the sign-post to tie on;
But here the old custom reversed may be seen,
For the lion's without, and the monkey's within."

He at once gave up the house and removed to No. 20 in the same street, which he occupied up to his death. He furnished his new abode in the most sumptuous manner. Everything of the rarest and choicest description was there in profusion; china, bronzes, inlaid furniture, Persian carpets, old armour, tapestries, &c., filled every room. They had one child, a daughter, who died

young, and Cosway had the body preserved in an embalmed state in a marble sarcophagus, which stood in the drawing-room in Stratford Place. On Mrs. Cosway's return to England, after an absence of several years, she caused the body to be interred in Bunhill Row Cemetery, and sent the sarcophagus to Nollekens, the sculptor, to take care of for a time. It is a curious coincidence, that at the very hour the sarcophagus was being removed to the residence of Nollekens, Cosway died on the road to Edgware, in the carriage of his old friend, Miss Udney, who frequently took him for a drive in his old age. He was eighty years old, and was buried in Marylebone Church.

Richard Cosway was as certainly the head of the miniaturists of the 18th century, as Cooper was of the 17th. He combined breadth of treatment with minute finish and exquisite refinement, in a measure far beyond all his contemporaries. If the little man could revisit this earth, he would be much puzzled to recognise the offspring which is attempted to be fathered on him. Every possessor of a tenth-rate miniature has only one name on his lips, "Cosway," and even amongst those who should know better, and who, as dealers, aspire to the position of experts, we meet with the same ignorance. In every walk of life success begets imitators, and certainly Cosway can boast of a more than usually numerous train of satellites. And yet his work is not difficult to recognise. As in Cooper's portraits, the treatment of the hair is the great test. In both these artists, light and shade is trusted to, to represent masses, rather than minute and laborious lines. In some of Cosway's sketchy portraits, chiefly those drawn on paper with a pencil, and afterwards tinted, lines are used in a free and flowing manner to indicate hair; but in his more finished work on ivory, his treatment of hair is unmistakable. George Engleheart was the only man who approached him in this respect. He never signed his portraits on the front, but occasionally wrote on the back the pompous announcement: "Ric^{dus}. Cosway, R.A., Primarius Pictor Serenissimi Walliæ Principis pinxit."

The account here given of Cosway's early life differs somewhat from the generally received history of him. It is usually recorded,

that sent up to London from Tiverton, he was placed with Hudson, the portrait painter, the master of Reynolds. I have taken the above from Smith's book, 'Nollekens and his Times.' Mr. Smith's father, together with Nollekens and others, was a pupil at Shipley's drawing school at the time "Dirty little Dick" was received there, and helped to instruct him in drawing. It seems difficult to throw aside evidence so direct and apparently trustworthy.

Maria Cosway, his wife, was a good artist. She painted in oil, in miniature, and drew in pencil, designs for engraving. She left her husband for some years, becoming the Superioress of a nunnery at Lyons, but returned to England shortly before his death.

Nägler devotes a page and a half to Mrs. Cosway and ten lines to her husband.

What a charming painter was *Ozias Humphrey*! His colour is as brilliant as Petitot's, and yet marked by the same exquisite tonality, whilst the labour he bestowed on the finish of the surface almost rivals the result obtained in the kiln of the enameller. John Smart is the only other artist I know who reached the same curious enamel-like look in water-colour.

He belonged to an old family at Honiton in Devonshire, that county which has contributed so largely to the brethren of the brush. He first studied with Samuel Collins, an indifferent miniaturist and a very worthless fellow. Collins fled from his creditors, and young Humphrey returned to Honiton. Determined to make his way, he borrowed a guinea from his mother and set out on his travels, first to Exeter and then to London, where he entered Shipley's drawing school, at that time the centre which attracted all the men who afterwards became famous. Thence he went to Bath, and lodged with Linley, the musician, whose lovely daughter, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, then in her ninth year, but already possessing the sweetest of voices, cheered his painting hours by singing to him. After remaining at Bath for some time, he returned to London, and being a devoted admirer of Reynolds, boldly showed him some of his miniatures. When Reynolds heard that he was from Devonshire, and that his mother was a lace-maker, he exclaimed: "Born in my county, and your mother a

lace-maker! Why, Vandyck's mother was a maker of lace!" and immediately took the young painter under his protection. He rented lodgings near his patron at 21, King Street, Covent Garden, and soon got into the full tide of work. In 1773, broken-hearted by the refusal of James Payne, the architect, to accept him as the suitor of his daughter, he determined to travel, and visited Rome with Romney. After an absence of four years he returned to England, and soon after he received by post one morning a letter from Dr. Wolcot (better known as Peter Pindar), dated from Truro, asking him as a personal favour to receive into his house "an uncouth, raw-boned, country lad," about fifteen years of age, with whom he found he had encumbered himself, and (to use the Doctor's own words) who had "run mad with paint." This youth offered his services to Mr. Humphrey, to clean his brushes and palette, and make himself useful in the common concerns of his house without wages, and all for the pleasure of being with a painter of his knowledge and eminence. The raw-boned lad afterwards became the celebrated John Opie, R.A., and lecturer on painting to the Royal Academy.

In 1785 Humphrey went to India, and painted the Rajahs and Begums. In 1788 he returned to England and resumed his profession, and in 1790 was chosen a member of the Royal Academy. He died in March, 1810. Romney painted a remarkably fine likeness of him, now at Knowle.

I wonder why it is that so little mention is made in any work on art of *Andrew Plimer*? Bryan knows him not, nor is he mentioned in Redgrave's 'Century of Painters,' whilst a long article is there devoted to Samuel Collins, who cannot be spoken of in the same breath with him as a miniaturist. And yet he was second only to Cosway, and, indeed, until comparatively recent times, his work was generally set down to that vain little person. Even the date of his birth is unknown.

He was born at Bridgewater, and first exhibited miniatures at the Royal Academy in 1786. I can find no record of his early education, and yet the man who painted the large triple miniature of the three daughters of Lord Northwick, the Ladies Rushout, in the collection of E. Joseph, Esq., was a very great artist. This miniature

is in my opinion the finest he ever executed. It displays all the vigour and force of his usual work, but combines with it a degree of refinement not usually to be found in his portraits, and which more nearly approaches the peculiar charm of Cosway, than any other miniature I have ever seen from his hand. He is said to have painted subject pictures in oil, and also to have tried his hand at enamel; but I know of no portrait by him in the latter medium. He exhibited at the Royal Academy up to 1819, and died in 1837. His brother, *Nathaniel Plimer*, was decidedly inferior to him in every way.

John Smart was at work early in the renaissance of miniature, his first exhibited work bearing date in 1762. The distinguishing features of his work are an exquisite finish of surface, and very correct colour. Without the amalgamating influence of the enameller's kiln, such absolute flatness of tints as was obtained by John Smart and Ozias Humphrey seems almost incredible. He was largely employed by the Royal Family, and was deservedly one of the most fashionable miniaturists of his day. Like Humphrey, he spent some years in India, but returned to England, and died in London in 1811 in his seventieth year. He almost always signed with his initials, J. S.

Samuel Shelley was a self-taught genius, born in Whitechapel. He educated himself by copying the works of Reynolds, and has left many historical and poetical subjects treated "in little." In miniature portraits he founded his style upon Cosway, and in the present day many a specimen from his hand passes muster as the work of that artist. In the treatment of the hair he somewhat resembled him, but the flesh tints are generally in a greyer and cooler key than Cosway's.

I wonder why *James Nixon* was appointed "limner" to the Prince Regent, and "miniature painter" to the Duchess of York?—the old word "limner" had so long passed away that its revival sounds quite strange. He was an excellent miniaturist, and first-rate draughtsman. The figure, and especially the hands, of "Mrs. Harlowe," in my possession, are worthy of Vandyck. Like nearly all the best artists of this period, he consciously or unconsciously recalls Reynolds in pose, colour, and general treatment. He became A.R.A., and died in 1812.

LADY DUCKETT.

Ozias Humphrey.

LADY NORTHWICK.

A. Plimer.

UNKNOWN.

N. Plimer.

JACK BANNISTER.

H. Edridge.

SIR JOHN WEBB.

J. Smart.

UNKNOWN.

G. Engleheart.

UNKNOWN.

S. Cotes.

UNKNOWN.

S. Gervase.

UNKNOWN.

S. Shelley.



Henry Bone commenced life as a painter of flowers and landscapes on china, and then came to London and worked as an enameller of watches and the fashionable trinkets of the period. Desirous of doing better things, he studied the chemistry of fusible colours, fluxes, and other details of the enameller's art, with such success that his copy in enamel of Reynolds's "Sleeping Girl," exhibited at the Academy in 1780, at once brought him into public notice. The Prince of Wales for many years bought his finest enamels, and he was appointed successively enamel painter to George III., George IV., and William IV. He was elected A.R.A. in 1801, and R.A. 1811. Although he executed some enamels from life, the greatest part of his work consisted in copying the pictures of others, both ancient and modern. Titian, Raphael, Murillo, and Reynolds supplied him with subjects. He was a prodigious worker, and has left several series of portraits as evidences of his persevering labour. The members of the Russell family from the time of Henry VII., the Royalists distinguished during the Civil War, eighty-five portraits of the great men of Queen Elizabeth's reign, are but examples of his industry. He occasionally obtained large prices for his enamels. The "Bacchus and Ariadne" was sold for 2200 guineas, and yet in his old age he was compelled to accept the Royal Academy pension. He died in his seventy-eighth year, in 1834.

His son, *Henry Pierce Bone*, also became R.A., but he cannot be said to equal his father in colour or drawing.

One of the most graceful miniaturists of the time was *Henry Edridge*, A.R.A. Many of his portraits remind one of the more finished pencilled portraits of Cosway. The head is always wrought up to the most careful finish, the figure gracefully, but somewhat slightly touched in, the hands beautifully drawn, but sometimes left quite uncoloured. He also executed many portraits on paper, with a lead pencil and thin washes of Indian ink. He had a great feeling for landscape art, and some of his water-colour sketches made in France in 1817 possess very considerable merit. He became A.R.A. in 1820, but was then in ill-health, both mental and bodily. He had lost in rapid succession his two children, a son and a daughter, in the flower of their youth, and he never

recovered the blow. He died in 1821, and was buried in Bushey churchyard.

George Engleheart is quite worthy of notice amongst the more distinguished miniaturists of that time. He, like a large number of his *confrères*, worked both in enamel and on ivory, and was a great favourite with George III. He was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy from 1774 to 1812, and made a considerable fortune by his art. His work is tender in colour and correct in drawing. I have examined a large number of specimens from his hand, and have been much struck, especially in his more sketchy portraits, by the refrain of *Cosway* which runs through them. The treatment of the hair, the full large eye, and juicy flesh colour, remind one at every turn of the great *Richard*. He generally signed G. E.

Luke Sullivan began life as an engraver, and assisted *Hogarth* in the production of many of his plates. The *March to Finchley* is by his hand. He afterwards became a fashionable miniaturist. His female portraits were especially successful. He possessed the happy faculty of idealising whilst preserving a strict likeness.

Henry Spicer was one of the numerous art staff of the Prince of Wales, chiefly practising in enamel. His work is marked by chaste colour and correct drawing, and he stands high in the rank of contemporary enamellers.

Charles Sheriff was deaf and dumb. His works are not numerous, but he must have been a very tolerable artist, if *Mrs. Siddon's* recommendation is to be trusted. She writes in 1785, that he was more successful in her portrait than any miniature painter she had sat to.

Samuel Cotes was a younger brother of *Francis Cotes*, R.A. His father was an apothecary in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, and *Samuel* was brought up to his father's profession. He greatly preferred art, and, stimulated by his brother's success, took to miniature painting. He succeeded admirably in crayon portraits, and produced some very good enamels; but his water-colour miniatures are decidedly second-rate.

Richard Collins is an artist but little known, and I have never seen an undoubted example of his work. He was a pupil of *Jeremiah Meyer*, and in 1787 was appointed principal enamel and

miniature painter to George III. He is spoken of as a first-rate artist, and must have enjoyed a large share of fashionable patronage; but I cannot speak personally of his qualities.

John Plott had a varied experience. He commenced life as clerk to an attorney. Finding art a more congenial employment, he became a pupil of Richard Wilson as a landscape painter, and then assisted Nathaniel Hone in miniature and enamel. He afterwards practised independently, and was a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy.

Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., must strictly be classed as a miniaturist, seeing that his success in that branch of art induced him to leave his trade as a goldsmith, and take to portraiture. He became President of the Scotch Academy. He was a vigorous painter, a good colourist, and rarely failed to catch the characteristic traits of his subject.

Anne Foldson, better known as Mrs. Mee, began work quite at the end of the 18th century, though she only commenced exhibiting at the Royal Academy in 1804. She was the eldest daughter of John Foldson, a painter. I have seen two miniatures, signed on the back "Anne Foldson." Judging by these two specimens, her early work far exceeded the efforts of her later years. Though rather too ruddy in colour, the technique is excellent, and the drawing perfect. She was extensively patronised by George IV., and many works by her are at Windsor; but compared with the early work I have alluded to, they are but poor performances. They bear a sort of careless, slipshod look, quite second-rate in quality. She lived to a great age, and died in 1851.

One of the curiosities of the period, of which we are now treating, was the outburst of female amateur talent. Whether or no set on foot by the example of the fair Swiss, Angelica Kauffman, who took the town by storm in 1765; certain it is that many lady artists were at work just then, whose performances were in every respect fully equal to the professional work of the period.

Lady Lucan (Margaret Smith, wife of Sir Charles Bingham, Baron Lucan in Ireland) was a very accomplished miniaturist. She did many original portraits, but chiefly copied the works of the

Olivers, Hoskins, Cooper, &c. Whether she quite deserved the rather extravagant compliments of Horace Walpole, may perhaps be doubted. He says of her, that she copied "with a genius that almost depreciates those masters, when we consider that they spent their lives in attaining perfection, and who, soaring above their modest timidity, has transferred the vigour of Raphael to her copies in water-colours."

Lady Spenser, a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was an excellent artist, of the Kauffman School. She drew many classical subjects, which were engraved by Bartolozzi. I have two original drawings from her pencil, with the engravings taken from them, which sufficiently show her talents in the particular branch she undertook.

Lady Diana Beauclerc, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough. She married first Frederic St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, and afterwards Topham Beauclerc, only son of Lord Sidney Beauclerc.

Her talents were more varied. She both drew and modelled in clay. She painted a celebrated likeness of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and the Bartolozzi engraving of her two daughters from a drawing by her became one of the fashionable prints of the day. She drew and modelled many designs for Josiah Wedgwood, which he produced as tablets in his Jasper ware, some of which, especially those of children, came very near Flaxman's designs for the great potter, in grace of conception and beauty of form.

Miss Frances Reynolds, sister to Sir Joshua, took up miniature painting as an amusement, but attained no very great proficiency in the art. Dr. Johnson says he sat to her ten times.

Miss Palmer, niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the "Offy" of their family life, and afterwards Lady Thomond, was a most successful miniaturist. I have a sketch on ivory by her, apparently the commencement of a copy of Gainsborough's "Mrs. Siddons," which is wonderful, in the life-like vigour obtained by a few slight washes of colour.

Mrs. Damer succeeded in a more difficult walk of art than painting. As a sculptress, again one is almost afraid to take

Walpole's estimate: "Mrs. Damer's busts from the life are not inferior to the antique, and theirs we are sure were not more like;" apparently she received instruction from an excellent master, Bacon.

Lady Templeton, *Miss Crewe*, and others, were really good artists, and supplied Bartolozzi with subjects for engravings, and Wedgwood with designs for his medallions and plaques.

Whilst on the subject of lady artists, we must not forget to allude to the wonderful *Miss Biffin*, although, in point of time, she belongs to a later period. This curious person was born without legs and arms, but nevertheless contrived to paint miniatures, holding the brush in her mouth. Though so imperfect in form, she managed to marry and became Mrs. Wright. A portrait of her, by herself, was exhibited at South Kensington. I have never seen a specimen of her work, and therefore am unable to criticise her performances.

I forgot to mention *William Prewitt*, a pupil of Zincke's, who has left us a signed piece, now at South Kensington, showing his master's brilliant colour, but exhibiting the same faults of tonality, which characterize Zincke's work.

A few other artists deserve mention, though hardly in the first rank.

John Bogle, who practised in Scotland, in early life, moved to London in 1772, and continued an exhibitor until 1792. He almost caught the smooth enamel-like surface of Smart, though hardly equalling him in beautiful colour.

Richard Crosse was early at work, having received a premium at the Society of Arts in 1758. In 1790, he was appointed enameller to the King, but soon after gave up his profession, and died at Knowle in 1810.

William Grimaldi, born 1751, a pupil of Worlidge's. He practised his art in many provincial towns, and settled in London in 1785. He was miniature painter to George III., Duke and Duchess of York, and George IV. Many specimens by his hand are at Windsor, but he can hardly be placed in the same category as many other artists of the time. He died in 1830.

Samuel Finney was also early in the renaissance, having been

an exhibitor in 1761 at the Society of Arts. He was portrait painter to Queen Charlotte, but left his profession on inheriting some family property. He died in 1807, aged eighty-six.

Charlotte Jones, commenced as an exhibitor in 1801, and was a special favourite of the Princess of Wales, whose portrait she painted a great many times. She was a very good artist, correct in colour and drawing.

Mary Benwell was another very fair miniaturist, first exhibiting in 1761; several of her works were engraved by Houston, Charles Knight, and others.

William Wood, born 1760, ought to be much better known than he is. A recent sale at Ipswich, at the house occupied by his descendants, has brought to light records of his work, and many specimens from his brush, coming uncommonly near in technique and beauty to the work of Cosway. By his note-books he must have painted an amazing number of most excellent portraits.





CHAPTER X.

MINIATURE ART IN ENGLAND.

19th Century.



IN the preceding pages I have in a rough way spoken of the various artists in conjunction with the reigns of different monarchs, and in connection with that somewhat arbitrary division of the subject, it is a curious coincidence that the long reign of George III., from 1760 to 1820, almost exactly covers the best period of the renaissance of miniature art. When he mounted the throne, we have seen that the band of workers in this branch of art was but a very small one, practising in enamel rather than in water-colour, gradually feeling their way into light, out of the Cimmerian darkness of the preceding reign. From these small beginnings the volume of painters "in little" gradually swelled to a huge army, in which numbers and excellence were alike conspicuous; but very soon after the third George passed from our view, this huge army, too, melted away, and left but a few representatives to carry on the charming art through its last declining years.

Alas! a review of these latter-day artists will not detain us long. About the first name strictly belonging to the 19th century is that of *Andrew Robertson*.

He was born in Aberdeen in 1777. On his arrival in London in 1800, he attracted the notice of Benjamin West, P.R.A., who sat to him for his portrait in miniature. This was the beginning

of a successful career, and for many years, on the decline of Cosway and his contemporaries, he occupied the first place in the fashionable world. Many of his pupils became distinguished miniaturists, Sir William Ross amongst the number. Robertson possessed a cultivated mind in many ways; he was a good writer, a first-rate musician, and a very charitable man. He died at Hampstead in 1845. His work is always well finished, correct in drawing, but sometimes crude in colour, is rather pretty than vigorous, hardly equalling the quality of his immediate predecessors.

James Holmes was, like Andrew Robertson, possessed of many accomplishments. He was born in 1777, and first apprenticed to an engraver. Subsequently, he painted both in oil and water-colour, exhibiting genre pictures, generally of a humorous character, as well as portraits. His chief work, however, was that of miniaturist. He painted George IV. and most of the Royal Family. Lord Byron was especially partial to him, and sat to him several times. The fine portrait of the poet, now in the collection of Isaac Falcke, Esq., was engraved for the collection of Byron's works, and is admirable in every way. His musical talents secured to him the special intimacy of the King, whilst his great conversational powers and genial nature endeared him to a wide circle of the best society.

One of the most original of the miniaturists of the century was *Alfred Edward Chalon*, R.A. His family, originally French, settled at Geneva at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. On the breaking out of the French Revolution, his father left Geneva and settled in England, where he was appointed Professor of French at the Military College, Sandhurst. Alfred was born in Geneva in 1780, and with his brother was placed in a mercantile house on the arrival of the family in England. The drudgery of a commercial life was highly distasteful to both brothers, and with his father's consent, Alfred entered as a student at the Royal Academy in 1797. He soon acquired a bold dashing style of drawing, which he retained to the end of his life. His miniatures on ivory are full of character, the accessories, such as drapery, lace, &c., touched in with a spirit and elegance peculiarly his own. He is, however, almost better known by his small full-

length portraits, nine or ten inches high. Hardly a celebrity in the first half of this century escaped him, and from Her present Majesty downwards, all passed under the hands of Alfred Chalon. Though French in manner, he was a true Englishman in heart, an accomplished musician, keen wit, and most genial host. He survived to a good old age, surrounded by troops of friends, and died in 1860, aged eighty years.

Sir William Ross has already been spoken of as a pupil of Andrew Robertson. A delicate child, and debarred on that account from following the usual rough games of boyhood, he amused himself from his earliest years in taking likenesses. When quite young he carried off gold and silver medals from the Society of Arts and Royal Academy. Through his association with Robertson, his daily work was miniature painting; but his ambition was to become an historic painter. He had already gained a medal for an oil painting, "The Judgment of Brutus," and in 1825 he exhibited a large oil painting at the Royal Academy, "Christ casting out the Devils from the Maniacs of the Tombs;" but his art-strength, if not his inclination, lay in the direction of miniature portraits, and in that branch he divided with Chalon and Sir William Newton all the work of the last years of miniature. He painted the whole of the Royal Family of England, of Belgium and Portugal, and a generation of the best and fairest of his own country sat to him. It was not his fault if he fell on evil times in the matter of female attire. The high combs, turbans, senseless ringlets half covering the face, and loose slovenly dresses of a short half century back, contrasted too painfully with the flowing lines and graceful coiffure which enabled Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Cosway to present to us such marvels of female beauty during the latter part of the 18th century. He had all the attributes of a first-rate miniature painter. Refined and accurate drawing, artistic composition, admirable colour, and tasteful arrangement of accessories, would have placed him in the first rank at any epoch of portraiture, whilst his amiable and simple manners and blameless life endeared him to all who shared his friendship. He died in the same year as his bosom friend, Alfred Chalon, 1860, in his sixty-sixth year.

William Essex deserves mention as an enameller. He had thoroughly studied the chemistry of the subject, and wrote a treatise on the art of enamelling. He was an admirable draughtsman, and as great as an animal painter as he was clever in delineating the human face.

William Egley, born in 1798 at Doncaster, was apprenticed to a publisher in London. He taught himself the art of miniature painting, and first exhibited at the Academy in 1824. From that year up to 1869, he was a constant exhibitor, and is perhaps the very last artist who did really good work.

At this point the history of miniature painting comes to a full stop. The advent of the cheap process (for I decline to call it an art) of photography put an end to the delightful cult which we have been tracing through three centuries of existence.

The two last masters of miniature, Chalon and Ross, each ventured upon a prediction concerning the probable influence of photography upon miniature. When the chemical discovery was first applied to portraiture, the Queen remarked to Alfred Chalon that photography would ruin his profession, to which he is said to have replied: "Ah non, madame, photographie can't flattère!" Ross, on the other hand, was more prescient when he remarked on his death-bed, speaking of this same photography, that "it was all up with future miniature painting."

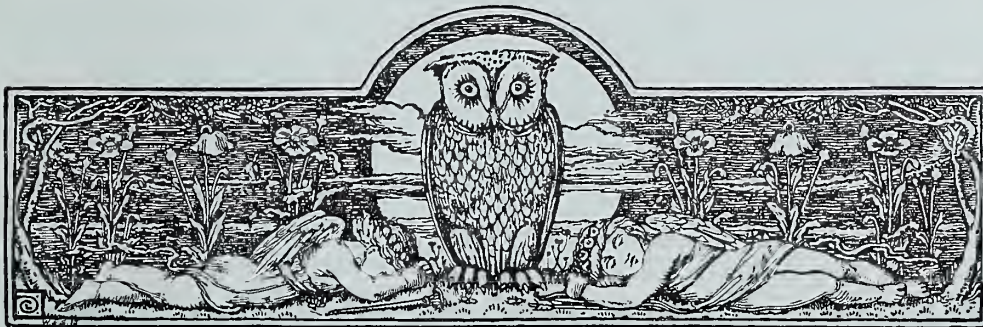
Certain it is, that up to the present time Sir William Ross's prophecy has been fulfilled, and miniature painting is a lost art.

It may be wrong to undervalue photography. It has its undoubted uses. It has proved to be an important aid to science, enabling the observer to obtain a prompt and exact record of many a fact, which would have been lost but for its power of registering mechanically the fleeting image of the moment.

Again, even in portraiture, it has placed within the reach of all, even the poorest, the means of preserving associations, which to an uneducated mind are deemed sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes of gratification and happiness. And yet, although it may have invaded the outer skirts of miniature art, it has never touched its real heart and core. Chalon was abundantly right when he said, "Photographie can't flattère," for

the photographic portrait is not even a literal copy of the sitter. As a necessary consequence of the nature of lenses, every part which projects beyond the true plane is exaggerated and distorted, the light and shade are so intensified as to become ludicrous, the action is constrained, and the expression got up for the occasion, according to the word of command of the photographic operator, effectually crushes out any small modicum of character with which nature may have endowed the face.

It must be confessed, that up to the present time there is no sign of reaction, no evidence of the tide turning. Miniature painting is still in abeyance, the tide still ebbing; but can it always be thus? With the increased art-culture, and appreciation of the beautiful and true, which is happily permeating the intelligent classes of the present day, it is impossible to believe that the faulty results of a mechanical process can continue to satisfy the art aspirations of the future. The sons and daughters of men are as noble and fair now as when Cooper painted the strong men of the 17th, or Cosway the beautiful women of the 18th centuries. With materials so worthy of the limner's skill, it can but be a question of time when the fascinating art of miniature shall again flourish, awaking from its slumber, refreshed and renewed, striving always onward to greater and greater perfection.





CHAPTER XI.

FOREIGN SCHOOLS.

§ I.—*French School.*

THE attempt to write a history of the progress of miniature art amongst foreign nations is by no means as easy as in the case of England. The influence of the missal painter and illuminator was as great, or even greater, in other nations than in our country, and undoubtedly the natural evolution of miniature portraits from the generic source of the missal miniatures, followed as certainly abroad as at home; but whilst in the one case the new art struck immediate root, and produced an unbroken series of brilliant artists, who devoted their whole time and talent to painting miniature portraits, in the other case it was pursued in a casual and desultory manner. Indeed, the best part of two centuries had elapsed since its establishment in England, before anything which can be really considered a school of miniaturists existed abroad. When Reynolds and Gainsborough led the great revolt against the inanity and bathos of portrait painting of the time, and thus indirectly caused a revival of the charming art of miniature, a revival which gave us a Cosway, Plimer, Smart, Humphrey, Shelley, and a host of others, the art soon spread, and there arose, chiefly in Paris, in a lesser degree in Vienna and Berlin, and least of all in the chosen home of the Renaissance, Italy, a number of artists who took to miniature

MADAME ELIZABETH.

Dumont.

COUNTESS CAYLA.

J. B. Augustin.

UNKNOWN.

Rosalba

FRANCOIS II.

Janet.

CANOVA.

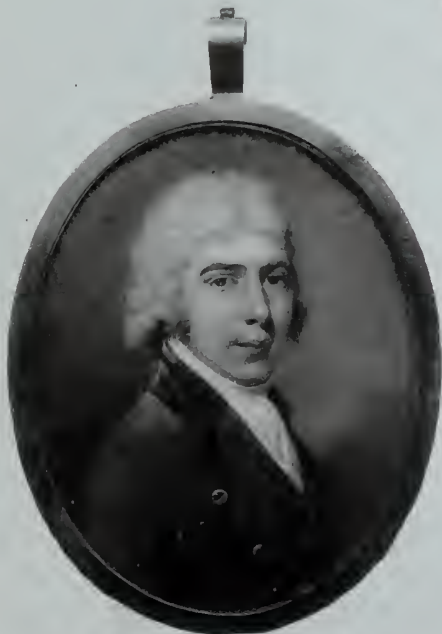
Füger.

M. CHAPTAL.

Arland.

TALLEYRAND.

Charlier.



painting as a profession, and whose works are worthy of all admiration.

Let us take, to begin with, the history of miniature painting in France.

First, in point of time as well as celebrity, occurs the family of Clouet.

The Clouets.—In the year 1475, when Louis XI. was preparing to crush the power of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and to annex the fair Duchy to the realms of France, a modest entry appears in the Ducal accounts that a certain Jehan Clouet and Henry Bonem have received the sum of thirty-seven livres, four sous, for work done. Bonem signs the receipt as carpenter and cabinet worker, and Clouet as painter.

From this obscure record, tradition has sought to establish that this Jehan or Jean Clouet was the first of the artistic family, who, in the succeeding century, raised the French school of portraiture to a very high standard. As nothing further is known of this painter, it becomes impossible to determine whether tradition is right or wrong. To find the next piece of evidence with regard to the family, we must pass on to the year 1518.

In the accounts of the French Royal Household for that year, the name of Jean Clouet appears as "peintre ordinaire." Francis I. now reigned in France, and the Court was established at Tours, the pleasant town on the banks of the Loire, which from the time of Charlemagne and the English monk Alcuin, had occupied the proud position of the art centre of France.

The Jean Clouet appearing in these accounts is generally known as Jean Clouet II., to distinguish him from his Burgundian father. About the year 1525 the Court removed from Tours to Paris, and naturally the artists and others in its employ followed in the Royal train. During his residence at Tours, Jean Clouet married Jeanne Boucault, daughter of Gacien Boucault, a goldsmith of the town. This occurred prior to 1522, for a contract of sale, bearing date June 6, 1522, is still preserved. The purchasers' names in the deed are Jeanne Boucault and her husband, Jean Clouet, "valet de chambre ordinaire du Roy nostre dit seigneur." The purchase related to a rent to be paid annually in grain at

Michaelmas. The marriage must have occurred long before 1522, as the earliest known work of their celebrated son, François Clouet, the portrait of the Dauphin François, eldest son of Francis I., now in the Museum of Antwerp, must have been painted about the year 1524.

From an early period in the history of the family the name of Clouet almost ceased to be used, and they gradually acquired the popular appellation of Jannet, or Janet, by which name the son François is ordinarily known.

In the year 1529, another Clouet makes his appearance. Marguerite of Valois, sister to Francis I., la bonne Reine Margot of the Troubadours, had just married the King of Navarre. In a letter written by her from Fontainebleau to the Chancellor of Alençon, she says she has arranged to take into her service "le peintre frère de Jannet, peintre du Roy." M. de Laborde thinks this must have been a son of Jean Clouet II., and brother of François; but as François only became "peintre du Roy" at his father's death, which certainly occurred long after 1529, there can be little doubt that this Clouet was a brother of Jean Clouet II., and uncle of François. Nothing further is known of him; but I have a miniature of Marguerite. It is sober in tint, accurate in detail, with the heavy impasto common in these early works, and a certain dryness of outline, which tells of Flemish influence. Of course it is a mere conjecture to guess at the artist, but very possibly it furnishes us with a specimen of the handiwork of this unknown Clouet. The technical qualities of this miniature, as indeed of all the work supposed to be by the hand of the elder Clouets, is essentially that ordinarily seen in the miniature pictures of the illuminated MS. A solid layer of local tint is first laid on and allowed to become completely hard and dry. On this, the modelling is afterwards carefully executed by hatching with colour excessively diluted, so that the successive touches melt into one another, forming but a thin film on two solid layers of colour beneath. Any attempt subsequently made to clean or restore one of these early pictures, instantly removes the delicate top layer of gradated work, leaving but the flat crude surface of what was only intended as the basis of the work.

Francis the First was doing his best to surround himself

with artists of the Italian School. Lionardo da Vinci had been summoned from ruined Milan; but the poor old man entered his service, only to find a grave on French soil at Amboise, nursed by the King in his last illness, and dying at last in his arms. Andrea del Sarto had been at work in France. He obtained permission to return to Italy, on condition he would speedily reappear, loaded not only with liberal payment for his work, but also carrying with him a considerable sum wherewith to purchase works of art for his royal patron. No sooner had he reached his home, than his spendthrift and jealous wife wasted the whole of his substance in debauchery, and he died a miserable wretch, of the plague, which visited Florence in 1530. About the same time Il Rosso became the leading spirit at the French Court, speedily followed by Primaticcio. These men covered acres of wall space at Fontainebleau and Madrid with their classical compositions, not a vestige of which now remains. The Flemish portrait painter pursued his steady course, heedless of the quarrels of the Italian artists, and untouched by their Southern influence. For twenty years he recorded on canvas and panel the Royal and noble faces of the French Court, and yet of all the portraits, whether life-size or miniature, of that period, which still exist, not one can be absolutely identified as his work. There are a few, which the best authorities agree in ascribing to him, such as the half-length of Francis I. in the Louvre, the Eleanora at Hampton Court, the so-called Francis I. and Count de Brissac in the Louvre, and the equestrian portrait of Francis I. in the Uffizi Palace at Florence. The Châteaux of the Loire are full of portraits of the Clouet School, and our own Hampton Court has a fair sprinkling of them, many, doubtless, by Jean Clouet II.; but in every case proof is wanting.

We are able to fix the date of his death with tolerable accuracy, by the official notice which first introduces us to his son François. In 1541 letters of naturalisation were granted to François, restoring to him his father's property, which, as belonging to an alien, had passed to the Crown, "au moien que ce que le dict deffunt estoit étranger et non natif, ne originaire de nostre royaume." He died in Paris, as the formalities necessary by his death were made before the "Prévost de Paris, soulz le scel de nostre

Chancellerye." François Clouet is supposed to have been born during his father's residence at Tours, but in what year is unknown. At his father's death he at once succeeded to the position of peintre ordinaire and valet de chambre to the King.

Francis I. died in 1547 at Rambouillet of intermittent fever, and François Clouet was commissioned to model the effigy of the King to be employed in the funeral ceremonies. He had, indeed, to make three effigies, as Charles, Duke of Orleans, the youngest son of Francis I., who died in 1544, and the Dauphin François, were now to be interred with their father. These waxen figures or effigies were frequently employed during the lying in state, when it was undesirable to expose the corpse.

For some years after the accession of Henri II., we hear nothing of François Clouet. There is a passing allusion to him in Ronsard's poems in 1553, where, in a note, he says, that Janet "pour représenter vivant la nature a passé tous ceux de nostre aage."

In 1554 he is mentioned as executing the decorations of a coffer for the King, for which he received twenty livres. In 1559 Henri II. celebrated with great pomp the marriage of his eldest daughter, Isabeau, with Philip II., King of Spain. In the tournament held in her honour, whilst tilting with Gabriel de Lorges, the King was wounded by the lance of his adversary, and died eleven days afterwards. François Clouet had now to perform the same office for Henri II., as he had discharged in 1547 for Francis I. His name appears in the accounts for white wax, white lead, oil, brushes, and plaster for casting the face and effigy of the King. Black cloth for mourning was also distributed to the members of the household, and amongst them "a François Clouet, peintre du feu roy, sept aunes et demy du dit drap."

The next official reference to François Clouet brings us to the year 1567.

In that year the bureau of the "Cour des Monnoyes" determined to issue a new coinage, and commissioned one Claude de Herz to prepare a likeness of the King Charles IX. for the die. This was submitted to "François Clouet, dict Janet, peintre et varlet de chambre du Roy," who expressed his approval of the portrait. By the way, the King himself did not much fancy the resemblance, if we

may judge by his curt notes on the subject: "La dicte effigie ne représente aucun ement nostre aage, ne pareillement nostre visage, ne la taille dont nous sommes à présent." This opinion was probably dictated by the Queen-mother, Catherine de Médicis, who was endeavouring to bring about the marriage of her son with Elizabeth, daughter of Maximilian II., and was therefore anxious to present a flattering specimen to the Austrian Court. François Clouet for the same purpose painted the life-size portrait of Charles IX., which stills hangs in the Belvedere Gallery, Vienna. At the time of the marriage François Clouet painted Elizabeth herself, which is now in the Louvre. She is here a joyous girl of eighteen (1570), full of the frank and simple charm of early womanhood, quite pathetic in its freshness, when we remember her sad fate; four years of miserable married life, under the eye of the atrocious Catherine, sent her back, widowed and broken-hearted, to die a premature death in her own country.

The painting of these two portraits brings the official record of François Clouet to an end.

His death probably occurred much later, and the date can only be determined by indirect evidence.

The poet Ronsard may again help us. The first complete edition of his works was published in 1584, revised and corrected by Ronsard himself immediately before publication, and in a little poem which he added to the work at the last moment, occur these lines:—

" Un seul Janet, honneur de nostre France
De ses crayons ne te porteroit mieux."

Had François Clouet been already dead, Ronsard would hardly have written of him thus. His portrait of Henri III. at Stafford House could not have been painted much before 1580, judging by the apparent age of the King; and the very fine miniature of the Duc d'Alençon in the Jones Collection at South Kensington, where he is represented holding the portrait of Elizabeth, would date about the same time as the Duke's visit to England to solicit the hand of the Virgin Queen, which occurred in 1581.

The portraits which can positively be attributed to François Clouet are very few in number. The Charles IX. in Vienna,

the small replica of the same picture, and the Elizabeth in the Louvre, the Dauphin François at Hampton Court, and the same person in the Museum at Antwerp, are about all which can be clearly set down as his undoubted work.

As in the case of his father, Jean Clouet II., others may certainly exist, but cannot be proved.

The chalk portraits of the Clouet period form a very interesting but embarrassing portion of the family art-work. Enormous numbers are found in various European collections, public and private. In England, the largest display is at Castle Howard, reproduced in photography by Lord Ronald Gower. The British Museum possesses a small series. There is another collection at Stafford House, and various other collectors can boast of isolated specimens. Abroad the Bibliothèque d'estampes at Paris contains a very large number, and the Louvre follows suit. The Arch-Duke Albert at Vienna reckons some very fine drawings of this class. Naturally the possessors of these pictures invariably set them down as the work of Jean and François Clouet. Altogether, the specimens known and catalogued, probably do not fall far short of three thousand, and considering the destruction which has overtaken all old art-work, this large mass would represent but a small fragment of what once existed. It seems impossible that two men, very largely engaged in other branches of art, could have found time to produce such vast numbers of portraits. They vary from nearly life-size to that of a miniature, and are very unequal in merit. Some few, in the breadth and freshness of touch, seem clearly taken from life; others, though very highly finished, betray the more mechanical mark of an artist versed in engraving; whilst very many are so slovenly and coarse in execution, that they evidently proceed from the hand of a copyist, and a poor performer, too. In several instances the same portrait is seen, reproduced three or four times over in the same collection. Doubtless some of this mass were actually drawn by the Clouets; but to which is the palm to be awarded?

Another question, extremely difficult of solution, presents itself. For what purpose were the celebrated persons of the 16th century French Court put upon paper in such prodigious numbers?

Mrs. Mark Pattison, in her admirable article on the Clouets in 'The Renaissance of Art in France,' suggests a very feasible answer.

In the 16th century a perfect mania existed for collecting portraits. Every one could not afford an oil painting from the hand of the Court painter, and the comparatively cheap method of chalk drawing was resorted to, just as in the present day the photograph of any celebrated character appears in every shop window. Kings and nobles were never fond of sitting for their portraits. It sufficed to obtain one undoubted likeness for any number of Holbein Henry VIII.'s, Hilliard Elizabeths, or Ramsay George III.'s to be produced and kept in stock, not from the brush of the master, but put together by the apprentice or drapery man of the studio. It is to be feared that the all-embracing term, "École des Clouets," must be applied to by far the larger number of these studies in chalk, to which the name of Clouet is appended.

As regards the true miniature work of the family the same uncertainty prevails. Of Jean Clouet II. nothing is known; but certain specimens attributed to François Clouet probably really represent his work. Such are the six small whole lengths in the Hamilton Collection, of Henri II., Henri III., Charles IX., Catherine de Médicis, Le Grand Dauphin, and Claude of France, the whole length of the Duc d'Alençon in the Jones Collection at South Kensington, the bust portrait of Francis I. in the Addington Collection, and the $\frac{3}{4}$ -length Francis II. in my possession. These are all in oil on copper, except the last, which is painted on slate. I have never seen a water-colour Janet miniature, but I have already alluded to the Margaret of Navarre, which is painted in body colour on vellum, as possibly supplying us with a specimen from the hand of that "frère de Janet," who entered the service of Queen Margaret in 1529.

About the same time we find the name of *Hans Bol*, born at Malines in 1534, died at Amsterdam in 1593. He is said by Laborde to have painted miniature portraits, but evidently his chief work was in landscape, probably somewhat in the manner afterwards carried to such perfection by the two Blarenberghes, father and son. He painted on vellum in gouache, introducing numerous figures into his tiny pictures. He also etched largely

on copper. Two of his works were sold at the Hôtel Drouot in 1862, signed and dated 1559, for 460 francs.

Frederic Brendel, born at Strasbourg in 1580, died in 1651. Like so many artists of the time, he combined engraving, missal painting, and portraiture. He painted a book of hours for the Margrave of Baden, now in the Museum of Vienna, containing forty admirable miniatures. He is also said to have painted in gouache the miniature portraits of the family of the Margrave. He taught William Baur, who comes next on the list of French miniaturists.

William Baur, born at Strasbourg in 1600, died at Vienna in 1640. Like his friend and teacher, Brendel, he painted landscape, sea pieces, &c., in miniature more frequently than portraits, though he is credited with many performances in this branch of art. He worked for many years for Cardinal Breccieno in Rome, and returned afterwards to Vienna, where he entered the service of the Emperor Ferdinand III.

Samuel Bernard, born in Paris in 1615, died there in 1687. He was a pupil of Simon Vouet, and was one of the foundation members of the Academy in 1648. He was an engraver as well as a portrait miniaturist.

Louis Hans, born in Paris in 1615, died there in 1658. The burial certificate describes him as "Louys Hans, bourgeois de Paris et peintre ordinaire du Roy." He enjoyed a considerable reputation with the Court of France as a portrait miniaturist.

Richard Masson, sieur de la Richardière, flourished about the same time. He was appointed painter and valet de chambre to Louis XIII. The date of his death is uncertain.

Jacques Bailly, born at Graçay in 1629, died at Paris in 1679. Painted portraits occasionally, but chiefly flowers and fruit in miniature; became member of the Academy in 1663. He was the great-grandfather of the celebrated Mayor of Paris, murdered in the Revolution of 1793.

We have now arrived at the time of the enamellers.

Jean Toutin was the first of this class of artists, and there is little doubt that to him must be attributed the Renaissance, though hardly the invention of enamelling portraits on a white

opaque enamel ground. However, this question has been more fully treated earlier in this memoir.

Jean Petitot, in like manner, has been dealt with before. Though of French extraction, he belonged as much to England as to France.

Immediately following these two artists we come upon the names of other enamellers, whose works must, by the description left to us, have come very near the excellence of the great originators of the art.

Louis de Chatillon, born at Sainte Menehould in 1639, died 1734, at the advanced age of ninety-five. He was engraver, enamel painter and miniaturist. According to Mariette, his enamels were in every respect perfect. He produced an amazing number, and yet his enamels are said to be very rare. It is not known that he signed his work, and it is more than probable that many a Petitot portrait really was the work of his hand. It is certain that he painted numerous portraits in enamel of Louis XIV., for which he received 120, 220, and 300 livres (francs), according to the size. He also enamelled the young Louis XV. Many of these enamels were mounted by the King's jewellers, Montarsy and Rondé, in splendid boxes, as gifts to ambassadors and others. Some of these presents, mentioned in the 'Archives du Ministre des Affaires Etrangères,' amounted to a considerable sum; one is mentioned, of 12,000 francs, given to the Duke of St. Albans, William III.'s ambassador; another, of the value of 31,039 francs, given to the Abbé Dubois for a secret mission; another, of 37,090 francs, to the ambassador of the Emperor, &c. The enamels in these boxes are mentioned as being by Chatillon.

Jacques Philippe Ferrand, born at Joigny in 1633, died in Paris in 1732. He was the son of Louis Ferrand, physician to Louis XIII. He learnt drawing in the studio of Mignard, and miniature from Samuel Bernard. He taught himself the art of enamelling, and attained a position in that branch of art (according to the French authorities) "hors ligne." He was appointed valet de chambre to Louis XIV., and member of the Academy in 1690. He, too, was largely employed to paint enamels for diplomatic presents, and obtained the same prices as Chatillon.

Another artist in enamel is mentioned in 'Le Mercure galant' of January 1700 as of first-rate talent—one *Perrault*, who worked

for the Court—but no particulars of him are to be found in any book of reference.

It is too much the fashion, in the prevailing ignorance as to the various artists of the time, to ascribe every 17th-century enamel to Petitot. If one ventures to express a doubt as to any given specimen being by the great Genevese, the invariable reply is, If it is not by him, who could have done it? At all events, here are three artists, each of whom, as proved by documentary evidence, produced enamels of the King and Royal Family, contemporary with Petitot, and (unless human nature was different in Louis XIV.'s time) who endeavoured as far as possible to imitate the style and touch of the man who was even then considered the "facile princeps" of enamel. Besides these three artists, Chatillon, Ferrand and Perrault, Bordier was at work, nominally assisting Petitot, but surely occasionally producing a portrait without the aid of his brother-in-law. We shall also find other artists, to be immediately described, who were employed in exactly the same manner by the State, chiefly in water-colour, but sometimes in enamel, to reproduce the Royal countenance to be mounted in boxes as presents. None of these artists signed their work, and it therefore becomes a matter of extreme difficulty to assign any given work to a particular artist. For instance, I have a Louis XIV. on ivory, admirably painted, and which was always ascribed to Petitot, but which is undoubtedly the work of one of the water-colour miniaturists next in order, in all probability done as one of the innumerable reproductions of the Great Monarch to be mounted in some fashion as a gift. There is no evidence whatever that Petitot ever painted on ivory; it was just coming into use about the period of his death, and was quite commonly employed before the death of Louis XIV. The miniature I have mentioned is interesting; it has just a certain refrain of Petitot's touch, easily mistaken by any one who had not sufficiently studied the unmistakable "cachet" of the great enameller.

We will now mention the other artists employed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Mademoiselle de la Boissière painted Louis XIV. and the young Louis XV., and is mentioned in the archives as furnishing the portraits for several costly boxes. One given to Comte Baudry,

ambassador of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, cost 5772 francs. Another, of the value of 3114 francs, was presented to Comte de St. Maurice, ambassador of the Elector of Cologne; and several others.

Bourdin figures in the archives in a similar manner. One box with a portrait by him is mentioned, set with twenty-two rose diamonds, given to M. Buys, ambassador of Holland, which cost 14,839 francs; several others of lesser value are also mentioned.

Frédéric Bruckmann, a Swede, enamelled the King in quite a wholesale manner, judging by the entries in the archives. Here are some of them.—Nov. 20, 1696. “Reçu de M. de Pontchartrain douze portraits émaillés en bas-relief par Frédéric Bruckmann, Suédois, à soixante francs, 720 francs.” What this enamelling in bas-relief was, I am unable to say, never having seen a specimen. Other entries tell us thus: August 28, 1697, and June 10, 1698. “Dix-neuf portraits de Bruckmann, du Roi, à cinquante francs chacun.” December 2, 1698, he again furnishes nineteen portraits of the King in bas-relief, receiving sixty francs apiece for them. It is small wonder that portraits of Louis XIV. are so commonly met with.

Mademoiselle Château is in the same class. She painted quite at the end of Louis XIV.'s reign, and was largely employed by the Regent Orleans. There are several entries relating to her in the archives.

Jean Cotelle, born in 1631, died in 1708. He was a member of the Academy and, according to Jal, was much esteemed for his miniatures.

The family of *Du Guernier* furnished several well-known miniaturists during the 17th century. Alexander, Louis, Alexander II. and Pierre were all good artists. The last two, in addition to portraits, painted some of the lovely fans for which the brilliant Court of Louis XIV. afforded such scope.

Jean Ecman, born in 1641, died in 1677. Jal, the author of the ‘Dictionnaire Critique,’ describes him as a very able miniaturist, on paper and vellum, for portraits, ornamental headings and vignettes.

Henri Chéron was an enamel painter towards the close of the 17th century. Nothing is known of his performances; his

chief claim to notice is in the fact of his having been the father of Elizabeth Sophie Chéron, born in Paris in 1648, died there in 1711. She was a most accomplished artist, excelling in music as well as painting. She became a member of the Academy, and received a pension from Louis XIV. Her name forms another in the band of artists who produced portraits in enamel and miniatures of Louis XIV., and the members of his Court.

Richard Van Orley, born at Brussels in 1663, died in 1732. He was a pupil of his uncle, a very talented artist. He painted portraits, and sacred and mythological subjects in miniature. His works have considerable value at the various sales in Paris. Specimens have sold for 2130, 1090, 850 francs, &c.

Jean Baptiste Massé, born in Paris in 1688, died in 1767. He learned drawing of Jouvenet, and engraving of Chatillon, who also taught him the art of enamelling. He became the most celebrated French miniaturist of the time, and supplied portraits of Louis XV. for presents, much as the numerous artists already mentioned did for Louis XIV. Many entries in the archives of the Minister for Foreign Affairs relate to him and his work. Besides numerous boxes containing portraits of the King by him, reaching as high as 49,805 francs, one is particularly mentioned mounted in a box enriched with forty-two brilliants and fifteen rose diamonds, which cost the almost incredible sum of 129,852 francs.

Madame Maubert was another of the Louis XV. state portrait miniaturists, who supplied portraits for the boxes of the King. She received 120 francs apiece for them, which places her in the first rank, as far as payment is concerned.

Jean Adam Matthieu, born at Stralsund in 1698, died in Paris in 1753. An enamel-painter. As he was lodged in the Louvre, an honour accorded only to first-rate talent, we must conclude his work was considered of high quality.

Oudry painted enamels of Louis XV. for boxes. One is specially mentioned, as sent to the Abbé Dubois, to be given to M. L. C. A., whoever that may have been.

An artist named *Penel*, supplied portraits for boxes. In 1749, he sends two portraits of Madame la Dauphine, and six of Madame Infante, for which he asks 300 francs each, a sum, however, which

the authorities reduced to 240, the sum usually paid to the first-class miniaturists.

Jean Prevost flourished under Louis XV. In one of his accounts rendered to the Menus Plaisirs in 1762 are these items: "A large portrait of the King, ordered by Madame de Pompadour, 1000 francs. Two small portraits of the King, size for boxes, 400 francs."

Raphael Bachi, was a very wholesale purveyor of royal portraits in the reign of Louis XV. In 1762, he sends in his bill to the Menus Plaisirs for fifteen portraits of the King, the Dauphin, Madame Victoire, and Madame Adelaide; and receives 240 francs each for them. An exception is made of a full-length portrait of Madame Adelaide as a saint in the desert, for which he obtained 384 francs.

André Rouquet, born in Geneva in 1703, died in a madhouse in Paris in 1759. An enamel-painter. As he spent nearly thirty years in England, he hardly belongs to the French School. However, he returned to Paris in 1750 and achieved a great reputation. He obtained a higher price for his work than any other artist of his time. One account for work rendered to the Menus Plaisirs, speaks of three portraits of the King and two of the Dauphin, for which he received 480 francs each. He wrote several works on painting. The best known is his account of 'The State of the Arts in England,' published in Paris in 1775, in which he gives a lively description of the utter state of debasement which then existed in this country.

Peter Paul Scuin, born at Tournon in 1560, is known chiefly by his large miniatures painted on vellum. A good specimen of his work is in the Jones Collection at South Kensington, Turenne on horseback, in classical costume, said to have been ordered by Louis XV. as a present to Madame de Montespan.

Nicolas Vénévault painted many portraits of Louis XV. and his family. The never-ceasing stream of diplomatic presents received many additions from his brush. One is specially mentioned, containing a portrait of the King by him, set with 441 brilliants, which cost 23,901 francs, presented to M. le Bailly de Solar, ambassador of Sardinia.

Jacques Verselin, born in 1648, died in 1718. He became a member of the Academy in 1687, presenting as his "morceau de réception" a large miniature of Louis XIV., after the picture by Le Brun.

Vincent François Elie, born at Geneva. He is mentioned in the Menus Plaisirs in 1749, as painting the King, the Dauphin, Madame Sophie, Madame Louise, the Duc de Bourgogne and others, receiving the orthodox sum of 240 francs each for them.

Welper produced many portraits of Louis XV. The Royal likenesses adorning the boxes distributed amongst the suite who accompanied the young Dauphine Marie Antoinette from Vienna to Strasbourg were all by him; one especially, presented to the Prince de Paar, cost 29,989 francs.

The name that next comes to our notice is associated with specimens of miniature-painting, which in some respects have never been equalled in the history of art, *Louis Van Blarenberghe*. This name stands alone in microscopic miniature. Louis was born at Lille in 1719. His father, Jacques Guillaume Van Blarenberghe, was a Flemish painter, who settled in Lille and died there in 1742. Young Louis came to Paris and painted on fans, snuff-boxes, bonbonnières, and even in rings, scenes of village life, military processions and landscapes, which were simply marvellous. In 1773, he was sent to Brest, as state painter to the Navy, and produced a series of drawings of the town and port, now in the Ministry of Marine in Paris. His tiny pictures have always commanded an enormous price. At various Paris sales, sums such as 27,500, 30,100, 20,100, 13,000, 11,500 francs have been paid for specimens set in snuff-boxes, and even in rings.

He had a son, *Henri Joseph Van Blarenberghe*, born in 1741, died 1825. He was instructed by his father, and, according to the French authorities, almost equalled him in his powers. He accompanied his father to Brest and helped him materially in his work there. There is no record of the son ever having signed his work in full; it becomes impossible, therefore, if the French estimate of his powers be correct, to distinguish the work of the father from that of the son.

Mademoiselle Brisson figures in the accounts of the Menus Plaisirs from 1759 to 1761, as furnishing twelve portraits of the King, for each of which she received 200 francs; one of these was set in a box, mounted with 398 brilliants, of the value of 20,766 francs.

Cazaubon was employed by the Menus Plaisirs during many

years of Louis XV.'s reign. In 1763 he painted five portraits of the King to be set in rings, for which he received 1500 francs. Another entry is for three portraits of Mesdames Adelaide, Sophie and Louise, to be set in one ring, for which he was allowed 500 francs each, "en raison de la difficulté."

Jacques Charlier was of the same period and worked largely for the Court. He seems to have received 300 francs apiece, instead of the customary 240. He painted classical subjects in miniature as well as portraits. The latter are usually painted with a full brush, the colour thickly laid on, giving the appearance of more body than is usual in the miniatures of the period.

There were two artists named *Drouais*. The father, Hubert, born in Normandy in 1699, died in Paris in 1767. He painted in oil, pastel and miniature. He studied under De Troy, and became a member of the Academy in 1730. He almost entirely gave up oil-painting to pursue miniature, in which he greatly excelled. His son, *François Hubert*, was appointed painter in ordinary to the King, and furnished many portraits to the Menus Plaisirs for distribution in rings, bracelets and snuff-boxes.

We have now arrived at an epoch when miniaturists became almost as numerous in France as in England. As this short memoir is not intended to supply the place of a dictionary of miniature painters, but merely to trace the successive steps in the development of miniature portraits, I shall not attempt to name all the artists who flourished under Louis XVI., and from that time to the establishment of photography, but will merely mention briefly some of the more celebrated, who conducted to carry the charming art to the highest point of excellence.

Louis François Aubry, born in 1767, died in 1851. He learned of Vincent and Isabey, but was decidedly inferior to the latter.

Jean Baptiste Augustin, born in 1759, died of cholera at Paris in 1832. He became chief miniaturist to Louis XVIII. He never learned from any master, but formed his own style. He was considered second only to Isabey, and the aid of poetry was frequently invoked to extol the beauty of his portraits.

F. Bourgoïn, enameller and miniaturist. He worked for the Menus Plaisirs, and in 1763 received 36 louis d'or for two

enamels of the King, painted on gold, one louis for each portrait being paid extra for the gold. His works have sold for considerable prices; a box, with medallions enamelled by him, sold by auction in Paris in 1872, realised 10,200 francs.

Charles Guillaume Burgeois, born in 1759, died in 1832. He painted exquisite profiles on a black ground. He also wrote upon the chemistry of colours used in painting.

Joseph Boze, born in 1746, died in 1831. Besides his talent in miniature, he was a devoted Royalist. He had the courage to give evidence in favour of Marie Antoinette, for which he was thrown into prison, and only escaped the guillotine by the death of Robespierre.

F. Campana, died in Paris in 1786. He painted charming portraits. The signed and dated Madame du Barry in this collection is a very good example of his skill. He painted Marie Antoinette and other members of the Royal Family for diplomatic presents. His works have fetched large prices.

Nicholas André Courtois was one of the best enamellers of Louis XVI.'s period. He became a member of the Academy in 1770, and was much employed by the Court of France.

Maxime David, not to be confounded with the painter of the Revolution, was born in 1798. A pupil of Madame de Mirbel. Early in his artistic career he found favour at the Tuileries, and in a comparatively short time amassed a considerable fortune.

Regault seems to have struck out for himself an entirely novel walk in art. He painted classical subjects in miniature to represent onyx cameos, which were set in boxes, bracelets, &c. He carried his love of the antique to such a length, that he signed his name in Archaic Greek characters.

Jean Baptiste Duchesne, born 1770, died 1855. His enamels were the finest of his time. He came to England, and executed for Queen Victoria a series of enamels of the Royal Family after Sir W. Ross's miniatures. He was also employed to continue the series of Petitot enamels in the Louvre, a work which had been commenced by Welper.

Joseph Ducreux, born 1737, died 1802. He painted in oil,

pastel and miniature. In 1769, he was sent to Vienna, to paint the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, when she became engaged to the Dauphin. He certainly was occupied with the commencement and end of that unfortunate reign, for he drew on a grey paper the portrait of Louis XVI. just as he was leaving the Temple for the scaffold. M. Charles Blanc, who saw the drawing, says that the terrible realization of suffering, the dignity of resignation and courage, the fixed eye and worn face, made him shudder as he gazed on it.

L. Durand was a clever artist, an enameller and sculptor in mother-of-pearl. He worked under Louis XV., and furnished the Minister of Foreign Affairs with many enamels of the King for the usual diplomatic snuff-boxes. A portrait medallion of the King, sculptured in "nacre" and signed L. Durand, is spoken of in the highest terms of praise.

Jean François Fontallard, born 1777, died 1858. A pupil of Augustin. He almost rivalled Petitot in the length of his artistic career, for he continued to paint miniatures up to his death at the age of eighty-one.

Jean Guérin, born 1760, died 1836. He was fellow-pupil with Isabey in the studio of David. He painted Louis XVI. and the Queen, two large miniatures now in the collection of the Count de Germiny. As a member of the National Guard at the Tuileries on June 20th, 1792, he assisted, at the peril of his life, in the protection of the Royal Family against the fury of the Paris mob. He commenced a series of miniatures of the most prominent deputies of the National Assembly, and later on of the Generals of the Republic, both of which were engraved by Fiesinger. The whole of the original designs of both of these series appear to be lost. In spite of his great talent, he was scarcely appreciated during his lifetime. He was never received at the Academy, nor was a single medal ever awarded to him.

Pierre Adolphe Hall bears a reputation in France analogous to that of Cooper and Cosway amongst ourselves. He has been called "Le Vandyck de la miniature." He was born at Stockholm in 1736, and died in Liège in 1793. He painted in oil, pastel, enamel and miniature. His father was physician to the King, and was ennobled

in 1743. Pierre was brought up to the profession, but at the age of nineteen, found art so much more congenial to his tastes, that he quitted his studies to follow it. He went to Paris in 1760, became a member of the Academy in 1769, and immediately took the first place as miniaturist. He was never keen for work; devoted to music and hunting, he missed many an appointment in pursuit of pleasure. Gustavus III. sat many times to him and endeavoured to persuade him to return to Sweden, promising to appoint him keeper of the Royal Museum. At the approach of the Revolution, Hall found his best customers leaving France amongst the émigrés, and remembering the King of Sweden's promise, he decided to return to his native land. Whilst travelling slowly homewards, he learned the news of the death of his royal protector, and shortly afterwards he himself succumbed to an attack of apoplexy at Liège in 1793. He painted much for the Menus Plaisirs, several of his portraits being set in diamonds as boxes, bracelets, &c. One especially of the Dauphin (Louis XVI.) is mentioned, as having been sent to Marie Antoinette on her arrival at Strasbourg in 1770. For the portrait Hall was paid 111 louis (2664 francs), and the box in which it was mounted, surmounted by seventy fine brilliants, cost 75,678 francs. Another portrait by him of the Count de Provence sent amongst the other jewels to the Princess of Savoy, his affianced bride, was set as a bracelet, surmounted by sixteen large diamonds, at a cost of 15,552 francs. Certainly he deserves his high reputation; for lightness of execution, transparent shadows, vigour of tone, and luminous colour, Hall had few equals, and fewer superiors.

Jean Baptiste Isabey, born at Nancy in 1767, died in Paris in 1855. Of all the miniaturists of the French School, Isabey's name is best known to the world in general. His intimate connection with Napoleon, who was very fond of him, and the consequent introduction he thus obtained to all the celebrated men and women of the time, placed him in a position probably unattained by any other artist. It was said of him that he had painted every celebrated character in Europe. His first introduction to Napoleon was owing to the fact of his having taught drawing to the young Hortense de Beauharnais at the celebrated school of Madame Campan at St. Germain. Under Napoleon

UNKNOWN.

Sicard.

VILLAGE SCENE.

Blarenbergh.

MARIA THERESA.

Listard

THE EMPRESSES JOSEPHINE

AND

MARIE LOUISE.

Isabey.

THE DAUPHINESS.

Drouais.

MADAME RECAMIER.

Hall.

UNKNOWN.

Fragonard.



he not only painted miniatures, but arranged all the fêtes and grand receptions at the Tuileries, and invented the coats of arms of the marshals and others ennobled during that curious epoch in the world's history. The coat of arms provided for Massena is said to have been the joint production of Napoleon and Isabey, a winged victory figuring amongst its adjuncts. His long life made him acquainted with various rulers of the French nation. He painted Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and was finally provided with a pension in 1854 by the nephew of his first patron, Louis Napoleon. He died in the following year at the age of eighty-eight. Of all the portraits by Isabey, the rarest and most recherchés are of the period of the Directory, when Madame Tallien was the queen of fashion, and arrayed herself and her followers in the scantiest of classical costumes, the décolleté body and the open skirt giving the beholder a view of as much of nature and as little of covering as was consistent with common decency. To make up for the paucity of female attire, the men enveloped their necks in as much linen as would have sufficed for an ordinary female garment, dressed their hair in the absurd fashion to which was given the name of "oreilles de chien," and generally endeavoured by every means which the madness of the time could invent, to reduce the human form divine to a burlesque shadow of itself. Isabey has left memoirs of his life which are of great interest. He thus describes his first commencement: "I resolved to imitate the example of several of my fellow-pupils (he learned in the studio of David), who made a modest living by any means connected with painting. I made friends with a maker of snuff-boxes, who gave me orders for medallions to insert in the covers, generally copies from Vanloo and Boucher. I received from six to eight francs for each medallion, without the ivory. It was then the fashion to wear buttons as large as a five-franc piece, painted to resemble cameos, with cupids, flowers, landscapes, &c. I took to this mercantile art work, and received twelve sols for each piece. I also painted pastels for a picture dealer who had a shop under the colonnade of the Louvre."

Nicolas Lafrensen, more commonly known by his French cognomen of *Lavreince*, was not a portrait miniature painter, but

his little gouache pictures are so lovely, so graceful, the drawing so correct, and the composition so true to nature, that a passing notice of him can hardly be considered out of place in a work on miniature art. Of late years, his works have reached a fabulous value—as much as 25,000 francs have more than once been given in an auction for boxes bearing a medallion from his hand. He was born in Stockholm in 1737, and died there in 1807. He visited Paris several times, but finally retired to Stockholm in 1791, when the Revolution in Paris dispersed so many artists and others. He was then appointed miniature painter to the Court.

Madame de Mirbel, born at Cherbourg in 1796, died in Paris in 1849. Pupil of Augustin. Gifted by nature with charms of person and intellect, she rapidly took the leading place as miniaturist with Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe. Saint alone may be considered to rival her at that epoch. She combined breadth of treatment with delicate finish, in a manner rarely met with.

Pierre Pasquier, born at Villefranche 1740, died 1806. Said to be the best enameller of the reign of Louis XVI. It is curious that none of his enamels are known. The Louvre does not possess a single specimen. We are driven to the contemporary records for an opinion as to his performances. 'Le Mercure de France,' in 1769, speaks of an enamel portrait of the King of Denmark done from memory, as being a chef-d'œuvre of excellence, both as to the likeness, the agreeable colour, and perfection of management in the enamelling kiln. His name appears always with the most favourable notices in the various exhibitions of the time, and he supplied royal portraits for diplomatic snuff-boxes, many of which have an historical interest. One was given to M. de Vergennes, who brought the news to Paris of the conclusion of a treaty with the Swiss Cantons; another to Messrs. Dean and Lee, American Deputies, who in 1778 signed the treaty of alliance between the King and the United States; a third to the Spanish Admiral, Don Louis Cordova, for his assistance in the operations of the French Fleet in the Channel. This cost 22,512 francs.

Daniel Saint, born at St. Lo 1778, died 1847. He was a worthy rival of Isabey and Madame de Mirbel. He painted all the members of the Royal and Imperial families, and in various auctions his miniatures have realized very considerable prices.

Jean Sicardi. Of all the first-class miniaturists of the period we know less of Sicardi than of any other. He was extensively employed by the Court, and probably painted Louis XVI. more frequently than any other artist, for which he always received 360, and occasionally 450 francs, a larger sum than any contemporary artist except Hall. The boxes in which they were mounted were sometimes very costly, such sums as 6580, 24,830, 9580 francs being set down as their value.

Jacques Thouron, born in Geneva 1737, died 1790. M. Chaussard, author of 'Le Pausanias Français,' names him as the sole artist who revived the art of enamelling under Louis XVI., an assertion having little foundation in fact, considering that such enamellers as Carteau, Vassal, Courtois, Jacques de Mailly, Pasquier, Weyler and the illustrious Hall were at work at the same time as Thouron.

The preceding names include all the celebrated artists who belonged to the French School of miniaturists. During the latter half of the 18th century and early part of the 19th, they were quite as numerous, if not more so, than in England, and considering the mediocrity of many of them, it seems hardly worth while to give details of them all.

Nearly all the leading portrait painters of the French School amused themselves occasionally with miniatures. I have specimens in my possession by Porbus, Mignard, De Troy, Santerre, Rigaud, Boullonge, &c.; and small portraits by Philip de Champagne, Jean Mark Nattier, Largillière, and others are well known. Nattier succeeded so admirably in gouache miniatures, that he seems to the manner born; Marshal Saxe, the Duchesse de Villars, Madame Deschappelles, Madame de Pompadour and others by this clever artist, have appeared here in different collections, in every respect most admirable.

Amongst the crowd of professed miniaturists of the late 18th century, there are perhaps a few deserving a name—Rocher,

Duchastelet, Delmont, Lespinière ; A. Vestier, correct in drawing, but a very poor colourist ; Hypolite and J. B. Sauvage, who painted chiefly in grisaille, on a black background ; Boissieu, inimitable for lead-pencil miniatures, sufficiently fine to be mounted in boxes ; Joseph Bordes, a pupil of Isabey ; Joseph Boze ; Madame Cadet, an enameller ; S. G. Counis, also an enameller, a pupil of Girodet ; J. B. Garaud, remarkable for the extreme finish of his portraits, somewhat resembling our John Smart. An artist named *Gonore* was a very expeditious miniaturist. He advertises in the newspapers, in 1786, that he takes perfect profile likenesses, which only require a sitting of three minutes. Nicolas Jacques, pupil of David and Isabey. He is historically interesting, as it was from a miniature by him of Leopold, then Prince of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians, that the eldest daughter of Louis Philippe decided to become the wife of Leopold. A. F. Lagrenée, son of the charming artist, L. J. F. Lagrenée, commenced life as an historical painter, but settled later on to devote himself to miniature. J. S. Mosnier painted the Royal Family from life, and furnished the usual diplomatic portraits to the *Menus Plaisirs*. Penel, Passot, Perin ; Poumeyrac, pupil of Madame de Mirbel ; Prudhon, Le Tellier ; Quaglia, much esteemed by the Empress Josephine ; Rouvier ; Savignac, of whom lovers of Blarenberghe must beware, as he nearly equalled the minute scenes of the two masters ; Soiron, an enameller under the Empire, very well spoken of in contemporary notices. Madame Villayer Coster, wife of the genre painter Coster, is said to have equalled Van Späendonck in flower painting, and to have succeeded as well in portraiture. Violet frequently painted Louis XVI., but was a poor weak creature—flesh tints painted with port wine, and features exaggerated almost to caricature.

§ 2.—*German, Dutch and Flemish Schools.*

The earliest art records of these countries, as indeed of all other parts of Europe, are intimately associated with illumination and the miniatures of the Missal. The inflexibility of the Byzantine tradition had set its seal upon all sacred art, reducing to a dead

level of conventionality all attempts to portray the human form. But during the 14th century, the hour of revival seemed to strike simultaneously at all points of the intellectual world, and a general desire arose to emancipate art from the prescription of the church authorities, and to substitute the element of life for the principle of idealism.

This new feeling is happily expressed in the old chronicle of Limburg, dated 1380: "There was then at Cologne a painter named Wilhelm, the best in all the countries of Germany. He has painted men of every description *as if they were alive*. His talented pupil, Stephen Lockner, commonly known as Meister Stephan, has left a specimen of his work in a triptych in Cologne Cathedral, full of charming finish and harmonious colour."

The beginning of the 15th century witnessed, perhaps, the most remarkable of all the great awakenings from the sleep of the Byzantine artists; namely, the flashing into life of the Flemish School. In Italy, the Renaissance began with slow and laborious steps. Giunta of Pisa, Guido of Siena, &c., sought painfully and timidly to leave the beaten track, and although the great change proceeded at a quicker rate when Cimabue and Giotto appeared upon the scene, a century or more elapsed before perfection was attained.

The Flemish School sprang at once into the full vigour of manhood.

The great Van Eyck family, at one bound of genius, gave to the archaic work of their predecessors a splendour which left the Venetian School but little to achieve, and imbued the stiff mechanical productions of the time with the movement and vitality which characterise the great uprising of Gothic art.

The family name of the brothers Hubert and Jean Van Eyck is unknown, but according to the custom of the time, they adopted that of their native town, Maesyck (Eyck-sur-Meuse).

Absolutely nothing is known of their early history, though, as usual, tradition has busied herself in accumulating a number of assertions, of which there is no documentary proof whatever. It is not even certain that Hubert was the elder of the two brothers, for no record of their birth has been found.

Of the art work of Hubert there are but slight remains. He undoubtedly designed the great masterpiece of the period, the altar-screen of Ghent, illustrating the "Redeeming Lamb" of the Apocalypse; but his early death in 1426 prevented his doing more than trace out the plan of the great work, which was probably entirely painted by his brother Jean. The "Triumph of the Christian Church over the Synagogue," in the Museum of Madrid, has been assigned to him on the authority of Passavant, though several German critics consider it a copy executed not earlier than the 16th century. In fact, we must look to Jean Van Eyck as the creator of Flemish art; and the enthusiastic encomiums showered on him by Professor A. J. Wauters, to whose patient researches we owe the clearing up of so many dark spots connected with the history of the Flemish school, are richly deserved.

"The genius of Jean Van Eyck, his perfection, his audacity, his success, and his renown, are such that they force posterity to see him only; he entirely supersedes his obscure forerunners and contemporaries, and would fain lead the spectator to believe in a bold improvisation, a prodigy, by which some supernatural power, working on the soil of Flanders, suddenly brought forth Flemish painting in all its glory."

No subject connected with the history of art has given rise to more fierce altercation than the alleged discovery of oil-painting by Jean Van Eyck. The deliberate assertion by Vasari, writing in 1550, that "the first inventor of the oil medium was a native of Flanders, Jean de Bruges," has been met by the production of the writings of a monk named Teofilo, commonly called Ruggiero, who wrote on painting in the 11th century, and who describes the use of "oleum lini, sine aquâ," as a medium. Possibly the Flemish painter developed and perfected a process which had long been known, but never put to practical use before his time.*

The work was worthily carried on by the second great master

* Up to this period all painting had been executed in tempera, the colours being mixed with water, white of egg, or some glutinous substance, being afterwards covered with an oleo-resinous varnish to add vigour to the dulness of the colour, and also to preserve the painting. Giotto is supposed to have tried the oil medium unsuccessfully, and certainly his followers up to the latter half of the 15th century exclusively painted in tempera.

of the school, Roger de la Pasture, better known under the Flemish translation of the name, Roger Van der Weyden, born at Tournai about 1400. He, in turn, instructed Hans Memling, and these three men may be looked upon as the great triumvirate of 15th century Flemish art.

Naturally, the great revelation rapidly spread over northern Europe. In Holland, the earliest of her masters, Albert van Ouwater, probably learned from Jean Van Eyck himself, who spent two years at the Hague, 1422-24. Later on Cornelius Engelbrechts and his illustrious pupil, Lucas van Leyden (a very prodigy of art, seeing that he is said to have engraved plates from his own designs in his ninth year), derived their inspiration from Jean's successors, Van der Weyden and Memling.

In Germany, too, they had many pupils. The old Nordlingen painter, Frederic de Herlen, journeyed to Brussels to study under Van der Weyden, but his most renowned disciple was Martin Schongauer of Colmar, who exercised a very considerable influence on the various schools of Germany. Even the chief of the German School, the mystic Albert Dürer, though primarily instructed by Wohlgemuth, certainly took the Colmar painter for his model, thus becoming indirectly connected, through Martin Schongauer and Roger Van der Weyden, with the great creator of the Flemish School, Jean Van Eyck.

But we must tear ourselves away from this fascinating theme. None of these early giants are known to have produced a miniature portrait, although for extraordinary finish and marvellous detail, the panels of the Van Eycks must clearly be classed amongst miniature art.

In the following list of artists who combined miniature-painting with many other accomplishments, I have not thought it necessary to separate them strictly into their various nationalities. So many of them passed from one country to another in the course of their career, that their artistic work often belongs as much to one of the three countries now under consideration as to another. These early workers were rarely content with one artistic *métier*; painting, engraving, illuminating, wood-carving, and even architecture and sculpture were often found combined in the person of one of these

men. They can have passed but little of their time in "vain, inglorious ease."

Lucas Cranach, 1470-1553, contemporary of Albert Dürer, was one of the earliest of the German masters who produced a miniature portrait. His real name was Sunder; he adopted the name Cranach from the place of his birth. He was Court painter to three electors of Saxony and partner in the first printing press erected at Wittenberg. He was also Burgomaster of Wittenberg and the intimate friend of the great reformers, Luther and Melanchthon. He was one of the multifarious artists before alluded to; he painted in oil, illuminated missals, and was perhaps more celebrated as an engraver than a painter. He excelled in portraits, and was one of the most noted carvers of portrait medallions in wood of the time. He executed miniature portraits of the Electors of Saxony and of the Reformers. He had a son, known as Lucas Cranach the younger, whose works exhibit considerable grace and glowing colour, the latter point perhaps rather too strongly marked. A considerable number of the works of both father and son are still preserved in Saxony and Berlin.

Christopher Amberger, born at Nuremberg in 1485, pupil of the elder Holbein. His portraits are better than his historical pictures. He afterwards imitated the style of Holbein so exactly, both in large portraits and miniatures, that it is probable he is the real painter of many a likeness that passes for the work of the great Augsburg artist. He never visited England.

Hans Asper, born at Zurich in 1499, was another artist whose portraits and miniatures have served to swell the reputed performances of Holbein. It is the usual fate of successful imitators to verge their individuality in that of their model.

Hans von Melem comes under the same category.

Hans Baldung again, also called Grün, or Grien, has been previously mentioned in the notice of Holbein, as supplying a monogram, which has been occasionally attributed to Holbein, HB.

Some of the earliest of the Flemish miniaturists have been already mentioned, especially Simon Binninck and his talented daughter Levina Teerlinck.

Luke Hornebolt and his sister Susannah, Gwillim Stretes and others, flourished in England, and have come under that head.

One of the earliest Flemish miniaturists mentioned is *Louis Fanssen Bos*, born at Bois-le-Duc about 1450, died in 1507. He painted portraits in a very finished and laborious manner, but he also executed wonderful miniatures of fruit, flowers, &c., even producing small insects on the leaves with a finish almost incredible.

John Breughel, nicknamed Velvet Breughel, from his love of fine dress, was born at Brussels in 1565. He produced many water-colour miniatures, but afterwards took to oil painting, and excelled in landscape with small figures, admirably drawn. Rubens so greatly admired his work, that he asked him to supply the landscape background to many of his pictures. The combined artists produced the picture of Adam and Eve in Paradise, now in the Louvre. He died in 1642.

John Baptist Deynum, born at Antwerp in 1620. Painted only in distemper, and was much employed as a portrait miniaturist.

Philip Fruytiers, born at Antwerp in 1620. He began historical subjects in oil, but afterwards devoted himself entirely to portrait miniature. He must have been a good artist, as he was selected by Rubens to paint himself and family in miniature, wholly to the satisfaction of the great man. He died in 1677.

Joseph Werner, born in Switzerland in 1637. A pupil of Matthew Merian at Frankfort. He began life with pictures in oil and fresco, but his love of high finish induced him to take to miniature portraits, which he carried to great perfection. He went to France and was largely employed by Louis XIV. He thence travelled to the Court of Innsbruck, where he painted the Austrian Court, and finally, in 1696, was appointed by Frederick, Elector of Brandenburg, Director of the Academy at Berlin. He died in 1710.

Nicholas Cramer, born at Leyden in 1670, pupil of William Mieris and Karel de Moor. He settled down to portrait miniature and rose to considerable distinction in this branch of art.

The family of *Valkenburg* of Malines, produced three artists celebrated for landscapes and miniature portraits. Their dates are somewhat uncertain, but extend from 1584 to 1636.

Constantine Frederick Blessendorf, born at Berlin in 1675, was engraver as well as miniature painter, and both drew and engraved many portraits for frontispieces and headings to books.

James Christopher Le Blond, born at Frankfort in 1670, went to Italy and studied under Carlo Maratti. He settled in Amsterdam as a miniaturist, where his work was much esteemed. He visited England and set on foot a project for printing mezzotint plates in colour, which however came to nothing.

Balthasar Vanden Bosch, born at Antwerp in 1675. He excelled in painting small interiors, with numerous figures. He painted a large miniature of the great Duke of Marlborough on horseback, which created quite a sensation at the time. He died in 1715.

Anna Vasser, born in Zurich in 1679. She was a pupil of Joseph Werner. Her success as a portrait miniature painter was little short of that achieved by her master. Her fame spread throughout Germany, and she received commissions from nearly every Court in the Empire. She died in 1713.

Henrietta Wolters, born at Amsterdam in 1692. Was a pupil of Le Blond. She however took Vandyck as her model in portraiture, and copied some of his works in miniature with surprising success. When Peter the Great was at Amsterdam, he made her the most flattering offers to visit St. Petersburg. Frederick William, King of Prussia, also tempted her to settle in Berlin, but she refused, and lived and died in Amsterdam. The date of her death is 1741.

Gerard Melder, born at Amsterdam in 1693. He showed a very early inclination for art, and, becoming possessed of some miniatures by Rosalba, he studied and copied them, thereby attaining a very considerable reputation as a miniaturist. He also painted in enamel, but not so successfully as in water-colour.

Antonio Raffaele Mengs, born in Bohemia in 1728. His father Ishmael Mengs, a miniature painter of very poor quality, instructed him in the first rudiments of art, and he visited Rome and copied many of the works of Raffaele in miniature for Augustus III., Elector of Saxony. He also painted a few miniature portraits, but his chief works are of large dimensions, the finest of them being in the Royal Collection in Madrid.

Peter Boy, lived at Frankfort, painted miniatures in water-colour and enamel. He died in 1727.

Peter Boy the younger, son of the above artist. He learned painting from his father, and became a good enameller. He died in 1742.

J. Georg Baur, born at Vienna in 1743. Pupil of Schmulzer. He held an appointment at the Academy of Arts and was in his time a fashionable miniaturist. He died at the end of the 18th century.

Johann Friedrich Beer, born at Eisfeld in Saxony, but little is known of his work.

The family of Dinglinger were celebrated in the 18th century.

Johann Melchior Dinglinger was a great enameller, but chiefly occupied in goldsmiths' work, and in this branch of the enameller's art was probably the best of the 18th century. He died in 1767.

George Frederic Dinglinger, brother of the above artist, was painter and enameller to Augustus II., Elector of Saxony. He painted many portraits. Died 1720.

Sophie Dinglinger, a sister of the above, was a very good miniaturist and was taught enamelling by her brothers.

Carl Frederic Thienpondt. Born in Berlin 1720, died 1796. Pupil of a French artist named Pesne, who settled in Berlin. Thienpondt was persuaded by Ishmael Mengs to give up large subjects and devote himself to miniature and enamel, in which he succeeded admirably. I have four enamels by him, signed and dated, of excellent workmanship.

Adelbert Beer, brother of the above. He practised chiefly at Prague and died in 1762.

A Dutch artist named *Bekking*, born about 1780, rose to considerable reputation as a miniaturist at the end of the 18th century.

Ignaz Bergmann, a painter practising at Vienna, was celebrated for the grace and fine composition of family groups in miniature.

S. Bichelberger and her sister *C. Bichelberger* were both talented miniaturists practising at the Hague late in the 18th century.

Johann Samuel Blackner, born 1771, must have been a

prodigy, as he was already known as a miniaturist at the early age of fifteen. He was much employed by the Court, and painted the Princess of Courland no less than eleven times.

Barend Bosman, born at Dordrecht in 1742. He became the fashionable painter of Dutch beauty, possibly by a judicious touch of flattery.

Joseph Breckeisen practised both in Vienna and Copenhagen. His works are generally signed Br.

Joseph Bucker, born at Munich 1711, died 1775. A pupil of Pascal. He painted both in oil and water-colour.

J. Burkmann, a Bavarian by birth, born 1761. He finally settled in Amsterdam and rose to great distinction.

Heindrik Willem Caspari was another artist of Amsterdam, much patronized in his day.

The brothers *Chodowiecki*, Daniel and Gottfried, born at Dantzic in 1726 and 1728, were excellent miniaturists both in enamel and water-colour.

Isaak Jakob Clauze, born at Berlin 1728, was a very successful enameller. He had many pupils, and also taught the art of enamelling at the China manufactory at Berlin.

The list of artists practising miniature painting during the latter half of the 18th century could be extended very largely, but it seems hardly worth while to load a short memoir with names which mean but little to most English collectors. Specimens by German and Dutch artists are but rarely met with in this country, and, judging by those which do every now and then occur, the standard of excellence is decidedly inferior to either the English or French School.

One notable exception must, however, be made to this remark. *Henri Frederic Füger*, justly called the Cosway of Vienna, was born at Heilbronn in 1751. Died in Vienna in 1818. He began his artistic career in Italy, but after seven years' sojourn at Rome, fixed himself permanently in Vienna, where he became a member of the Academy of Fine Arts, and director of the Imperial Gallery of Painting. For delicacy of colour, correct drawing, and general refinement, his miniatures will compare favourably with our Cosway or the charming French artist Hall.

§ 3.—*Italian School.*

Considering the position occupied by Italy from early ages in relation to all artistic matters, not only as the inheritor of the glories of the classical times, but also as the chosen home of the great protest against crystallised idealism, which goes by the name of "Renaissance," when men, wearied of the trammels of the Churchmen, began to think for themselves, and to seek amongst the beautiful forms of the antique, worthier models than the elongated Evangelists of the Byzantine missal—when even in the sacred branch of art, including the miniature in the illuminated manuscript, the Italian artists in many respects equalled their competitors—it is somewhat strange that they should not have excelled also in portrait miniature. In the following pages I have got together, as far as I could, the names of the miniaturists whose work is most worthy; but, compared with their brethren of France and England, it will be seen that the list is but meagre, and judging by the specimens I have seen, the excellence of the work falls far short of the Northern standard.

We find mention of very small portraits being painted in oil and tempera by *Giovanni Antonio Licinio*, called Il Pordenone, the name of a small town in Friuli, where he was born in 1484. This artist so nearly approached Titian in power, that the great Venetian painter pursued him with a deadly hatred, and when Licinio died at Mantua in 1540, it was strongly suspected that poison had put an end to his existence.

Girolamo Amalteo, born about 1510, painted both portraits and general subjects in miniature. He died young, or, according to Ridolfi, would certainly have equalled his great contemporary Licinio.

Bernardo Buontalenti, called Dalle Girandole, was a universal genius—painter, sculptor and architect. Born in 1536, at an early age he was taken into the service of Cosmo I., Grand Duke of Tuscany, who caused him to be educated in the best manner. Taught painting by Salviati and Bronzino, sculpture by Michael Angelo, and architecture by Giorgio Vasari, he completed his

learning by studying miniature painting under Giulio Clovio. He was also a great mechanic and excellent mathematician. He executed miniature portraits of Cosmo, and many members of his Court.

Giulio Campagnola, born about 1500, painter and engraver. He excelled in miniature, introducing many portraits into his illuminations.

Bernardo Castelli, born at Genoa in 1557, was an eminent miniaturist; there is no record, however, of his having produced portraits, his chief work apparently being a marvellous rendering of birds and insects.

Sophonisba Anguisciola, born at Cremona in 1530, died at Genoa about 1620. She belonged to a noble family in Cremona, and was a pupil of Bernardo Campi. Her fame as a portrait painter induced Philip II. of Spain, the great encourager of art at the time, to invite her to Madrid, where she arrived about the year 1560. She taught painting to the Queen of Spain and her sister; the latter would have risen to great excellence had she not died young. Sophonisba's three sisters, Lucia, Europa and Anna Maria, were also miniature painters, but never rose to the same point of excellence as their elder sister.

Johann Baptiste Anticone was a pupil of Sophonisba, and flourished in Naples towards the end of the 16th century. He was celebrated as a miniature portrait painter, for his fine drawing and powerful colour.

Leonardo Corona, born in 1561, was the son of a miniaturist, though of little mark. Leonardo, however, became a very accomplished painter, founding his style on Titian, whose works he copied so exactly that connoisseurs could not tell the copy from the original. He painted miniature portraits in water-colour and oil.

Giovanni Valesio, son of a Spanish soldier, born at Bologna in 1561. Although he painted large pictures for the churches, he is better known as an engraver and miniaturist, in which branches he attained considerable distinction.

Giovanna Garzoni, born at Ascoli, painted chiefly in Rome and Florence. She flourished about 1630, and at Florence was largely employed by the various members of the Medici family and the

Florentine nobility. A marble monument was erected to her memory at the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome.

Giovanna Fratellini, another celebrated female miniaturist, was born at Florence in 1666. She painted in oil, water-colour and crayons, and at the Court of Cosmo III. found abundant employment as a miniature portrait painter. Her pastel portraits are said to have been in no way inferior to those of Rosalba.

Ippolito Galantini, called Il Cappucino, and sometimes Il Prete Genoese. Born at Genoa in 1627. He was a monk of the order of the Capuchins. A good deal of his miniature work was probably connected with missal illumination, but he taught the art of portrait miniature to the foregoing artist, Giovanna Fratellini.

Padre Felice Ramelli was another ecclesiastic, celebrated as a miniaturist. He was born at Asti in 1666, and learned miniature painting from another clerical artist, Padre Danese Rho. The King of Sardinia invited him to his Court, where he was largely employed as a portrait miniaturist. Amongst other work, he painted for the King the miniature portraits of the most celebrated painters, many of which he copied from the originals painted by themselves, in the Florentine Gallery.

Giovanna Marmocchini, born at Florence in 1670. Like Fratellini, she was taught miniature painting by the Capuchin Galantini. She also worked much in pastel, and was the favourite painter of the Grand Duchess.

Giovanni Baptista Stefaneschi, born near Florence in 1582. He was a monk, and is generally called l' Eremita di Monte Senario. He painted some miniature portraits, but was chiefly employed by Ferdinand II., Duke of Tuscany, to copy in miniature the works of the most eminent Italian artists.

Teresa del Po, a member of an artistic family, born in Naples, in what year is uncertain. She died in 1716. She painted miniature portraits in oil and water-colour, and also engraved several plates.

The position assigned to Cosway in England, Hall in France, and Füger in Germany, must be given in Italian miniature art to Rosalba Carriera.

Rose Alba Carriera, commonly called Rosalba, was born at

Chiozza, near Venice, of a noble family, in 1675. She died in 1757. She painted in oil, water-colour and pastel. She was the pupil of Antonio Lazzari, of Diamentini, and Antonio Balestra. For some time she confined herself to oil painting, but afterwards kept entirely to miniature and pastel. About 1720, she visited Paris in company with her brother-in-law Pellegrini, and created quite a furore in the French capital. She was elected with acclamation a member of the Academy, presenting at her reception a picture of one of the Muses. She painted the King and all the members of the Royal Family and Court, and was fêted and caressed by all the great personages of the time. She certainly merited all the praise she received. She combined, in an extraordinary manner, grace of design with charming colour. There is a refinement, a tenderness of tint and delicacy of handling in the portraits, surpassed by no artist of the 18th century, and equalled by few. Ten years before her death she lost her sight, from over application during very many years, but she found consolation in a life of active benevolence, and the sympathy and respect which surrounded her to the last.

Scipio Capella, who flourished in Naples about 1740, was a very good miniature painter. He was a pupil of Solimena, and, in addition to portrait miniatures, copied many of his master's pictures "in little."

Agazzi, a Milanese, was of later date; he was at work up to 1830.

Antonio Alessandria, also a Milanese, was of about the same period.

Giuseppe Baldrighi, born at Stradella in 1723, a pupil of Mericci. He also studied in Paris under Boucher, and then returned to Ravenna, where he established a school of miniature painting. He died at Parma, at the age of eighty.

Giuseppe Longhi, born at Monza in 1766. He was almost more celebrated as an engraver than as a miniaturist; but, nevertheless, he painted some excellent miniatures. One of Napoleon by him was exhibited at South Kensington of considerable power.

Bianca and *Matilda Festa* were both celebrated as miniature

painters in Rome at the latter part of the 18th century. The elder sister, Bianca, was appointed Professor of drawing in the Academy of St. Luke.

Giacomo Ardoli, a good miniaturist of the late 18th century. I have seen a portrait of Napoleon and Josephine by him, which would have passed muster as good work, had not our ideas of the great Corsican and his first Empress been formed on the miniatures of them by Isabey, Aubrey, Saint, &c.

Le Chevalier Pompée Battoni. Born at Lucca in 1708, died at Rome in 1787. Pupil of Domenico Brugieri and G. Lombardi. He painted a vast number of the celebrities of the time in miniature, and in larger works almost rivalled Raphael Mengs, then the most esteemed painter. Like so many other artists, he commenced life as a jeweller, and his first essay in miniature painting was the copying a miniature in a snuff-box which had been entrusted to him to repair. His copy far exceeded the original.

Sophie Giordano, born at Turin in 1779, died in 1829. A pupil of Maron and his wife, who was a descendant of Raphael Mengs. Her miniatures are excellent. I have seen a female portrait signed by her, quite worthy to be classed amongst the works of the chiefs of the art.





CHAPTER XII.

MODELLING IN WAX.



ALLUDED incidentally to the miniature portraits executed in wax in Italy during the 16th century, now known as the "Italian 16th-century jewelled waxes." In writing a history of miniature, it is somewhat difficult to draw the line which shall include or exclude certain branches of art more or less connected with miniature. In one sense, we might almost include medallists, who clearly produced miniature portraits; but, although they largely modelled the portraits in wax to begin with, they only worked in this manner as a means to an end, and the ultimate production in bronze or other metal was not the work of their hand, in the sense of a painted miniature or even a coloured wax portrait—the direct emanation of their brain and fingers.

With regard to miniature wax portraits, produced as works of art, complete in themselves, and with no idea of being translated into any other form or material, the case is different, and seems legitimately to come within the sphere of this short history.

In certain ways, modelling in wax is one of the oldest of the arts. It was certainly known to the Greeks and Romans. Equally was wax employed by the Persians and old Egyptians. In the time of Alexander the Great, there was a well recognised class of artists in wax, who rivalled the sculptors and workers in bronze. One artist is specially mentioned, Lysistratus, who produced remarkable portraits in this body, colouring them to

imitate life. In Rome, the workers in wax carried on a large business. A patrician funeral was incomplete without the portrait of the deceased in wax being borne at the head of the procession, and every humble client kept in his house the bust of his great patron in the same material. Lampridus tells us that the Emperor Heliogabalus amused himself by playing practical jokes in this material. He used to ask his friends to dinner, and placed before them each article of the *menu* executed in wax, whilst he sat at the head of the table and ate freely of the real dishes. After each course, his guests, as was the custom before forks were invented, were expected to wash their hands, and each was presented with a glass of water to wash down the imaginary meal. From the commencement of the 15th century, the Italian jewellers and sculptors largely employed wax for modelling purposes. Luca della Robbia, Ghiberti, Baccio, Bandinello, Bartolommeo, Genga and others, used it freely. Jacopo Sansovino, Leone Leoni, Francesco Francia, the great Michael Angelo himself and his successor, Giovanni di Bologna, have left many works in this material.

The Venetian Jacopo Sansovino modelled much in wax, amongst other well-known works, a very fine "Descent from the Cross." He was chosen, together with the Spaniard, Alonzo Bernguetta, Zaccheria Zachi, and Il Vecchio, of Bologna, to model in wax the group of the Laocoon, to be cast in bronze. Raphael was appointed judge, and unhesitatingly gave the prize to Sansovnio. The Museum of Munich possesses a very beautiful group in wax of the descent from the Cross, attributed to Michael Angelo. One of the loveliest works left to us is the bust of a young girl in the Museum of Lille. It is a little smaller than life-size. Nothing can surpass it in simple and chaste dignity, refined idealism, or fine modelling. It is usually attributed to Raphael; but Monsieur Jules Renouvier believes it is the work of the Florentine Orsino, and was probably a sort of monumental effigy placed in one of the Italian churches. Orsino was the nephew of Jacobo Benintendi, who, together with his sons, was celebrated for his art-work in wax, Orsino, especially, producing life-size busts. Vasari mentions life-size portraits of Lorenzo de'Medici, which in all the details were marvels of life-like rendering.

In the 16th century quite a rage arose in Italy for small portrait medallions in coloured wax, the richness of the costumes being heightened by the employment of gold work and precious stones. Alfonso Lombardi, a sculptor of Ferrara 1487-1536, and Pastorino, of Sienna, were two of the earliest and best known artists in this material. Vasari bears witness to the wide-spread taste for these beautiful works. "Pastorino, of Sienna, has acquired a great celebrity for his wax portraits. It can be said of him that he has modelled everybody, high and low, rich and poor. He has invented a composition which is capable of reproducing the hair, beard, and skin in the most natural manner. It would take me too long to enumerate all the artists who model wax portraits, for now-a-days there is scarcely a jeweller who does not occupy himself with such work. Many private gentlemen also practise it, especially Giò Battista Sazzi, of Sienna, and Rosso de Guigni, of Florence, and an infinity of others."

The Neapolitan Azzolini, about the same time, also produced the jewelled waxes in large numbers.

Benvenuto Cellini worked largely in wax. A discovery only made in 1883 brought to light a most interesting portrait in coloured wax of François de Médicis. The likeness was sent by the Grand Duke François to his mistress, the celebrated Bianca Capello, with the following note: "Ma bien-aimée Bianca, de Pise, je vous envoie mon portrait que m'a fait, notre maître Cellini,* en lui prenez mon cœur.

DON FRANCESCO."

I have a lovely group of the dying Cleopatra, in reddish wax almost resembling marble, attributed to Cellini. If fine modelling and intense feeling can be taken as a proof of its origin, I should not hesitate to set it down as Cellini's work.

Many other artists were celebrated in their time for jewelled wax portraits, notably Alessandro Abbondio, a Milanese, and Antonio Cassonia.

The Abbé Don Gaetano Giulio Zumbo, born at Syracuse in

* Eugène Plon, Un portrait en cire de Fr. de Médicis. Gazette des Beaux Arts, Octobre 1883.

1637, carried the process a step further. He mingled wax modelling with painting to produce a real picture. The modelling is excellent, but opinions may differ as to the pleasing effect of the compositions as a whole. Late in life he visited Paris, and died there in 1701.

The Germans and French had each a distinct school of artists in wax, though neither ever reached the excellence of the Italians. The portrait medallions of Laurent Strauch and Wenceslas Meller of Nuremberg in the 16th century, of Weilhemmayer, Raymond Faltz, Brannin and others in the 17th century, came nearest to the Italian artists.

Daniel Neuberger, 1626-1657, employed himself more in coloured bas-reliefs of classical subjects than in portraits. His brother also worked in the same manner.

The necromancers of the Middle Ages made constant use of waxen images in their bewitchments. The professors of Black Magic, desirous to obtain power from their great magic agent and master, and anxious to please him by their sacrileges, mingled baptismal oil with the wax, and compounded it with ashes of burned hosts, which they were able to obtain from apostate and sympathising priests; for the Church contributed many, and some of the most famous names, to the ranks of the old sorcerers. The accursed wax, thus kneaded and tempered, was fashioned into the most accurate and striking likeness of the person to be bewitched that the art and hate of the magician could accomplish. Nor was a perfect resemblance and reproduction of the victim sufficient. If procurable, the figure had to be built up with things belonging to the person, and a lock of hair, a few drops of blood, or a tooth would make the spell more infallible. The image must be dressed in clothes similar to the garments worn by the individual, and the sorcerer should give it the sacraments that the person would himself receive, calling down on the waxen figure every malediction that the rancour of his heart could suggest. Every torture that the necromancer could devise, or the enemy for whom he worked, commissioned him to employ, was to be wreaked upon the image, so that the person represented might be sympathetically reached and tormented. Among the ancients, and in the Middle Ages, the

bewitchments of malevolence and the operations of black magic were a fantastic combination of sacrileges and ceremonials appalling to the imagination by their influence on the human will and the fears of their victims. When necromancy retired before the light of science, and sorcerers and wizards, or more frequently witches, grew lower in the scale of society, the waxen images were fashioned more clumsily and with less art, and the tortures were of a simpler nature. The figure was often degraded into a mere cushion for pins, and those small weapons, by sympathetic analogy, were supposed to pierce the flesh of the bewitched one, or the waxen image was slowly melted before a witch-fire, while the life and strength of the victim simultaneously ebbed away.

At the death of Francis I. and Henry II. of France, the celebrated François Clouet was commissioned to prepare wax portraits of the departed Kings. He first took a plaster cast of the face, from which he prepared his wax model, using real hair for the head and beard, and finally painting the flesh in oil colour.

The family of Danfrie, father and son, holding the office of designers of coins to Henry III. and Henry IV. of France, were celebrated also for their wax portraits taken from nature.

The series of wax portraits at the Hôtel Cluny, contained in leather cases ornamented with steel, embracing the Royal personages of France from Louis XII. to Henry IV., is supposed to have been executed by the two Danfries. Michel Bourdin, Jean Paulo, Abraham Drentuet and Guillaume Dupré, were all at work early in the 17th century as artists in coloured wax portraits.

The most celebrated of the 17th-century workers in wax, however, was Antoine Benoist. He was appointed by Louis XIV. "Peintre du Roi et son unique sculpteur en cire colorée." He was born at Joigny in 1631. The King sat to him many times, and at Versailles is a coloured wax portrait of him, done from life, giving even the marks of the small-pox on the face, and which is supposed to be the best likeness of the King ever produced. I have a very curious specimen of his work; it is a tiny portrait of the King in coloured wax in an enamelled locket, said to have been a gage d'amour presented by the amorous monarch to Madame de Maintenon.

With regard to the likeness of the King at Versailles, I have not seen it, and am not quite sure by the description what its exact nature is. In one place, the word "médaille" is used, and in another "buste." I should think the latter was correct, as it is hardly possible that such details as the marks left by small-pox could be shown on a small medallion portrait. The same difficulty presents itself in considering a good deal of his work. He modelled the whole French Court, described in French as "les bustes en cire," and obtained the Royal consent to exhibit the collection in Paris and the provinces. He was summoned to England, and in the same way modelled the whole Court of James II. It is curious that nothing of the kind is known in any collection here, or, as far as I know, has ever been seen at Christie's or elsewhere. Benoist, or, as it is now written, Benoît, was also a very clever miniature painter. In the cabinet of medals at the "Bibliothèque Nationale" are twenty miniatures, on vellum, of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. and members of the Royal Family.

Many other artists in wax are mentioned, but generally as producing "bustes" rather than portraits, in the coloured style of the Italian medallions.

Pierre Mérard modelled Louis XV., Voltaire, and others.

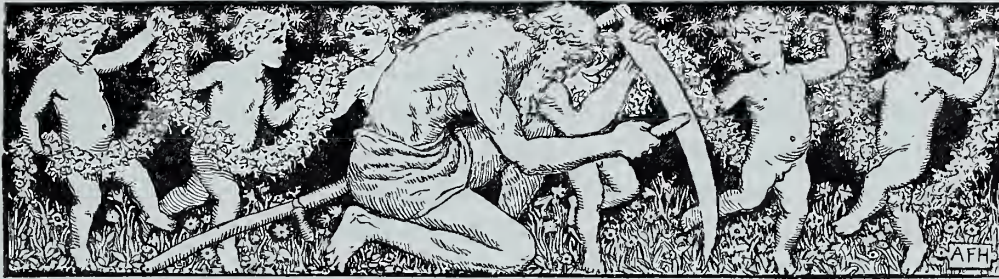
Clodion in some respects was the most graceful wax modeller of the 18th century. His forte was a rendering of nymphs, bacchanal scenes, &c., in low relief in white wax, rather than coloured portraits. I have a snuff-box with "a sacrifice to Cupid" on the top, which gives a very good idea of his charming grace. Every touch of the composition bespeaks the true artist.

The man who came nearest to the 16th-century Italians in coloured and jewelled wax portraits, in the Louis XVI. epoch, was *Couriguer*. I have a female portrait by his hand, in the costume of the late Louis XVI. It is admirably modelled, but the wax body seems far less dense and hard than in the Italian specimens. Other artists of the period are *Surugue*, *Lehrner*, *Regnault*, *Bardou*; *Cadet de Beaupré*, a pupil of *Clodion*; *Moraud*, who also modelled for Sèvres; *Pierre Petitot*, possibly a descendant of the great enameller; *Pinson*, a surgeon, who modelled portraits as well as anatomical preparations; *Orsi*, who made much money during the Revolution

by exhibiting his groups of the assassination of St. Fargeau and Marat; *Goudon*, who supplied white miniature portraits for the tops of snuff-boxes; *Renaud*, celebrated for his classical bas-reliefs; *Babonot*, who excelled also in ivory carving; *Ravrai*, who, like Goudon, supplied portraits for snuff-boxes. I have a lovely small portrait of the Baby King of Rome, signed and dated "U. Uriger, 9 Juin, 1811." The modelling is exquisite but uncoloured.

Dubut. Carl Claudius Dubut, the father, was a celebrated bronzist. He had two sons—John, who painted landscape, and Friedrich, who was the finest modeller in wax of his day. I have two signed specimens by this artist of Louis XIV. and his Queen Marie Thérèse.

If the English School of miniaturists excelled that of any foreign country, it must be conceded that in wax modelling we were far behind other nations. As regards coloured wax portraits, I am unable to give one name prior to the end of the 18th century, when *Percy* produced a large number of likenesses in very high relief, coloured to resemble life, but altogether unlike the Italian School. His work is generally full face, and not profile, beautifully modelled, and well coloured. I have several specimens from his hand, two of which are especially striking—the great political antagonists, Pitt and Fox. The modellers in white wax were numerous enough. Flaxman, Bacon, Joachim Smith, Gossett, Peter Rouw, and many others, have left us numerous specimens of their work. We must not forget to include James Tassie, the gifted stonemason of Glasgow, who modelled portraits in wax, chiefly with the view of reproducing them in the glass enamel with which his name is inseparably connected. Like miniature painting, wax modelling has become almost a lost art, the groups of flowers, so laboriously put together by our grandmothers, representing the last dying embers of work, which, for its intrinsic beauty and power of faithful record, well merits the notice of artists, who might find in its pursuit a higher pleasure and a surer recompense than in spoiling the acres of canvas now yearly doomed to failure.



CHAPTER XIII.

LA PETITE SCULPTURE.



ANOTHER kind of miniature art strictly analogous to modelling in wax, was what the French call "La petite sculpture." Marvellous as the whole subject is, showing to what extraordinary precision the human hand can be trained, we are chiefly concerned in the present work with that branch of it

which relates to portraits.

From the end of the 15th and during the whole of the 16th century, the art of carving on various substances, wood, lithographic stone, mother-of-pearl, ivory, &c., was practised in all European countries, but had its chief home and worthiest professors in Germany.

The two chief centres were Nuremberg and Augsburg, and the artists of these towns used a different material as the basis of their work.

The portrait sculptors of Nuremberg employed chiefly the *pierre tendre*, or lithographic stone (*Kalkstein*), of which two varieties are known—*Speckstein*, possessing a very fine grain, and of a greenish grey colour; and *Kelheimerstein*, with a coarse grain and yellowish tint.

In Augsburg, the artists worked chiefly in wood, box and pear being the favourites.

In these early times, so many painters achieved distinction in other branches of art, notably in sculpture, architecture and

engraving, that it is hardly surprising we should find amongst the portrait carvers of Germany the names of painters who have attained a world-wide reputation. Thus first amongst the Nuremberg carvers, we come across *Albert Dürer* (1471-1528). Naturally enough, the finest specimens of Nuremberg and Augsburg work are to be found in the Museums of Berlin, Munich, Dresden, &c. There are a few in the Louvre, and also in our own British Museum. Munich possesses four lovely portraits said to be by Albert Dürer, signed and dated 1517 and 1520.

Hans Holbein is credited with work of this kind. Indeed it is difficult to name any branch of art which this omniscient genius is not supposed to have followed. Walpole mentions a head of Henry VIII. in wood which was attributed to him, but I am not aware of any portrait medallion in wood which bears his signature.

What terrible havoc is occasionally wrought by the historical investigator! The cold, relentless steel of his scalpel remorselessly dissects out the bases upon which have been built up our most cherished traditions, and we wake up to find our dearest idols shattered, and our fondest hopes annihilated.

Moriz Thausing, in his exhaustive work on Albert Dürer, edited by F. A. Eaton, Esq., seeks to prove that the great Nuremberg artist never dabbled in sculpture. Here are his words :

“But what about the numerous sculptures in wood, hone-stone, ivory and various other materials everywhere attributed to Dürer? Most of them have no other guarantee of authenticity than the very easily forged monogram; the quality of the work scarcely justifies the attribution at all. It is impossible to recognise them, with but very few exceptions, as anything but later productions, intended merely to fill the cabinets of collectors of antiquities. . . . In fact, these highly prized reliefs are nothing but successful forgeries. Their very affinity to Dürer’s woodcuts is against their genuineness, for so thoughtful an artist was too well versed in the requirements of each method and material not to know that all the richness of wood engraving gives but a poor effect when rendered in relief, just as, on the other hand, wood engraving is altogether incapable of interpreting plastic softness and roundness of surface. The most celebrated of these works

are the high reliefs in hone stone, illustrative of incidents in the life of St. John the Baptist. The 'Visitation' is in the Episcopal Seminary at Bruges; the 'Birth of St. John,' in the British Museum; and the 'Preaching of St. John in the Wilderness,' in the Museum at Brunswick, all with the date 1510 and the monogram.

"The Ambras Museum at Vienna possesses four reliefs in hone stone, representing similar episodes in the life of St. John, but a monogram formed of the letters G and S connected, and an old inscription at the back, show them to be the work of Georg Schweigger, born at Nuremberg in 1613, and died there in 1690. He was highly esteemed as a master in all kinds of sculpture and metal-founding. These reliefs bear the dates 1644, 1645 and 1648. Three of them are worked à la Dürer, and the motives are borrowed from his woodcuts. We shall not be far wrong in attributing to the sculptor of the remarkable works in the Ambras Collection, the three spurious reliefs of 1510." He adds in a note: "It is needless to enumerate the sculptures attributed to Dürer in different places. There is, for example, in the Collection of Baron Rothschild at Vienna, a portrait medallion of Sebald Schreyer, in hone stone, with Dürer's monogram on it, of which contemporary writers declare they knew the author personally, and which nevertheless differs but little in character from other similar works."

Augustin Hirschvogel and *Peter Flotner* are also known by their signature of portrait medallions at Berlin and Munich. *Johann Teuchler* and *Hans Schaufflein*, the latter a pupil of Albert Dürer, produced several portraits, authenticated by their signature. *Lucas Cranach*, the painter (1472-1553), used both wood and lithographic stone. More than one portrait of his friend and patron, Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, are known to have been produced by him.

Tobie Wost was an engraver of medals at Dresden. The Louvre possesses a beautiful portrait in lithographic stone, bearing the monogram T. W., attributed to him.

Hans Schwartz was the most celebrated of all the Augsburg artists. He is seen at his best in the Berlin Museum, which contains quite a large number of his portrait medallions.

Lucas Van Leyden was almost as celebrated for his wood carving as for his pictures and engravings. He is well represented in the Louvre.

Hans Dollinger, the gem engraver, worked frequently both in wood and lithographic stone.

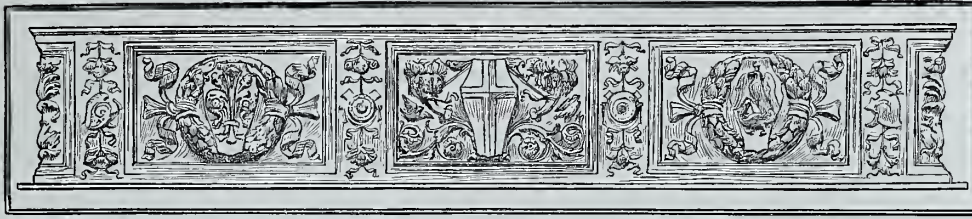
Heinrich Aldegrewer, another of Albert Dürer's pupils, worthily carried on his great master's work in lithographic stone, chiefly in portraiture.

Balthazar Ableitner is known by his signature on some very fine portrait medallions at Munich.

Lucas Kelien, *Georg Schweigger*, *Theodore van Ryswick*, *Adrien de Vries*, and others, continued the portrait carving into the 17th century. Many other artists are mentioned as carvers of work of small dimensions, but consisting of classical bas-reliefs, &c., rather than of portraits. Such are *Barckhuysen*, *Troyer*, *Bonzanigo* and his numerous pupils, *Bazard* and his friend *Vallier*, and many others.

The still smaller work, very properly named by the French "la sculpture microscopique," is more wonderful than artistic, and need not be fully described here. I have found a description of two pieces, however, which are worth recording, as showing the extent to which such work could be carried.

Properzia de Rossi, the celebrated gem engraver, born at Bologna, carved a peach-stone with the whole passion of Jesus Christ, showing the Apostles, the fourteen stations of the Cross, the executioners, and a crowd of people looking on. But even this is surpassed by the famous knife of *Leo Pronner* of Nuremberg, executed in 1606 for an Archduke of Austria. Monsieur Demmin in the 'Encyclopédie des Beaux Arts plastiques,' is the authority for the details. The length of the handle was ten centimetres (four inches), and was divided into thirteen drawers. In these drawers were stowed away the psalms, written on parchment in twenty-one languages, 1500 different tools, 100 pieces of gold, a chain fifteen centimetres long, composed of 100 rings, a cherry-stone carved with armorial bearings, twenty-four tin plates, twelve knives with steel blades and wooden handles, and forks to match, twelve wooden spoons, and a human hair divided in its thickness into ten parts.



CHAPTER XIV.

SNUFF-BOXES, ETC.



IN describing the works of the preceding artists, especially those of the French miniaturists, frequent mention has been made of the boxes in which so many of their portraits were mounted. To write anything like an exhaustive account of the various styles given to these boxes at different epochs, interesting as the subject is, a far larger space would be required than is consistent with this short memoir.

And yet, considering how intimate are the associations between the artist who painted the portrait, and the cunning worker who produced the box of which it became the crowning glory, it appears to me to be fitting that we should glance briefly at the subject, as a legitimate conclusion to the remarks on the foreign schools of miniaturists. History fails to enlighten us as to the exact period when the French first developed an absorbing taste for bon-bons; but as early as 1328, in the inventory of the goods of Queen Clemence, and indeed in many others up to Gabrielle d'Estrées (1599), bonbonnières, or, as they were then called, "drageoirs," are described of rock crystal, gold, silver, enamel, &c. Men as well as women carried these drageoirs always in their pocket, and it is related of François de Lorraine, Duc de Guise, that he was in the act of eating a bon-bon when he was assassinated by Poltrot; and his son, surnamed Le Balafré, was

indulging in the same childish taste, when he was murdered in the Château de Blois, by the Guards of Henri III. (1588).

Tobacco was introduced into Europe early in the 16th century by Christopher Columbus and his companions. Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh brought it to England direct from Virginia. It was first sent to France about 1560 by Monsieur Nicot, the French Ambassador at the Portuguese Court. He presented a packet of snuff to Catherine de Medicis, to cure her headaches. For a long time afterwards, snuff bore the title in France of "Poudre à la Reine," and the French botanists were so delighted with Monsieur Nicot, that they immortalised him by associating his name with the botanical term for tobacco—*Nicotiana tabacum*. Louis XIV. detested the fragrant weed in every shape, and no one at the Court dared ever to produce a snuff-box in the Royal presence. Nevertheless, the habit quickly penetrated all classes of society. Men, women, and even children considered their daily equipment incomplete without the inevitable snuff-box, and many are the sarcasms scattered here and there in the writings of the period levelled at the beauties of Louis XIV., with their painted cheeks and "le nez, barbouillé de tabac." During his long reign, Louis XIV. was profuse in his presents; carpets, tapestry, gold and silver plate, diamond-mounted swords, jewels of all sorts, were showered freely on all classes of recipients, but the word snuff-box or "tabatière" is never mentioned. Probably no monarch's likeness ever appeared in miniature, mounted in a box, so frequently as his did, but these were called "boîtes à portrait," and never "tabatières." The early specimens are pretty much alike, round, oval or rectangular, of dark tortoiseshell lined with gold, and bearing the enamel portrait generally outside the cover (but sometimes in the interior), the enamel set in a chased gold frame, with a thin blue enamel line outside the chased gold. The box is very shallow, too shallow, indeed, to have served as a snuff-box for such prodigious "priseurs" as the French then were, and was apparently intended merely as the base to the portrait.

About the year 1662, Pitan, then the King's jeweller, commenced a more elaborate style of box, and at his death in

1676, Pierre de Montarsy succeeded to the post. From this date to 1714, he produced nearly all the jeweller's work ordered by the King as presents, and his inventive genius was kept constantly employed in devising new patterns for the boîtes à portrait. A letter preserved in the archives, dated October 10th, 1694, from Monsieur Phélypeaux to Montarsy, is interesting for two reasons: first, as tending to show that portraits of the King were kept in stock; and secondly, as mentioning an artist, about whose identity authorities have differed. He says: "Je m'adresse à vous, pour vous dire de m'envoyer le plutôt qu'il se pourra, une boëtte à portrait de huit cents ou mille écus. Il faut que le portrait du Roy soit d'émail en relief, de la façon du Suédois, probablement, vous en avez un prêt." This "Suédois" has been variously settled by different authors. Jal gives him up hopelessly; Fournier says it must be Kleintgel, or Kleinglet. This wretched being, the worthy client of a most dissolute patron, the notorious Philippe d'Orléans, Regent of France, never painted anything as decent as a portrait; spending his unquestionable talent in supplying the Regent with miniatures of subjects of a very different order. The archives luckily help us to a solution of the question. There is an entry on March 30th, 1695, "Acheté par le S. Montarsy, joaillier, douze portraits émaillés, en bas-relief, représentant S. M., par Frédéric Bruckmann, Suédois, à 60 livres, 720 livres." I have previously mentioned that this "émail en relief," which seems to have been Bruckmann's speciality, is quite unknown to me. I never heard of a specimen being in any museum or collection. It is worthy of remark, that the whole of the royal portraits inserted in the boxes up to the end of the 17th century are enamels, furnished by Petitot, Bordier, Chatillon, Ferrand, Perrault, and this Swede Bruckmann. We hear no mention of water-colour miniaturists employed by the State until 1715, when the names of Bourdier, Duvigeon, and the three ladies Mesdemoiselles Brison, Château, and De la Boissière, appear on the register.

The 18th century was the time par excellence for snuff-boxes. M. Paul Moritz in the 'Gazette des Beaux Arts' thus speaks of them: "Les bonbonnières et les tabatières furent pendant cette

époque le luxe suprême. On faisait collection de ces menus ouvrages du caprice, comme on recherchait les tableaux ou les médailles. Les grands seigneurs avaient des tabatières à profusion et s'en paraient comme d'un bijou à la mode. Ces boîtes étaient en or ciselé, gravé, émaillé, en écaille brune ou blonde, cerclée, posée, piquée d'or de couleur; en porcelaine dure de Saxe; en pâte tendre de Sèvres, de Mennecey et de Chantilly; en nacre, en burgau, en ivoire, en pierre dure, en vernis martin, en écaille moulée imitant des marbres, &c. Des médaillons de toutes sortes, des mosaïques, des miniatures et des émaux, concouraient à l'ornementation de ces charmants bijoux." Some of these collections amounted to a prodigious number. Frederick the Great is said to have left amongst his treasures 1500 snuff-boxes, many of them of the choicest quality.

The Comte de Bruhl, the favourite minister of the King of Saxony, of whom Frederick the Great said, that he had "tant de perruques et si peu de tête," ordered for himself 300 complete costumes, each with its own appropriate walking-stick and snuff-box.

Occasionally a snuff-box proved useful, as happened to the Comte de Guiche, who was madly in love with the daughter of Charles I.—"La belle Henriette." He wore her portrait in a gold box, suspended from his neck. In one of the battles in which he was engaged, a bullet struck the box and turned off. He clearly owed his life to the object of his affections. At the beginning of the 18th century, the family of Berain infused a new spirit into the gold work of the period, and snuff-boxes especially felt the influence of their inventive genius. Many of the lovely boxes of the end of Louis XIV. and of the Regency, combining architectural details with the introduction of grotesque and fantastic figures birds, monkeys, &c., in the highest style of goldsmiths' work, owe their origin to the *Berain* family. Another style of ornament made its appearance towards the end of the Regency, bearing now-a-days the appellation of piqué work. Early in the reign of Louis XIV., Naples was celebrated for its boxes in ivory, "piqué" in gold; but an artist named *Devair* largely developed the process, using tortoiseshell as the basis. Four varieties of this work are mentioned in the 'Encyclopédie des Arts.' "Le piqué," in which a hole is pierced by the artist, and a thread of gold or silver

inserted, and then cut off. The heat produced by the piercer on the sensitive tortoiseshell, suffices to expand the hole, which, on cooling after the introduction of the gold thread, contracts and so holds the fine point in position.

“Le coulé” consists in inserting a gold thread in a continuous channel cut in the tortoiseshell by the graver, which, as before, expands during the passage of the tool and contracts upon the gold thread introduced. “L’incrusté” is a more complicated process. A plaque of gold is pressed in a die, representing the design to be produced; and is then applied to the tortoiseshell, made hot to receive it, and which by the expansion and contraction already mentioned, holds the gold plaque in its place, without any further attachment being necessary. “Le brodé” is composed of the piqué, coulé, and incrusté, mixed together in different parts of the design.

To the same period belong the Dresden boxes, consisting of a gold frame, with mother-of-pearl sides, and incrustation of jasper, agate or any other of the “pierres dures.” Taddel, Hoffmann and others were the chief workers known to fame. Bourquet and Ravechet, French goldsmiths of the time, imitated this Dresden work perfectly.

About 1736, Joaquet improved even on the Dresden style. Plaques of fine onyx, cornelian and other “pierres dures” were mounted in gold to form boxes, the framework displaying the most exquisite taste. Flowers of all sorts abound in the chased gold work, enamelled in their natural colours. He had many imitators, but the name of Joaquet is still pre-eminent, as applied to this lovely work.

The “boîtes à cage” are somewhat similar, enclosing specimens of agates, cornelians, &c., but these again are partly covered by subjects engraved in gold, silver and mother-of-pearl, or even by enamels and miniature pictures. Celebrated artists were employed to paint these enamels for the boxes. Aubert, Bourgoing, Le Bel, Le Sueur, De Mailly, and others, are amongst the well-known enamellers of snuff-boxes.

Returning now to the “boîtes à portrait” of Louis XV., we find the name of Jean Baptiste Massé as supplying a very large number of the Royal portraits for the boxes. Le Brun,

Vincent, Penel, Charlier, Prevost, Cazaubon, Musson, &c., are frequently mentioned ; whilst for enamels we have Liotard, Rouquet, Durand, Boit and Bourgoing. Under Louis XVI., the artists most employed appear to have been Welper and Sicardi, with Augustin, Courtois, Hall and Le Tellier for enamels.

The habit of distributing snuff-boxes and boîtes à portrait as presents, which reached its height during the 18th century, was not confined to France, but common to most of the Courts of Europe. However, in no other country were such gems of art produced, or showered in such profusion on the ambassadors and others accredited in various ways to the Court. It is worthy of remark that whilst the value of the boxes presented to Frenchmen rarely exceeds two or three thousand livres, those given to ambassadors, &c., often mount up to twenty or thirty thousand livres, and even higher. The difference consists entirely in the number and quality of the diamonds employed. The boxes, portraits, enamels, &c. &c., were the same ; in the latter case they were more richly mounted.

On turning over the "Registres des présents du Roi" in the archives of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, we often come across the names of Englishmen who participated in these lovely gifts. In 1668, Lord Arlington received a box of the value of 12,800 livres ; the Duke of Buckingham on the same day figuring for one of 28,000 livres ; in 1673 Le Comte de Sunderland (*sic*), English ambassador, a box of 17,000 livres. In 1768 appears "à un seigneur Anglais," 14,738 livres. In 1679 the lucky Comte de Sunderland again receives a box of 14,183 livres. In the same year, at the Peace of Nimeguen, there is quite a shower of boxes to Englishmen. Monsieur Tempet, 10,000 livres ; Monsieur Jonkins (*sic*), 8101 livres ; Le Comte d'Oxford, 12,228 livres ; Colonel Churchill, better known afterwards as the Duke of Marlborough, 6900 livres. In 1680, a Lord Duraz de Fuersham, English Minister, 7346 livres. The French method of rendering English names was as curious then as now. In 1690, Comte Firconil, commander of the English army in Ireland, comes in for a box of the value of 21,218 livres.

The Peace of Ryswick, again, enriches our countrymen, the Duke of St. Albans appearing for 12,000 livres, and Lord Portland

for the magnificent box costing 40,510 livres. Occasionally the destination of the box is kept secret. In 1719, the Regent sends a box to the Abbé Dubois of the value of 31,039 livres to be delivered to M. L. C. A. In 1720, a box is mentioned surpassing in price anything else on the Register. It contained a portrait of the King, painted by Massé, and set with forty-two brilliants and fifteen rose diamonds, costing the enormous sum of 129,852 livres. It was presented to the Marquis Scotti, envoyé of the Duke of Parma. What service could the Marquis possibly have rendered to merit such a magnificent return?

An instance of a custom not uncommon apparently in those times, is furnished by an entry in 1775. A box of the value of 29,940 livres was presented to the Comte de Viri, ambassador of the King of Sardinia, on the occasion of the marriage of Madame Clotilde to the Prince of Piedmont. This lucky Count had already received a box of 56,258 livres in the year 1763. Preferring the cash to the snuff-box, he sold the present of 1775 back to M. Solle, the jeweller who supplied it, for 25,500 livres. Two years later the identical box is again presented to the same ambassador, who goes through the same course as before, and for the second time pockets his 25,500 livres. Each time the jeweller returns the box to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and is allowed four per cent. as a commission.

Three years afterwards—1780—there is a further entry referring to the same box. In the meantime, the colour of the enamel had been changed from “jonquille” (pale yellow) to ruby, and was this time presented to the Comte de Mercy, ambassador from the Empress of Austria. The note goes on to say: “C’est la tabatière, offerte précédemment au Comte de Viri, et d’abord émaillée en jonquille.” The portrait in this box was by Sicardi. His name appears in the register of Louis XVI. more frequently than that of any other artist.

I wonder how many people know the origin of the word “silhouette,” applied primarily to the profile portraits cut out of black paper, and secondarily to anything slight or sketchy?

Etienne de Silhouette was appointed Controller-General of Finance in 1759, on the recommendation of Madame de

Pompadour, to endeavour to evolve some order out of the chaos of the national finances. He commenced, as usual in such cases, by cutting down every possible State expense, and then issued a pressing invitation to the wealthy classes to bring their jewels, &c., to be converted into cash for the benefit of the Treasury. Ridicule, that fatal shaft which has wrecked so many reputations, especially in France, obliged the poor minister to retire at the end of eight months. In the meantime everything appeared "à la Silhouette," that is to say, in the commonest and most economical style. The snuff-boxes were of common unpolished wood, in the place of the gems of Berain, Devair or Joaquet; the miniatures of Massé, Le Brun, Charlier, &c., were represented by profile portraits cut out of black paper, from the shadow cast on a sheet of white paper by a candle.

Towards the end of the reign of Louis XVI. snuff-boxes assumed a political importance unknown in the earlier stages of their manufacture. Every celebrated person and every important event was translated forthwith to the snuff-box, and the history of the time could almost be written from the innumerable specimens known to collectors.

Some of the varieties are very curious; here is one. The French hailed with the greatest joy the accession of Louis XVI. and his beautiful Queen to the throne. Disgusted with the reign of the Pompadours and Du Barrys, and ground down by excessive taxation, they looked forward to a future which, alas! never came.

An ingenious box-maker conceived the brilliant idea of covering snuff-boxes with the fish skin we call shagreen, and which in French is rendered by the same word as grief, "chagrin." He placed miniature portraits of the King and Queen in the lid, surrounded by this legend: "La consolation dans le chagrin." Here is another, produced about the same time and apropos of the same subject—a box with portraits of Louis XII. and Henry IV. on the top, and underneath, Louis XVI., with this inscription: "XII et IV font XVI," thus associating the two Kings from whom France had derived most benefit with the one from whom they hoped still more. Then we have boxes with portraits of every

member of the Royal Family, Rousseau, Voltaire, the first balloon ascent in 1783, with portraits of Montgolfier, &c.

The first distant mutterings of the revolutionary storm caused a general exodus of the nobility and well-to-do classes, the best customers of those who invented the various gems, so pleasing to the eye, but which required a calm political atmosphere for their thorough enjoyment. Although we find a terrible falling-off in the snuff-box of this period, regarded as a work of art, it is to some extent atoned for by the extraordinary variety of subjects chosen for its ornamentation. Not a public event or a celebrated character escaped the ever-watchful "tabletiers." The taking of the Bastille was a never-ending subject of ornament. Pieces of the stone of this hated prison were carved with its visible presentment, and mounted on snuff-boxes, and indeed on every kind of article used for personal adornment. The whole of the emblems of the Revolutionary period, from the "bonnet rouge" to the words of the famous song "Patience, ça ira, ne faut que s'entendre," written in 1790 by Ladré, a street singer, but which became almost the hymn of the "sans culottes;" the famous declaration of the "droits de l'homme;" the great fête of the French Confederation in the Champ de Mars in 1790; the first circulation of the "assignat;" even the likeness of the guillotine itself, have been used to adorn the snuff-boxes, generally made of wood, horn, tortoiseshell, or ivory. Then appear all the chief actors of the terrible drama—Mirabeau, the demon Marat and his brave executioner, Charlotte Corday, the patriot Lafayette, the good Bailly, Robespierre, Danton, Madame Roland, &c.

When the establishment of the Consulate allowed men to breathe again, quite a crop of Royalist boxes made their appearance. *La tabatière au testament de Louis XVI.*, *Les adieux*, *La leçon de géographie*, and the curious box "au saule pleureur," were some amongst the number. The last was quite artistic. A funeral urn, shadowed by two weeping willows, was so designed that anyone in the secret could easily make out in the form of the urn and the two trees, the profile portraits of the King, Queen, Dauphin, Dauphiness and Madame Elizabeth.

The magnificence of the Empire naturally led, amongst other

things, to the renaissance of the snuff-box, though, as in most other art products of the time, it failed to meet the purity of design and chaste beauty of Louis XVI. Isabey, Augustin, Saint, and others were there, with Pasquier as enameller, to multiply the likenesses of all connected with that wondrous episode of history. Then as the wheel of fortune turned, and Louis XVIII. became King, the Emperor was forced to retire "au secret."

A box was devised with a false bottom, containing in the hidden recess the cherished portrait of the Emperor. This device was also adopted in England. I have seen a Jacobite box, containing within the false bottom a miniature portrait of Charles Edward Stuart, thus enabling the proscribed adherent of a fallen cause to carry with him, unknown to the spies of the dominant party, the idol of his political faith. The return of the Emperor from Elba in March 1815, was hailed by a shower of boxes bearing a bouquet of violets or heartsease, surmounted by portraits of the Emperor, Marie Louise and the King of Rome, surrounded by various legends—"Le retour du printemps," "Le bouquet impérial," &c. This continued during the eventful Hundred Days; but when once St. Helena had closed over the great Corsican, and the restoration of the Bourbons was once more a "fait accompli," the fleur de lys, although awakened into new life by the aid of the foreigner, soon replaced the expiring eagle.

One relic, however, of the Emperor survived for a considerable period. The old soldiers, who had served under the Great Captain, would use no other snuff-box but "Le petit chapeau," made of wood or horn in the exact shape of the wondrous cocked hat which had so often waved them on to victory. Even after the Emperor's disappearance, boxes were clandestinely borne by the Imperialists, representing on their tops, what was apparently a bouquet of violets, but in the outlines of which, a trained eye could readily discover the profile of the Emperor, even to the traditional "petit chapeau."

Once again, at the Restoration, the faithful snuff-box bears on its face the likeness of every one connected with the gouty old gentleman, Louis XVIII. The Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., the Duke d'Angoulême and his wife, the ascetic and

priest-ridden daughter of Louis XVI., the Duke and Duchess de Berri, are all well known in single portraits or family groups. Then came the leaders of the opposition, General Foy, Manuel and Benjamin Constant.

The Constitutional Charta, promulgated by Louis XVIII., which was to govern France for all time, but too rapidly violated both by the King who gave it, and by his successor Charles X., produced innumerable snuff-boxes. Miniature portraits of the King and the rest of the Royal Family, the chief functionaries concerned in its birth, and even the masses themselves, were represented, all swearing eternal fidelity to this worthless bit of paper, whilst the legends surrounding them were on a par with the rest of the comedy—"Vive la Charte, elle a fermé l'ère des révolutions;" again, "Aucun des articles de la Charte ne sera révisé." The vaunted remedy for revolution did not last long. Another event, duly chronicled on the irrepressible snuff-box, was the assassination of the Duc de Berri, by Louvel, whilst he was leaving the Opera in 1820. Royalist France was in despair, fearing for the succession; and when, in the following September, the Duchess gave birth to the Duc de Bordeaux, the grateful people instantly christened him "Dieudonné." Again was the snuff-box made the medium of expressing the universal joy; in every shape, form and colour the illustrious stranger, "le salut de la France," adorned the indispensable box. How few could then have thought that this miraculous infant was to die an exile in a foreign land as the Comte de Chambord, too proud to change the white flag of absolutism for a banner more in keeping with the spirit of the time!

Charles X., in his later days a religious devotee, encouraged largely the religious snuff-box. In the place of the reigning beauties of the time, we find Madonnas, the Pope, and ecclesiastical portraits.

It would be wearisome to particularise the boxes of Louis Philippe; the same story could be told of his eighteen years' reign. Thiers, Guizot, Montalivet, in fact all who made a name for themselves in the history of the time, can be found on boxes, the last episode of his reign, and which cost him his throne, viz., the attempted interference with the Reform banquets, being perpetuated on the "tabatière à la Reforme."

The last historical snuff-box of which we have a record brings us down to a comparatively recent date—the “*tabatière à l'appel au peuple*.” It celebrates the result of the appeal made by Louis Napoleon to the French people after the Coup d'état of 1851. A miniature represents the Prince in general's uniform. Above is an eagle surmounted by a star, with these words: “*l'élú du peuple. Vox populi, vox dei, 7,481,231 voix. Décembre 1851.*”

Many other varieties of these interesting political snuff-boxes are known to connoisseurs. In no country was the fashion so prevalent as in France, and the very complete collections of Messieurs de Liesville and Maze Sencier in Paris embrace every phase of this curious record of contemporary characters and events. I have said nothing of the boxes of Sèvres, Mennecey, Dresden, &c., nor of our own Chelsea, Bow, or Battersea. Portraiture rarely if ever entered into the scheme of their ornamentation, nor, as far as I am aware, were they ever made the medium for political demonstration. It is curious that the two practices, snuff-taking and miniature painting, have come to an end about the same time. Whatever other sources of information may be available to the future student of the history of the present time, he will certainly lack the means of studying character in a miniature portrait, or current events in a snuff-box.





COLLECTORS AND COLLECTIONS.

SECTION I.

GREECE AND ROME.



HAVING now completed some account of those collateral arts which seemed pertinent to the main subject of this memoir, it may not be considered out of place to say a few words about Collectors and Collections. Men (we are told) are but children of a larger growth ; and an irreverent outsider, who has never been smitten with the absorbing—shall we call it mania ?—of the art collector may possibly consider the desire to possess the pretty toys fashioned by the cunning hands of preceding generations as very distinct evidence of the truth of the aphorism. At all events, it is a malady which has grown respectable from its antiquity, and from the wide area over which it has prevailed. Ever since the genus homo was sufficiently advanced in intellect to appreciate the softening influence of form and colour, and when it was no longer necessary to spend his whole existence in procuring food, and beating off the attacks of his enemies, both quadruped and biped, depend upon it there were individuals who loved to surround themselves with rare and beautiful things, according to their lights, if only it were a necklace of hyena's teeth, an engraved mammoth tusk, or a well-shaped and carefully-wrought stone battle-axe.

To one nation only was it given to produce all that could please the senses, as an indigenous product, and where the most exacting collector could satiate his appetite without having to scour the world for the objects of his choice.

Whether Art was an importation of Pelasgic, Egyptian, or Phœnician origin matters little; certain it is that the wondrous people of ancient Greece, more than two thousand years ago, reached something like finality as regards perfection of form, beauty of colour, and cunning of workmanship, leaving succeeding generations nothing to add to the canons of her art. Even a slight approach to the level of her excellence has been sufficient to canonize the Michael Angelos, Canovas, or Flaxmans of the later days, whose best works are those which most nearly reproduce a refrain of Phidias, Praxiteles, or Myron. The collectors of ancient Greece worked not for themselves. Their highest ambition was to enrich their temples and public monuments. The Parthenon, the Odeon, or Lyceum, formed the receptacle for their treasures; the individual was content to efface himself for his country's good.

Then none were for a party,
Then all were for the State;
The rich man helped the poor man,
The poor man loved the great.

In the case of Rome it was far otherwise. Destined as she was to subdue the world, endowed with an eminently practical and organizing mind, she created nothing in the shape of art; and when the time came for luxury and magnificence, she was forced to seek in other countries the means to gratify her art desires. When the fortunes of war had given into her hands the south of Italy and Sicily, full of the art works planted there by Greek workmen, the rude soldier of Rome began to feel the influence of beauty. One after another, Greece, Macedonia, and Asia Minor were forced to yield to her conquering chiefs their priceless treasures, to form a pendant to the triumphal car.

In time the workers themselves were transported to the proud city of the seven hills—many of them brought as captives, others invited or commanded to place their talents at the service of the conqueror. Perhaps emigration was the kindest lot. In their own

countries their patrons were ruined or killed, their own homes ruthlessly destroyed, their occupation gone. Sylla made Athens a desert, and her artist sons became naturalized Romans.*

Doubtless at first the fruits of pillage were given up to the State, and the temples and public edifices were the recipients of the acquisitions of the successful general ; but with each fresh triumph luxury increased, and the old public spirit became more and more weakened. Ere long the governors of Rome's dependencies set to work on their own account, and formed their private collections by simply annexing anything which took their fancy. Some of these men were insatiable collectors, such as Verres, Governor of Sicily B.C. 73. Nothing small or great escaped this rapacious robber. From the colossal bronze statue of Diana, the joy of the temple of Segestum, wrung from the reluctant hands of the inhabitants by oppression of every kind, or the Ceres of Catania, held in such reverence that no man was permitted to lay eyes on her, guarded in her sanctuary by a band of vestal virgins, down to a ring or a seal, he had stomach for them all. No sooner had he returned to Rome than he was put on his trial for peculation, and had to face the terrible denunciations of the illustrious Cicero. Hortensius, the friend of Verres, defended him, and during the trial received from Verres a marvellous sphinx of Corinthian bronze, probably as (what legal language now-a-days would call) a "refresher." Cicero heard of the gift, and replying to some observation of Hortensius he said : "My learned friend pretends not to understand my enigmas ; he had better consult the sphinx but lately come into his possession." † Nothing—not even the bronze sphinx—could save Verres, and he was advised to quit Rome before the termination of the trial. For twenty-seven years he wandered in exile. He then ventured to return to Rome, only to find a collector as rapacious and unscrupulous as himself—Mark Antony—then at the zenith of his power as a member of the second triumvirate. Antony politely requested Verres to hand over to him his collection of Corinthian bronzes. Verres knew the cost of refusal, but to break up his loved treasures, the work of his life, seemed to him little short of sacrilege, and he declined to part with them. He was placed on the fatal

* Pliny, xxxv. 58.

† Pliny, xxxiv. 10.

list of the proscribed, and paid with his head for his devotion to Art.

At first it was the fashion amongst some Romans of the Old School to affect contempt for the Greeks and their art work. Even Cicero could speak thus: "In truth, it is difficult to imagine the importance these Greeks attach to all these things, which we despise" (*contemnimus*).* Apelles and Phidias were termed "mad-brained little Greeks" (*Græculi delirantes*).† But even Cicero himself could not long withstand the contagion, and became himself a collector, commissioning Atticus to procure for him the statues, pictures, &c., necessary to adorn his villa, and giving a prodigious sum for his dining table, an article upon which Roman collectors seem to have run especially mad. The height of luxury was to have a "table de citre," and for a long time it seemed uncertain of what wood it was made. It is now generally thought to have been the Thuya, a member of the Cypress tribe. At the present day the wood is common enough; every cabinet-maker's shop contains book-cases, &c., made of it, and the supply which comes from Canada and other parts amply meets all demands. In Roman days it was much more scarce, and was obtained chiefly from certain parts of Africa. It is doubtless a peculiarly handsome wood, and the varying markings on a fine specimen gave rise to different names, each of which had its own peculiar value in the eyes of a collector. The stripes of the tiger, the spots of the leopard, the eyes in a peacock's tail, were pressed into the service to designate these varieties, and a perfect table must be constructed from one tree, root and all. When all these conditions were fulfilled, it became a swell affair, costing from £8,000 to £10,000.

Several renowned tables of this costly wood are mentioned in Latin authors. Of course the table of Verres, like all his belongings, was of first-rate excellence, though the price is not mentioned. Cicero gave one million sesterces, about £8,000, for his specimen, much to the astonishment of Pliny, who wonders how the great orator, with his comparatively slender means (*in illâ paupertate*), could pay such an exorbitant sum. The table of Asinius Jallus was valued at 1,100,000 sesterces; that of Cethegus at 1,400,000, above £11,000.

* Cicero in Verr. II.

† Petronius: Satyr.

The notoriety attained by Verres as a collector has been largely due to the celebrated trial, and the inclusion of its episodes and speeches amongst the great orations of Cicero; but by diligently piecing together various allusions in different works of the time, a good many glimpses are obtained of other robbers who formed their collections pretty much as he did—by spoliation, menace, and chicanery of every kind.

Sylla, who had most to do with the subjugation of Greece, and who was the first to ransack the richest temples, such as that of Apollo at Delphi, Æsculapius at Epidaurus, and Jupiter at Elis, naturally possessed *chefs-d'œuvre* from that devoted country, which he forgot to give up for the benefit of the State. The small statue of Apollo in gold, stolen from the inmost sanctuary of the temple at Delphi, never left his person. He carried it in his bosom on all occasions, both of peace and war, and never undertook any great work without first paying his devotions to the little golden god.* Historically his greatest possession was a small bronze statuette of Hercules, which possessed a pedigree perhaps unequalled in the history of art.† It was modelled by Lysippus, and given by him to Alexander the Great, with whom it became quite an object of adoration. It accompanied him on all his expeditions, and on his death-bed it was to this little bronze that he sighed out his last adieu. It then passed into the hands of Hannibal, who was a man of considerable culture, with a special weakness for Greek bronzes. He took it with him into Bithynia, where it was probably included in the Court treasures. A century later it turns up in the collection of Sylla, who, fine connoisseur as he undoubtedly was, probably requisitioned it from Nicomedes, whom he had just placed on the throne of Bithynia. After Sylla, the bronze is once again mentioned as forming part of the collection of Vindex, ‡ in the time of Domitian, and then it disappears utterly. What nobler work could be found for the divining rod of ancient Egypt, than to indicate to us under what part of the soil of Rome this sacred relic now lies buried!

The Ædile Scaurus, son-in-law and heir of Sylla, surpassed all contemporary collectors in magnificence and luxury. He built

* Plutarch : Sylla, 62.

† Martial, ix. 45.

‡ Statius : Silv. iv.

a theatre for some shows which were to last for a month, and decorated it with 3,000 statues from his private collection. He possessed also the finest cabinet of engraved gems then known, and such a mass of tapestries, carpets and furniture, that when one of his villas was burned down, the furniture alone was valued at close on a million pounds sterling.*

Lucullus stands out as one of the gentlest and least obnoxious of the collectors of the time. Possessing consummate taste and unlimited means, he not only surrounded himself with all that was beautiful and rare, but opened his doors to the artists and writers of the time with a liberality unknown in those days, especially to the Greeks, who were too often treated with the direst contempt by their conquerors.† The gardens of Lucullus were the most beautiful in ancient Rome. Nothing gives a grander idea of the luxury of the time than these gardens of the great characters of Rome.‡ Generally situated on the rising ground outside the city, they partook of the nature of a quiet retreat, a country house and an open-air museum. Close to the busy town, yet free from the turmoil of the Forum, and the excitement of the Senate-house, the weary patrician could wander at leisure amongst the colonnades and on the terraces surrounding his abode. Cooled by the fresh fountains of the garden, and shaded from the sun by myrtles, orange-trees and laurels, he could survey with fond pride the statues, bronzes, vases, bas-reliefs, and many a fragment of antiquity which met his view wherever he turned; and when, as in the case of Lucullus, the garden was the rendezvous of artists and philosophers, it is difficult to imagine an existence more nearly approaching the perfection of Epicurus.

But we must not linger too long in these seductive scenes, but pass rapidly in review a few remaining celebrities, who, for special reasons are interesting as collectors.

The military genius of Cæsar has so entirely absorbed the attention of history, that his grand qualities as a lover of art are in fear of being forgotten. Whilst he passionately loved the great works of antiquity, he was a magnificent patron of contemporary artists, employing them not only to adorn the grand buildings he

* Pliny, xxxi. 40.

† Plutarch : Lucullus, 66.

‡ Pliny, xxxiv. 17.

reared in Rome, but in many towns in Italy, Gaul, Spain, Asia and Greece. Perhaps one of the most honourable acts of his life was the sending forth from Rome a Greek colony to re-people Corinth, to raise her from her ruins, and to rear again her statues and bas-reliefs, buried beneath the rubbish heaps formed by his predecessors.* By his will he left the whole of his collections, together with his lovely gardens by the Tiber, to the Roman people—a last and touching proof of his devotion to art and to his native country. †

In direct contrast to the generosity of Cæsar, the meanness and villainy of Mark Antony shine with a still more lurid glare. He pillaged every place, including Rome itself. As he had proscribed Verres to steal his bronzes, so he made away with Nonius for his celebrated opal, and the great writer Varro for his library. After the defeat of Pompey, he appropriated to himself the whole belongings of his enemy, and when Cæsar was assassinated, he had the audacity to carry off the whole of the works of art left by Cæsar to the people, to adorn his own galleries and gardens. ‡ Of all the ruffians of the time, Mark Antony was the most despicable. Pompey himself had his gardens on the brow of Janiculum, but his great possession was the theatre, and colonnades supported by three hundred columns of rose granite, which became the most fashionable lounge in Rome, “*La promenade de Pompée*.” The colossal Melpomene of the Louvre, and the splendid gilt bronze Hercules of the Vatican, were found on the site of Pompey’s Theatre. Brutus and Cassius, the two chief conspirators against Cæsar, collected in a desultory sort of way. The former had a passionate affection for a small bronze of a young man by Strongylion, which went by the name of the Young Philippian. Curiously enough, this bronze is alluded to by two Latin authors. Pliny mentions it: “*Strongylion fecit puerum, quem amando Brutus Philippensis cognomine suo illustravit.*” § Martial writes thus of it:—

“*Gloria tam parvi non est obscura sigilli ;
Istius pueri Brutus amator erat.*” ¶

* Suetonius : Cæsar, xxviii.

† Cicero.

‡ Cicero : 2 Philippic.

§ Pliny, xxxiv. 19.

¶ Martial, xiv. 169.

Cicero has already been mentioned, though he, together with Atticus and Varro, were chiefly celebrated for their fine libraries. Hortensius also, who defended Verres, had a weakness for bronzes and pictures.

Sallust, if a pillager of the first order, was certainly a magnificent creature. After Cæsar's death, he gave up politics, and devoted himself to erecting on the Quirinal a series of palatial buildings, including a palace, a temple dedicated to Venus, a circus, a market, and baths, and laying out the famous gardens which were amongst the most delicious promenades of the time. A larger number of the glorious relics of the antique which still remain to us have been disinterred from the gardens of Sallust than from any other one spot. The Hermaphrodite, the faun carrying a child, and the Borghese vase, all three now in the Louvre, Papiria questioning her son on the secrets of the Senate, the Dying Gaul, in the Capitol, the Venus and Cupid, in the Belvedere Gallery in Vienna, all come from him, as did the beautiful column of oriental alabaster now standing in the middle of the Vatican Library, the balustrade in yellow antique marble of the Church of St. Peter in Montorio, and many fragments now adorning the garden of the Villa Ludovisi, which is partly formed on the site of Sallust's gardens. The Hermaphrodite was found by some nuns of a religious house, built on another part of the famous gardens, and was given by them to Cardinal Borghese, on condition that he restored the front of the nunnery. From the Borghese family it passed to the Louvre, together with the vase.*

However much we may reprobate the cruel means by which these old Roman collectors amassed their treasures, one thing is certain, that without their intervention, we should have had to lament a still greater destruction of the remains of Greek art. But for Cæsar, where would be the Venus of the Hermitage? To Lucullus we owe the *Rémouleur* of the Pitti; even Verres has given us the Torso of the God of Love, in the Vatican, which is believed to be a replica done by Praxiteles himself, after his *chef-d'œuvre* at Thespis. Asinius Pollio, one of the last of the great collectors, has left us the marvellous group of Dirce and the Bull,

* Ampère, iii. 379.

commonly known as the Farnese Bull. In addition to the actual pieces known to have been produced at the best period of Greek art which still remain, we must place to the credit of the Roman collectors the copies in bronze or marble of very many more original works, which have long since disappeared. With the exception perhaps of the Parthenon bas-reliefs, known as the Elgin marbles in the British Museum, and the Venus of Melos in the Louvre, which is probably not a Venus, but a wingless Victory, nearly every undoubted relic of Greek art has filtered through Rome. The end may not justify the means, but we are unquestionably the gainers. We have hitherto been describing the possessions of the successful generals, and unscrupulous governors of old Rome, but there were innumerable collectors who never had the chance of sacking rich cities as Sylla did, or of despoiling the inhabitants of a province after the fashion of Verres, nor even of adopting the rough and ready method of Mark Antony, viz., proscribing a successful collector and then annexing his effects. The more peaceable of the art-loving public procured their specimens, pretty much as we do, by means of auctions and dealers. Napoleon founded his laws upon the Roman model, but I do not know whether he included the management of auctions amongst his far-reaching enactments. Certain it is, however, that the *Atria auctionaria* constituted the exact prototype of the Rue Drouot. Before a sale, notices were painted in large red letters on all the dead walls about the markets, &c., called *tabulæ auctionariæ*. Plautus has preserved for us the wording of one of these notices: "In seven days, beginning in the morning, will take place the sale of the effects of Menæchmus. It will include slaves, furniture, lands and houses. For every object sold payment must be made in ready money."* A sort of expert, *præco*, calls out the lots and assigns to each article what is in his opinion a fair value, and then the sale goes on.† An amusing story is told us by Suetonius of the Emperor Caligula. Finding himself, as often happened, short of cash, he determined to sell by auction all the old-fashioned and cast-off belongings of the Court. He was himself present at the sale, and ran up the articles in the most

* Plautus: Menæchmus, v. 1064.

† Plautus.

approved fashion. An old pro-consul who was present, Apponius Saturninus, unfortunately for himself, fell fast asleep, and as often happens on similar occasions, nodded his head violently. Caligula drew the particular attention of the expert to the vigorous way in which the pro-consul was bidding, and when at last he awoke, *le vieux bonhomme* found himself the unconscious possessor of Caligula's goods to the tune of £75,000.*

Pliny tells another story still more curious. Gegania, one of the most noted of the frail sisterhood of Rome, bought a lot at an auction, consisting of a slave, deformed and hideous, and a magnificent bronze candelabrum. In one of those curious freaks of passion, which admit of no analysis, the deformed slave became her lover, and finally her heir. Left immensely rich, the slave Clesippus set up the bronze candlestick as his fetish, and thenceforth worshipped no other deity.†

The dealers were mostly congregated about the Via Sacra, especially at that part of it known as the Septa. A description of the place, surrounded by a colonnade, with fine large shops on the ground floor, seems to point to a strong resemblance to the Palais Royal in Paris. And what dreams of beauty they could shew to entice the *jeunesse dorée* of the Eternal City! Pictures from the hand of Apelles and others, statues, ivories carved and inlaid with gold or silver, bronzes from Ægina, bearing the mark of Myron, from Corinth or Delos, the home of the great bronzist Polycletes; gold and silver work of the best contemporary artists, of Gratianus, or Euphranor of Calamis, Bœthus and Mys, gigantic candelabra of gilt bronze from Ægina or Tarentum, cameo glass from the famed Alexandria works, supposed to have been the atelier from whence issued the Barberini or Portland vase; the faience of Cumæa or Rhegium, vases of porphyry, or jasper, cups and ewers of amethyst, sardonyx and other precious stones, their surface adorned with cameo and intaglio, terra cotta figures from Bœotia, and waxes from the hand of Lysistratus, marvels of furniture, the rarest and choicest woods, made more precious still by the use of ivory, tortoiseshell, onyx, bronze, gold and silver in the form of plaques or marqueterie (*opus sectile*). The old Romans knew not only

* Suetonius.

† Pliny, xxxiv 6.

the art of fashioning wood, but spared no pains to preserve it. The oil of the cedar, juniper or spikenard and other essential oils were largely used for this purpose. The statue of Diana at Ephesus, carved in ebony, which in the time of Pliny was already 400 years old, was regularly anointed with oil of spikenard by means of holes left in the statue for that purpose.

Others again displaying tapestries from Babylon, carpets from the East, stuffs of all kinds embroidered or dipped in the lovely dye of far-off Tyre. The jewellers could show precious stones engraved by the cunning Greeks in cameo or intaglio, rock crystal cups, amber statuettes, or works in that curious material murrhine. This substance has proved a burning question with archæologists. Was it a natural formation or an artificial product? There have been almost as many opinions as investigators. Petrified clay, agate, a sort of shell, fluorspar, have all had their advocates, whilst Mariette and Caylus have pronounced for porcelain. The true explanation probably is that murrhine was a glass, or rather a very hard vitreous paste, which bore working on the wheel, much as rock crystal does. The Murano Glass Company have analysed specimens, and have succeeded in reproducing a material which for hardness and beauty of colouring cannot be told from the old specimens. The only difficulty about accepting its artificial origin is the enormous price paid for certain specimens. £16,000 is a large sum for a glass vase, but even that is nothing compared to the murrhine cup of Petronius, for which he paid £66,000. Nero was his heir, but he detested the monster, and on his death-bed broke the celebrated cup into fragments, so that Nero should be baulked of his prey.*

It may be imagined that amongst such furious collectors, the forger and copyist held high festival. The copyist was largely employed in a legitimate manner to multiply certain well-known models, but the forger flew at higher game. Their tricks are succinctly told by Phædrus: "Now-a-days many of our artists find a ready market for their works by forging certain signatures, as for instance that of Praxiteles on a modern marble that of Scopas, on a bronze, of Myron on a piece of plate, or Zeuxis on a

* Pliny, xxxvii. 7.

picture." * The Discobolos of the Vatican is said to be a copy, with the name of Myron forged upon it.

Let us take a walk through the Septa, and see if we can recognise any of the great buyers of the lovely wares there.

What is all that commotion before the shop of Milon, the most celebrated of the fine art dealers? The slaves and bearers of the rich Tongilius are jostling and elbowing the crowd, to make a path for the great amateur. Milon receives him with his most obsequious bow, and at once conducts him to his inner sanctum. Tongilius is not to be tempted by the goods exposed to public gaze. The Corinthian bronze or murrhine cup, as yet unseen by any collecting eye, is lovingly taken from its hidden nest, and laid before his Excellence. The rich man is not difficult to manage, his art knowledge is by no means equal to his wealth. Provided the object of art is reserved specially for him, and a sufficiently large sum is asked for it, he is satisfied. Indeed, the ill-natured *flâneurs* of the Septa do say that more than one of his best bronzes, marked with the magic name of Scopas or Myron, was expressly prepared in the workshops of Bœthus for the rich man's special edification. † That tall, dark, handsome man eagerly examining the little amber statuette is a buyer of quite another order.

His name is Vindex, and he has been already mentioned as the happy possessor of the Hercules of Lysippus. His family came from Gaul, and have enriched themselves in commerce. Vindex is rightly regarded as second to none in Rome as a connoisseur. In vain would a dealer waste his breath in recommending any article to his notice, for he knows more than the whole Septa put together. His verdict as to the attribution of any doubtful piece is accepted without demur. The bronze which has caused so many anxious moments to Myron, the marble which has been indued with life by the chisel of Praxiteles, the ivory statue polished by the hand of Phidias, or the picture, "mocking nature," touched by the cunning brush of Apelles, have each their true origin assigned to them by the unerring instinct of this son of Gaul. ‡

The fat, red-faced man loudly expostulating with the silversmith is Charinus, one of the most dissipated men in Rome. When sober,

* Phædrus, v. Prol. vi. † Juvenal, vii. ‡ Statius: Silv. iv. 6.

he is supposed to be a very good judge of old silver, but his whole life must be specially vicious, when Martial could say of him: "It is hardly possible that even his silver can be pure."*

Paullus is rather a nuisance to the dealers. He is a fickle and changeable being. No sooner has he become possessed of a treasure than he sees something which pleases his fancy more. Immediately he tries to arrange an exchange of goods, in modern parlance "a swop," and takes up the dealer's time in wrangling and bargaining over the terms. Of course he always loses in the end by the exchange. The dealer knowing his customer, to protect himself from loss, naturally puts the initial price at a far higher figure than he would do if sesterces or talents were the medium of payment instead of other goods. "Man never is, but always to be blessed."†

The showily-dressed person who is trying to catch the eye of Tongilius is Codrus, a *nouveau riche*, a true tuft-hunter. He merely collects because it is the fashion, without any love for beauty or knowledge of art. His house and friends, as well as his statues and bronzes, are all got up for show. He gives huge entertainments in the vain hope that he may one day be admitted to the inner circle of the upper ten.‡

Another type of the commercial nuisance is that fussy little man Mamurra, who has just made the dealer take down that little ivory table from the topmost shelf. He spends his whole time in the Septa, making eyes at the fresh young slaves from Germany or Britain; then he visits the furniture shop, measuring with his staff the finest tortoiseshell couch. Ah, what a pity; it is not quite long enough for my table of citre! He criticises the bronzes, finds fault with the rock crystals, and condemns the tapestries. Finally, after giving the dealer every possible trouble, he buys two porringers for three-halfpence, and goes home to dinner.§

Licinius walks hastily through the Septa, looking suspiciously right and left, hugging his toga closely round him as though he feared each passer-by wished to rob him. He carries this suspicion and fear to such an extent that his life must be a misery to him. He lives in constant dread of burglars and fire. All night long, slaves,

* Martial, iv. 39. † Martial, xii. 69. ‡ Juvenal, iii. § Martial, ix. 60.

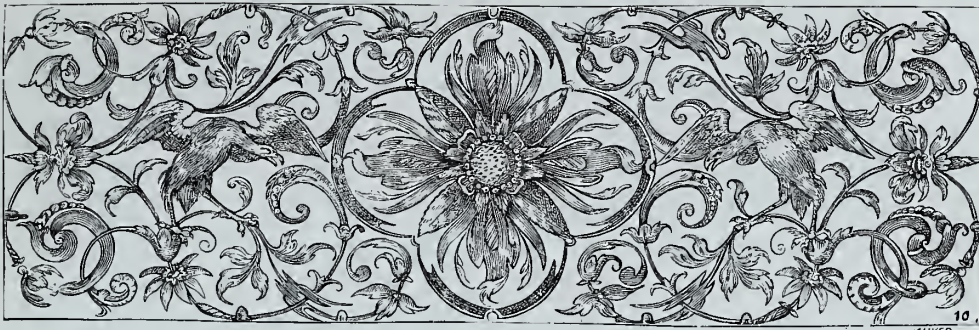
well-armed, perambulate his palace ; the fire-buckets are always full, for this suspicious collector can hardly sleep, always haunted by the idea that his statues, his murrhine cups, and inlaid furniture are about to be devoured and swallowed up by earthquake, fire, or thief.*

Reader, do not be afraid, these sketches are 2000 years old.

* Juvenal xiv.

† As in so many other branches of art research, we are indebted to the patience and perseverance of a French author, M. Bonnaflé, for many interesting details about these old collectors.





SECTION II.

SOME NOTES ON COLLECTIONS UP TO THE 16TH CENTURY.

FROM the time when the curtain fell upon the great drama of Roman conquest, and the scenes of luxury and corruption which followed in its train, we must look to quite another sphere to find our collectors. With the advent of Christianity a perfectly new factor appeared in the life of the world. Protected and encouraged by Constantine and his successors, the Church rapidly increased in power and activity. Entrenched behind the impassable barrier of the sanctuary, against which the waves of barbarism beat in vain, her bishops and abbots became the preservers and guardians of art, as they undoubtedly were of literature, science, and agriculture. From the fifth to the sixteenth century, the abbeys and monasteries constituted the real museums, gathering under their shelter all that remained of a decayed civilization, whilst giving a fresh direction to art work, to be employed in the glorification of the Christian cult. Although religious establishments formed the chief depositories of art work, it must not be imagined that lay collectors were altogether in abeyance. In France research into the details of the early ages of the Christian era has been pursued by earnest workers to a far greater extent than here, and it is astonishing to what a successful issue they have carried their investigations. Auguste Thierry, for instance, in his "Lettres sur l'histoire de France," cites innumerable details bearing on the subject of collections. The vase of Soissons, now in the Bibliothèque, belonged to Clovis, the chief of the

Merovingian Dynasty in the 5th century. Thierry gives another anecdote of the same king. At a great banquet given by him, he sent for a certain cup from amongst his treasures in which to pledge his guests. It was of jasper, transparent as glass, enriched with gold and precious stones, and he loved it best of all his possessions. The orgie grew fast and furious, and in the midst of the excitement the cup was broken. Clovis was in despair, but having been lately converted to Christianity, he had, like most converts, unlimited faith in his new religion. He sent for his favourite abbé, Fridolin, and implored him to restore his much-loved cup. Needless to say, the good man, after much prayer, presented the treasure to the King in all its pristine loveliness and perfection. Clotaire, the son of Clovis, kept in his inmost chamber great coffers with triple lock filled with rich vases in gold and silver and jewelled arms. Hilperich, again, showing to his lords the presents sent to him by the Greek Emperor, Tiberius II., in order that invidious comparisons should not be made, exposed by the side of them some of his own treasures, amongst them an enormous basin of gold, ornamented with precious stones, weighing nearly fifty pounds. Even the name of the guardian of Hilperich's treasure has been preserved—it was a Jew of the name of Priscus.

The great Emperor Charlemagne probably gave a larger impetus to art than any other individual up to the revival of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Having relations with the Bishops of Rome, the Emperors of Byzantium, the Caliphs of Syria and Spain, he introduced fresh art ideas from all sides. His palace at Aix-la-Chapelle contained, under the name of the "Ecole Palatine," a veritable Academy of Art. The writings of Eginhard and Alcuin are filled with descriptions of the riches which it contained. Scarcely a library in Europe is without a specimen or two of the grand illuminated manuscripts produced under the fostering care of the great Carlovingian emperor. The example thus set was followed by all the paladins and chiefs of the empire, and about the year 800 the palace of one of the great nobles must almost have vied in luxury with the galleries of a Verres or the gardens of a Sallust on the banks of the Tiber 800 years before. His successor, Charles the Bald, was almost as great a collector and art patron as Charlemagne.

Many relics of his collection are still in existence, especially in the shape of illuminated manuscripts; his Bible and Psalter, executed by the monks of S^t Martin of Tours in 850, are in the Bibliothèque in Paris, together with the still more ancient relic, "The Cup of the Ptolemies," presented to the Church of S^t Denis by Charles. This magnificent work, carved out of an oriental sardonyx, is supposed to have been part of the spoils taken from Mithridates the Great, the brave old King of Pontus, who put an end to his own life rather than be dragged a captive at the chariot-wheels of Pompey through the streets of Rome.

A very early catalogue of a collection was published in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile* in 1859. It consists of the inventory attached to the will of Le Comte Evrard, Marquis de Frioul, brother-in-law of Charles the Bald, the husband of Giselle, daughter of Louis le Débonnaire, and is dated 870. It contains a list of arms enriched with precious stones, stuffs and tapestries woven of silk and gold and silver thread; cups and vases of ivory and chased silver; ornaments and jewels connected with priestly raiment; and a whole library containing illuminated missals, antiphonaries, psalters and passionals; letters and writings of Saints Basil, Isidore, Cyprian; codes of religious laws written and illuminated by the Benedictines of Tours, &c. &c.

When, towards the end of the 9th century, a national dynasty arose in France, and the family of Capet, commencing with Robert the Strong, succeeded to the throne, which had been filled by foreigners for nigh 800 years, art still continued to flourish. Hugues Capet, Louis le Gros, Philip Augustus, and Saint Louis, in their intervals of fighting and directing the affairs of State, did not forget to play the part of collectors, and when the Crusades introduced the soldiers of Europe to the gorgeous luxury of the East, a fresh stream of beauty flowed to the galleries of the West. About the end of the 14th century inventories of collections were kept with considerable care, and in many of them appear descriptions of pieces which have passed into the various museums of Europe; but when these are all reckoned up, what an infinitesimal fragment is the total compared with the masses of art objects which we know existed a few short centuries back.

Some of the more celebrated inventories which have been published are those of Queen Clemence of Hungary (1328); the Garde-meuble of plate of the French Court (1353); the Duc d'Anjou, son of Philip the Good (1356); the illuminated manuscripts of Charles V. (1373); the treasures given by John Duc de Berry to the Chapel of Bourges (1410); Isabeau of Bavaria (1416); the library of Charles VI., made by order of the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, about 1430.

The Court of Burgundy pushed the encouragement of art, and the frantic search after antique treasures even further than that of France. Jean le Bon, Philippe le Bon, and Charles le Téméraire set an example of magnificent collecting which was eagerly followed by the great families of the country; and one must read M. de Laborde to understand fully the profusion and variety of the riches which during fifty years were amassed in the Garde-meubles of these Burgundian dukes. Soon after the death of Charles le Téméraire and the union of Burgundy with France, the expedition of Charles VIII. to Italy gave a fresh impetus to the collector. The soldiers of France for the first time beheld the marvels of the Renaissance, and a new revelation seemed to present itself as when the Crusaders first revelled in the glories of Eastern art. Charles's Queen, Anne of Brittany, was even a more determined collector than her husband, and had she been anything less than a queen, would have ruined herself with the curiosity dealers. The list of her collections at Amboise and Blois, published by M. Le Roux de Lincy, would put the Duchess of Portland and Horace Walpole to the blush. With Francis I. came the period of architecture. The fortress gave way to the château, and the great collectors seemed determined that their habitations should be worthy of their collections. Fontainebleau, Gaillon, Chantilly, Ecoeu, Chenonceaux, Valençay and a host of other well-known palaces rose on every hand, testimonies to the taste which governed men's ideas in the 16th century.

In Italy, the country par excellence of beauty and taste, the accumulation of art treasures, under the roof of religious establishments, was even more marked than in other countries. Rome was again an empire, but exercising a far different sway from

the old Pagan conquerors. Her spiritual sceptre reached to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the Vatican was in one sense the centre of the world. Her missionaries scattered over all lands, directing and controlling the living forces and elements of progress to be found in each nation, were enabled to enrich the great centre of their faith, not only by adding converts, but also by gathering in beneath a safe shelter the products of human industry in the shape of art-work, wherever it was to be found.

With the wonderful movement of the early 16th century, the monopoly of collection hitherto enjoyed by the religious element was broken down. Everywhere, in the peninsula, appeared rulers of rare intelligence, as artistic in their feelings as the worthiest of their subjects. Lorenzo de' Medici at Florence, Louis XII. at Milan, Alphonse d'Este at Ferrara, Frederigo di Gonzaga at Mantua, and Francesco della Rovere at Urbino were specimens of the culture which everywhere abounded. Even the wives emulated their husbands and lent a grace and charm to a movement which might otherwise have become somewhat pedantic. Lucrezia Borgia, Vittoria Colonna, Elizabeth Gonzaga, Maddelena Doni, Lucrezia Crivelli, and Lisa del Giocondo are names as well known in that glorious epoch of art, as are those of their husbands. Venice, at the height of her grandeur and riches, saw the influence of her artist sons extend wherever her galleys carried the flag of St. Mark. The earlier fathers of the transition, Ghirlandajo, Mantegna, Giovanni Bellini were dead, but Palma Vecchio, Giorgione, Francia, Fra Bartolommeo, Perugino were still at work, and Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and Correggio were about to carry art to a height never attained before or since. Cellini, Maestro Georgio, and a host of others in various departments, helped to fill the galleries of the great collectors with *chefs-d'œuvre*, which proclaim to all succeeding generations that, with the exception of ancient Greece, no art epoch can compare with the Italian Renaissance of the 16th century.

In the case of England, her art history up to the 16th century is almost a blank. In the 13th and 14th centuries we know that the style of the arts generally in this country was

quite equal to or in some respects even superior to other European nations. In architecture, illumination, metal-work, glass painting, and enamelling she could well hold her own; but as yet no Thierry or Laborde has arisen to dive into the secrets of her records, and give us the names of her great collectors, or the nature of their treasures, as has been so well done in France. In some ways, England has been unfortunate in art matters. The pious reformers, let loose by Henry VIII. to prey on the hoards of our monasteries, destroyed as much as they stole, and in many cases the records disappeared with the treasure. Charles I. melted down and pawned everything he could lay his hands on to provide food for powder, and the Puritans, regarding beauty as the synonym of sin, did their best to deprive us of the few remains which had mercifully escaped previous depredations. No wonder then, that a spoon of Henry VIII. or a chalice of Elizabeth is worth many times its weight in gold, and yet these two monarchs alone must have possessed collections of art objects, which would worthily have compared with many we have been considering in foreign countries. Where are they now? Alas! religious madness and the horrors of civil war must supply the answer.

The earliest stories of collectors who were neither Emperors, Popes, nor Kings, come to us from France. The insatiable love of research which has led, during the last few years, to the accumulation of knowledge connected with art history, which was previously buried amongst the musty archives of the town hall, or the records of the monastery, has unearthed for us the name of a "Curieux," who belonged to the bourgeois class, one Jacques Duchié, mentioned by the historian Guillebert de Metz, who described Paris about 1430, just about the time when the Duke of Bedford was Regent, and the year before the brave Joan of Arc was burned in the market-place of Rouen.

This *doyen* of collectors, Jacques Duchié, lived in the Rue des Prouvaires, near the Halles, and possessed a gallery of pictures, a large collection of musical instruments, a rich armoury, and many rooms with curious specimens of furniture "de tables engigneusement entaillies et parées de riches draps et tapis à

orfrois." Jacques was evidently an ingenious person, as well as a collector. The account of his collection winds up with the description of a piece of mechanism which I confess I do not quite understand, but I give the original quaint French, that any of my readers who is interested in mechanics may puzzle out for himself the exact meaning of the acoustic problem. "Il avoit fait placer dans une fenestre faicte de merveillable artifice, une teste de plates de fer creuse, par my laquelle on regardoit et parloit à ceux du dehors."*

No doubt the market women of 1430 thought Jacques a very charming man. He is certainly of interest to us, as marking the commencing emancipation of taste, hitherto the monopoly of King or Bishop. This worthy gentleman was probably some master draper or furrier, and though doubtless others of his class loved to surround themselves with things beautiful and rare, we shall have to travel through a long space of time before we come across any record of a private collector who dared to emulate the possessions of his betters.

* This reads as though he had made a sort of mask, or head, of iron; probably with the eyes and mouth open, and had inserted this in the window, so that he could see and speak to passers-by.





SECTION III.

COLLECTORS OF THE 16TH, 17TH, AND 18TH CENTURIES.



WHO has not heard of old Jean Grolier, the prince of bibliophiles, and hardly less celebrated as a connoisseur of medals and coins? Born in 1479 at Lyons. The only son of Estienne Grolier, the Treasurer of Louis XII. About 1510, he succeeded his father as Treasurer of the Duchy of Milan, a post he held until the fatal battle of Pavia put an end to the French domination in 1528. After serving for a short time as Ambassador in Rome, he returned to France, and from 1535 up to his death in 1565, he filled the office of Receiver-General. His public life has left but few traces. He had a great dispute with Cellini, then in Paris, superintending the execution of his design for the fountain of the nymph at Fontainebleau, and who, unfortunately for Grolier, lodged next door to him. The irascible Florentine tried to exclude him from the use of a tennis-court, to which, apparently, Grolier had the best right; but Cellini in his Memoirs tells his readers that he threatened to throw the great bibliophile out of the window. However, apparently Grolier ultimately enjoyed his game of tennis without having made an intimate acquaintance with the open window. Grolier had the good fortune to be occupied in Italy just at the full tide of the glories of the perfected Renaissance, and, possessed of taste and intelligence, it seemed only a question in what groove his collecting tastes should run. Probably his intimacy with Aldus Manutius the elder, the

great Venetian publisher, determined the question. It was the fashion of the time to form, at the house of any leader of art, a small club, composed of those who were drawn together by a similarity of tastes, and naturally some of the best literary talent of the time assembled beneath the congenial roof of Aldus. Andrea Navagero, Marino Sanudo, the Greek Marc Musurus, Giovanni Giocondo, Erasmus, and others, formed a goodly company, and the latter member ventured on a eulogistic prophecy, which has been far more literally fulfilled than such things usually are. Erasmus wrote to Grolier in these terms: "Non tu libris, sed tibi debent æternum per te apud posteros, memoriam habituri" (You owe nothing to books, but books will give to you in the future an everlasting glory). Grolier was not a bibliomaniac, he was truly a bibliophile. He not only admired the binding, but eagerly devoured the contents. The Virgil, in the Bibliothèque Nationale, is filled with notes and observations in his handwriting which prove this. At his death, he left 3000 gems, bearing his magic device, "Grolierii et amicorum," and most containing his motto, "Portio mea, Domine, sit in terrâ viventium." For more than a century after his death, the library remained intact, in the hotel of the family Vic, to whom it had been left; but in 1676, it was sold by auction. Can any book collector of the present day picture to himself 3000 volumes from the shelves of Grolier exposed to public view at one time, and sold for a few francs apiece! Even in 1725, the collector Count d'Hozen could buy them for about sixteen shillings apiece. Nearly a century later still, in 1815, at the sale of the Scotch Collector, MacCarthy Reagh, the best specimen in his collection barely reached three pounds. And now what a change! The bare rumour of a Grolier being in the market sends the would-be possessor to his bankers, to ascertain if his balance can justify him in entering the lists to fight for the coveted prize.

Another bibliophile, following close upon the heels of Grolier, was Jacques Auguste de Thou, 1553-1617. He was son of Christophe de Thou, President of the Council under Francis I. Very early in life he developed the taste for books. His father's

library contained four of the finest volumes from Grolier's collection, given to him by the great man himself. The finest of these, the Translation of Hippocrates, perished in the fire, which destroyed the library of the Louvre, one of the many acts of vandalism of the Commune in 1871. The old adage that all collectors are thieves, is exemplified by a story with which De Thou is intimately connected. It is said that during the troubles towards the end of Henri III.'s reign, he was sent to the Monastery of Corbie, to get together supplies for the army. Whilst corn and other things were being brought in, he amused himself by turning over the contents of the library. When he had completed his examination, he put together the most valuable manuscripts, and having emptied several corn-sacks, transferred to them the coveted treasures. This done, he gave the alarm that the enemy was close at hand, and in the panic which ensued, he quietly walked off with the books. It is only fair to say that in his 'Memoirs,' he gives a different version of the acquisition. By his will, he absolutely forbade his heirs to part with his library under any circumstances; but in 1680, the then heir, either from want of taste or want of funds, determined to sell it. The manuscripts, numbering about 1800, were bought by Colbert, and passed ultimately into the Royal Library about 1754. The books were saved from public auction by the Marquis de Menars, who bought *en bloc* the 33,000 volumes composing the library of De Thou. They were afterwards sold in 1706 to Cardinal Rohan-Soubise, in whose hotel they remained up to the year 1787. At the death of the Prince de Soubise, the library, now amounting to 50,000 volumes, was again put up to auction just as the storm of the Revolution was turning men's thoughts away from art. The sale commenced on January 21st, 1789, and realised about £10,000, an average of four shillings a volume, sumptuously bound in morocco, parchment, or calfskin. Truly the era of the guillotine played sad havoc with the poor collector!

The 17th century introduces us to two of the most magnificent collectors on the whole roll of these worthies: Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, Lord High Marshal of England, and Cardinal Mazarin.

Of the former I have spoken at some length in connection with the records of the reign of Charles I. Although to a certain extent cosmopolitan in his tastes, his chief love was for the antique. He was certainly the first private collector in this country, and led the way to his three distinguished contemporaries, Prince Henry, King Charles, and the Duke of Buckingham. His liberality was as great as his knowledge. Inigo Jones, Honthorst, and many others, owed a large part of their professional success to his fostering care at the commencement of their career. Buckingham collected perhaps more as a minister than as a true connoisseur. His arrogant nature and unbounded personal pride could ill brook the possession by others of anything better or rarer than his own belongings, and his unscrupulous methods of action stopped at nothing, that he might gratify his whims and fancies.

Few monarchs of any epoch showed the same amount of cultivated taste as Charles I. It was never necessary for him to consult an expert on any intended purchase. He knew more in every department of art than the actual professors. Perin chief, in his *Life of Charles*, attached to the 'Icon Basilike,' edition 1727, speaks of his art knowledge in terms which hardly bear reproduction: "His soul was stored with a full knowledge of the nature of things, and easily comprehended almost all kinds of arts that either were for delight or of a public use. He was well skilled in things of antiquity, could judge of medals, whether they had the number of years they pretended unto. In painting he had so excellent a fancy, that he would supply the defect of art in the workman, and suddenly draw those lines, give those airs and lights, which experience and practice had not taught the painter. There was not any one gentleman of all the three kingdoms that could compare with him in an universality of knowledge. He would sometimes say, he thought he could get his living, if necessitated, by any trade he knew of, but making of hangings, although of these he understood much, and was greatly delighted in them; for he brought some of the most curious workmen from foreign parts to make them here in England."

As I have already spoken somewhat at length of his collection and its subsequent sale in an earlier part of the book, it is unnecessary to follow out the details of it here, but will pass on to consider the next great collector of the time, Cardinal Mazarin.

Giuglio Mazzarini, commonly known as Cardinal Mazarin, was born in 1602, in the Abruzzi, of a noble Sicilian family, but in poor circumstances. Many a Minister of State has surrounded himself with objects of vertu as part of an *entourage* which became his station, without possessing that innate love of art which distinguishes the true amateur. Mazarin was quite otherwise. Endowed by nature with a refined and delicate taste, great knowledge, and unlimited perseverance, he would undoubtedly have formed a collection, even had he remained as he began, poor and unknown; though possibly, not as extensive as that mass of marvels which drew exclamations of astonishment even from the sumptuous Louis, and of which no less a person than Colbert wrote the inventory. From the date of his first interview with Richelieu in 1630, his political future was secure, and on the death of the great minister, the astute Italian at once succeeded to a position of ascendancy, which (with the exception of two short periods, when he was forced to bow before the storm of the Fronde) increased year by year, up to his death in 1661. An early instance of his quick judgment occurred in one of his political wanderings in France. A priest at Montferrat showed him a rosary which he had just dug up from the ground, and believing it to be of glass, sold it to Mazarin for a few livres. Giulio's trained eye saw at a glance that it was composed of precious stones of large size and great brilliance. He sold the treasure-trove for 60,000 livres, about £12,000, and devoted the proceeds to feed still further his collection. In 1640 he left the Hôtel Chavigny and took up his residence in the Louvre, and in the same year bought the large hotel of President Tubeuf, in the Rue Richelieu, which is now the Bibliothèque Nationale. From 1640 to 1648, were probably the busiest years of his collecting life. Associated with Anne of Austria in the Regency, he was virtually King of France. His agents and courtiers ransacked the whole of Europe, employing the arts of diplomacy to add all

that was beautiful and rare to the galleries of the Rue Richelieu. In 1648, the Fronde troubles broke out, Mazarin was made the scapegoat; the Court fled to St. Germain, and in 1649, Parliament ordered the sale of Mazarin's furniture. Before the sale could take place, a truce occurred, and Mazarin and the Court returned to Paris. Eighteen months later, the storm again burst, and the Minister left France for a time, entreating the banker Jabach, who was himself a noted collector, to do all he could to ensure the safety of his treasures. During his exile, the sale of Charles's collection in England gave the banished Minister an opportunity of securing some of the gems of the English gallery. Jabach, who attended the sale here, bought largely on his own account and for the Cardinal, and some of the best pictures now in the Louvre bear witness to the taste displayed in the selection.

On the rumour of the Cardinal's attempted return to France, Parliament again ordered the sale of his goods; 150,000 livres of the proceeds to be given as reward to whoever would bring Mazarin before them, dead or alive. In vain the King sought to annul the decree, the sale proceeded, but again the King intervened, and by a further proclamation succeeded in stopping the sale. The Fronde was on its last legs, and the majority of the King in 1653 crushed out its last embers. Mazarin having foiled his arch-enemy, Cardinal de Retz, the head and leading spirit of the Fronde, returned to France after his two years' exile, more powerful than ever. Those who had been most active in their attempts to disperse the contents of the Hotel Mazarin, were the first to restore them, and before long, Colbert could replace in the Cardinal's inventory nearly every piece which had been sold or stolen. I mentioned before the old adage that "all collectors are thieves." Mazarin thought the same, for when Christina, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, Queen of Sweden, visited his galleries, and Colbert wrote to tell him, he replied as follows: "Je ne vois pas par ce récit que la Reyne aye vue mon appartement du Louvre; mais, en cas qu'elle demande à le voir, je vous prie de prendre garde que la folle n'entre pas dans mes cabinets, car on pourroit prendre de mes petits tableaux." The Minister, suspecting the Queen of theft, is decidedly re-

freshing. At length the time came when even this great man, more powerful than Richelieu, satiated with riches and honours, but worn down by fatigue of mind and body, must die. The most touching story is told by his secretary, Brienne, of Mazarin's last visit to his galleries. "I was walking through the little gallery which contained the finest specimen of tapestry in the whole collection, viz., the Story of Scipio, after Giulio Romano, when I heard him approaching, dragging his feet along, as one in extreme weakness. I hid myself behind the tapestry. Halting at every step, and supporting himself, first on one side, and then on the other, he murmured, with a deep sigh, 'And must I leave all this, and this! To think of the pains they have cost me; can I leave them without regret? Alas, I shall not see them where I am going!' and, with a groan, he sank on a seat." The statesman who virtually ruled France, who had worsted all his enemies, before whom the people and Parliament bowed down, who had repulsed Austria, and weakened Spain, who had played with nations as mere pieces on the chessboard of his will, at that supreme moment forgot all his triumphs. No man had drunk more deeply of the intoxicating draught of "la haute politique"; but the memory of his successes had vanished, and his only regret was that he must leave his much-loved treasures. Is this greatness, or littleness? Who shall decide.

By his will, he left the King everything; but the King magnanimously renounced the legacy, reserving only eighteen fine diamonds, which he added to the crown of France. Are these stones amongst the gems which the Republic has just submitted to auction? Such a course almost seems superfluous, when the next turn of the wheel in that fickle country might bring them into use again. Mazarin's splendid collection was divided equally amongst his relatives; but Louis bought a good many of the pictures, which now adorn the Louvre. The library, containing 30,000 volumes, is still known amongst the State possessions as the Mazarin Library. To gain anything like a fair idea of the extent of the collection, as a whole, the reader is referred to the copy of Colbert's inventory, published by the Duc d'Aumale in London in 1861. A perusal of the contents is simply astounding.

Michel de Marolles, Abbé de Villeloin, is an instance of perhaps the most assiduous print collector who ever lived. Born 1600, died 1681. He himself tells us that he began collecting at the age of twenty-six. At the beginning of the 17th century he had not many competitors in his particular line. The Italian influence was still strong, and the rich men who wished to form a collection turned their attention rather to pictures, sculpture, gems, or richly adorned armour, than to small pieces of paper black with printers' ink. The time for collecting prints at prices worthy of a king's ransom, was yet to come. Not only was Marolles a most busy collector, but also an insatiable cataloguer. He seemed to take as much delight in arranging, classifying, and cataloguing his prints as in admiring their beauties. After twenty years' work, he had got together a small matter of 130,000 specimens, and Colbert, always on the watch to add to the treasures of the "Cabinet du Roi," persuaded the King to purchase the whole collection for a sum equivalent to £4000 of our money, averaging about ninepence apiece! They were enclosed in 520 volumes, and when deposited in the Royal library, were rearranged, and bound in 234 quarto volumes. They are still to be seen in their original fine binding of red morocco, with the double L and crown. "Qui a bu, boira," and no sooner had Marolles sold his prints, than the same furore seized him again, and he commenced a second collection. Six years later, he was hard at work with his second catalogue. His numbers did not quite reach the first total; but when he died there were still 111,424 specimens to be disposed of by auction. The collection of Marolles formed the basis of the unrivalled print-room of the Bibliothèque Nationale, which is said to contain at least two millions and a half of specimens.

About the same time Evrard Jabach, the banker, was at work. His name has already been mentioned in connection with the purchase of pictures at Charles I.'s sale for Mazarin and himself. More varied in his ideas than Marolles, he filled his hotel in the Rue Neuve St. Merry with pictures and sculpture, and his cabinet with prints and drawings to an enormous extent. His taste was unrivalled, and his liberality to artists unbounded; but

in 1671, financial disaster overtook him, and he was forced to part with his treasures. He applied to the King, as the most likely one to relieve him of his collection. The list of things offered to the King, drawn up by Jabach himself, with the prices estimated by him, is interesting.

	Livres.
2631 drawings, bound, at 100 livres	263,100
1516 drawings, unbound, at 23 livres	37,900
1395 drawings, portraits, at 5 livres	6,975
101 pictures	155,450
Family diamonds	22,000
Statues, reliefs, and other marbles	28,700
Large bronzes	6,500
Household furniture	6,500
Silver plate	12,800
212 engraved plates	15,300

After prolonged negotiations, Louis XIV. bought the 5542 drawings for 221,883 livres, and the 101 pictures; but the price paid for these is not known. The French livre is equal to about three francs.

During the 18th century, collectors increased in number considerably both at home and abroad. Space will not allow of more than a passing notice of some of the more celebrated. In France, the names of three men come to mind at once, each remarkable in some special way as regards art matters. Pierre Crozat, 1665-1740, Jean-Anne, Count de Caylus, 1692-1765, and Pierre Jean Mariette, 1694-1774.

Crozat almost rivalled Mazarin in the amount of his possessions. Besides 18,000 drawings, 400 pictures, and as many marble statues, reliefs, and busts, he had a very large number of bronzes of all sorts, terra-cottas from the hand of Michael Angelo, Paul Veronese, and François Flamand, a large library of art books, the finest collection of gems ever owned by a private collector, porcelain from China and Japan, and what was unusual at that time, many specimens of Italian Faience. As early as his eighteenth year, he was associated with his elder brother in the office of Treasurer of the Department of Languedoc, and the two brothers were bankers at Toulouse. Here, Pierre, at that early age, commenced collecting the works of Le Fage, vaunted

by his contemporaries as superior to Raphael or Michael Angelo. The young collector easily fell into the same error, and bought up everything connected with that much over-praised artist. In 1704, the two brothers are next found in Paris, immensely rich, and each intent on building a magnificent hotel for himself, Pierre choosing some land at the corner of the Rue Richelieu and the Boulevard. He decided at this time to withdraw from commerce and devote himself to collecting. His elder brother Antoine continued in commerce, and died a millionaire in 1738. One great distinguishing feature of Crozat was his charity, both during his life and in his will. Charles de la Fosse, the artist, lived in Crozat's hotel, and dying there, his widow was still permitted to occupy his apartments as long as she lived. Watteau also lived there, at a time when his gains were nil, and he could barely support himself. After about a year, however, his love for a Bohemian life became too strong, and he left his kind patron for a small lodging in the Quartier Latin. In 1720 he still further extended his hospitality. Rosalba Carriera, the great Venetian miniaturist, arrived in Paris with her mother, two sisters, and her brother-in-law Pellegrini, and Crozat, who had formed her acquaintance in Italy, took them all into his hotel, where they remained for two years. One of the most favourite parts of his collection was the wondrous cabinet of gems which he amassed. The number of specimens was considerable, about 1400; but the quality raised his collection to the first place in Europe. As though he feared their disappearance, if withdrawn from his constant supervision, he kept them in his bedroom arranged in drawers in two magnificent Buhl cabinets. His friend Mariette made the catalogue of them for the sale in 1741. Crozat died in 1740, and showed as much generosity in his will as he had practised during his life. By sums of money, and by the proceeds of certain parts of his collection which he directed should be sold for the purpose, he left to the poor the magnificent sum of 700,000 francs, about £28,000. The cameos and intaglios were bought *en bloc* by the Duke of Orleans, and ultimately passed into England at the time of the Orleans sale in 1788.

Le Comte de Caylus, 1692-1765, was descended from one of

the most ancient families of France. His mother, the charming Marguerite de Villette Murçay, was the cousin and spoiled child of Madame de Maintenon, the last *amie* of the great King. She was the author of the 'Mémoires,' edited by Voltaire, the close friend of the Duchesse de Bourgogne, of the Maréchal de Villeroy, of La Fare, and the Abbé de Choisy. Married to Jean Anne de Caylus at the terribly early age of thirteen, her husband was sent off in command of a brigade to the Flemish frontier, with orders to stay there, and not bother his wife or the Court with his presence. Young De Caylus commenced his career in the army, but the Peace of Rastadt left him without occupation, and he resigned his commission, intending to devote himself to the cultivation of art. Admitted to the intimacy of Crozat, he found abundant material in his friend's hotel to perfect himself in the knowledge of drawing, and spent his whole time for some years in reproducing with the burin the drawings of the old masters contained in the collection of Crozat and the cabinet of the King. The Cabinet des Estampes contains a complete collection of his engraved works in four folio volumes, many of the pages filled with small engravings from gems, medals, &c., showing very considerable talent. In the year 1736 he built an hotel for himself in the Rue Saint Dominique, and Le Beau gives a description of it: "L'entrée de la maison annonçait l'ancienne Egypte; on y était reçu par une belle statue égyptienne, de cinq pieds de proportion. L'escalier était tapissé de médaillons et de curiosités de la Chine et de l'Amérique. Dans l'appartement des antiquités on se voyait environné de dieux, de prêtres, de magistrats égyptiens, étrusques, grecs, romains, entre lesquels diverses figures gauloises semblaient honteuses de se montrer." At the same time he was working hard at his catalogue, the 'Recueil d'Antiquités,' the illustrations in which were all executed by Bouchardon and himself, the text entirely written by De Caylus, and although inexact according to the advanced knowledge of the present day, still showing an amount of archaeological research which was rare enough when it was written. For forty years he exercised an enormous influence on French art; his opinions were quoted as laws without appeal; his sympathies brought artists into fashion: his aversions caused the ruin of others.

Possibly, by attempting to force the severity of the antique upon a school whose natural bent was rather towards grace and elegance, he only succeeded in making the antique ridiculous. He was buried in the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois in a sarcophagus which he had always set apart for the purpose. It rested in the church until 1795, when it was taken into the museum formed by Lenoir in the convent of the Petits Augustins, and in 1816 was transferred to the Louvre.

In some respects, Pierre-Jean Mariette, 1694-1774, had a more cultured mind than either of the foregoing collectors. He was indeed the type of an amateur. Endowed with exquisite taste, singular tact, and rare judgment, he added an activity and perseverance not often met with in any walk of life. Himself a printer and dealer in engravings, he came of a family which from generation to generation had been occupied in the same pursuit and in the same locality—the Rue des Noyers, under the shadow of the church of St. Benoît, on whose register the name appears as far back as the year 1181. In this church Mariette was buried; but twenty years after the church became a revolutionary club, and the mad wits of the time amused themselves by scattering to the four winds of Heaven the ashes of those who had been far better men and citizens than themselves.

From his father's calling he was thus accustomed from his earliest infancy to deal with the material which was in the future to be the grand study of his life, enabling him to gain a position as connoisseur of drawings, etchings, and engravings never equalled by any amateur either before or since his time. When only twenty-four years of age he was asked by the Emperor Charles VI., at the instance of Prince Eugene, to arrange and classify the magnificent collections of prints at Vienna. He speedily evolved order out of chaos, and left the collection amongst the best arranged of Europe. This faculty of arrangement, joined with considerable literary talent, was constantly called into requisition. He was the inseparable companion of the Comte de Caylus, and on very intimate terms with Crozat. He supplied the text to all the illustrated works produced by the graver of De Caylus, such as the 'Recueil d'estampes d'après les plus beaux tableaux et d'après

les plus beaux dessins qui sont en France, dans le Cabinet du Roy, dans celui de M. le duc d'Orléans et dans d'autres cabinets,' one of the finest illustrated art-works ever produced. His 'Traité des pierres gravées,' published in 1750, was the text-book consulted by all amateurs, and even at the present day constitutes one of the most valuable works of reference on this charming subject. To show his determined energy, he learned English when he was seventy years old, in order to translate Walpole's works. When he quitted business in 1752, he devoted his remaining years to the prosecution of his two greatest works—'L'Abecedario' and 'L'Histoire de la Gravure.' Antonio Orlandi, a Carmelite monk, born at Bologna in 1660, published in 1704, under the title of 'Abecedario pittorico,' a biography of painters, arranged alphabetically. Mariette's deep knowledge detected so many mistakes and omissions in the work, that he determined to remodel it, and during sixty years he passed scarcely a day without adding something to the original, and his death still found it unfinished. It has been completed and published by Messieurs de Chennevières and de Montaignon. At length, on September 10, 1774, at eighty years of age, the grand old man passed away, the best of the great French amateurs of the 18th century. In July the superintendent of the Cabinet du Roi impressed upon M. de Malesherbes the desirability of purchasing the whole collection of drawings; but alas! there was no money, and they were sold by auction, Basan, the renowned print-seller of the Rue Serpente, drawing up the catalogue. The sale realised 357,000 livres, about £40,000. Mariette mounted all his drawings in the same manner—on greyish-blue paper, surrounded by a fine gold line, with the name of the artist written in a neat cartouche, and a tiny M in a circle stamped upon each mount. That magic letter is a sure passport whenever seen upon a drawing or print.

In England, the 17th century had seen the dispersion of the three great collections of the time, viz., those of Charles I., the Earl of Arundel, and the Duke of Buckingham. Many of the very finest works left the country, purchased by the Spanish Ambassador, Don Alonzo de Cardenas, by Jabach, Mazarin, the Archduke Leopold William (these pictures are now in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna),

M. Reynst, an eminent Dutch connoisseur, and Queen Christina of Sweden. The Duke of Buckingham's collection was also taken out of the country by his son, after the father's assassination, to Antwerp, and sold there. These dispersals, followed by the disastrous fire at Whitehall in 1698, in which nearly all the remnants of Charles's collection perished, left this country poor indeed in works of art at the commencement of the 18th century; but ere it closed the tables were turned. When once the great wave of revolution, first let loose in Paris, surged over Europe like a withering storm, destroying all before it, England, safe in her island home, had but to stretch forth her hand and, with a golden key, unlock all the great treasure-houses of the Continent, and then there poured into her galleries and museums such a stream of art as had never been equalled since the days when Sylla and Mummius swept bare the treasure-chambers of the temples of ancient Greece. For forty years after the commencement of the troubles of 1787, the masses of pictures, sculpture, illuminated manuscripts, engraved gems, drawings by the old masters, &c., which flowed into England, were simply stupendous. And they are with us still. The few historic collections which have come under the hammer during the later years, such as the Hamilton, the Marlborough, the Fountaine, and others, are but as drops in the ocean of the art possessions of this country, destined, let us hope, to remain with us until Macaulay's New Zealander shall have completed his inspection of the ruins of London Bridge.

The first great haul which occurred was the sale of the Orleans collection. It was formed by the Regent Orleans with consummate taste, and embraced forty-seven pictures from the collection of Christina, Queen of Sweden, many gems from the Richelieu, Mazarin, and Dubois Galleries, the whole of the engraved gems belonging to Pierre Crozat, besides terra-cottas, bronzes, &c. His son, Duke Louis, was a religious fanatic, and cut the heads of Leda and Io out of Correggio's pictures, considering them the height of impropriety. These two pictures, by the bye, were afterwards bought for Frederic the Great, and are now in the Berlin Museum. But it was reserved for the cowardly and contemptible Philip Egalité to dissipate these treasures. He preferred the gold, in his

endeavour to debauch the wild mob of Paris, thinking he could lead the many-headed monster to minister to his own selfish ends. The wretch, who encouraged the mob in their wildest excesses, who jeered at the poor severed head of Lamballe, and voted for the death of Louis XVI., like an engineer hoist with his own petard, was brought to the same scaffold in November, 1793, and never did the guillotine claim a victim who more richly deserved his fate. The gallery was divided. The pictures of the Italian and French Schools, to the number of 295, were bought for Mr. Walkners, a banker of Brussels, for 750,000 livres, though M. Laborde de Mereville endeavoured to retain them in France by purchasing them back from Mr. Walkners for 900,000 francs. When M. Laborde in his turn was compelled to fly before the Revolution, he brought his pictures to England and sold them to the house of Jeremiah Harmann for £40,000. Then followed rather a good stroke of business. Mr. Bryan prevailed on the Duke of Bridgewater, the Earl of Gower, afterwards Marquis of Stafford, and the Earl of Carlisle, to form a syndicate to purchase them of Mr. Harmann for £43,000. They selected ninety-four pictures, of the estimated value of 39,000 guineas. They then sold other pictures to the amount of 31,000 guineas by private sale. The remaining pictures were exhibited publicly, and then sold by auction for £10,000. So that the syndicate got their ninety-four selected specimens for something like £450—not a bad speculation. The Flemish, Dutch, and German pictures were bought by Mr. Thomas Moor Slade, in conjunction with Lord Kinnaird and Messrs. Moreland and Hammersley, for 350,000 francs, and sold by auction in London in 1793.

The Orleans Gallery was soon followed by that of the French Minister, M. Calonne, which was sold here in 1795. In Italy, the Revolution told heavily, and English gold, as usual, was ready for the fray. The painter, Day, Mr. Young Ottley, Buchanan, the picture dealer, and others, scoured the country, and Mr. Sloane, at that time English banker at Rome, obtained some of the finest possessions of the great families, the Barberini, Borghese, Colonna, Corsini, Guistiniani, and other great houses, forced by circumstances to realise the heirlooms descended from

their magnificent ancestors of the 15th and 16th century. Genoa, Florence, Naples, and many of the finest churches in Italy, followed suit, even altar-pieces of the earliest fathers of the Renaissance not escaping. The same thing occurred in Belgium and Holland, and no sooner had the French invaded Spain in 1807, than the indefatigable Buchanan was on their tracks. In conjunction with the landscape painter, Wallis, displaying the greatest perseverance and intrepidity, exposed to dangers and difficulties of all sorts, they brought to England a vast number of works of art. The celebrated Murillos from the Palace of Santiago at Madrid, gems from the collections of Alba, Altamira, and the Prince of the Peace, even from the Escorial itself, the large Rubens from the Convent of Loeches, &c. &c. Buchanan afterwards visited France, buying right and left, and in 1817 purchased the Talleyrand collection *en bloc* for 320,000 francs. It numbered only forty-six pictures, nearly all of the Dutch School, but all celebrated. The quality may be judged by "the Peace of Munster," by Terburg, now in the National Gallery. Drawings by the old masters flowed in quite as freely. Mr. Young Ottley purchased in Rome two whole collections of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Samuel Woodburn, the great art-dealer, got together an amazing number. In Pesaro, he purchased the remainder of the collection of the Marchese Antaldi, from which Crozat had filled his portfolios fifty years before; and in Rome, M. Vicar, one of the Commissioners of the French Republic for selecting works of art in Italy, to be transferred to France, yielded up his fine collection of Raphael drawings for 11,000 scudi. In Paris, the same enterprising dealer secured the whole of Paignon Dyonval's drawings, a large selection from Baron Denon, who occupied the enviable post of French Commissioner-General for all works of art annexed by France from conquered countries, and from many other well-known collectors. A large portion of these acquisitions passed into the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, who is said to have spent £40,000 on his portfolios. In estimating the gains of England at this period, we must not forget what, in some ways, transcends all the rest, viz., the arrival in this country of what are known as the Elgin Marbles. Lord

Elgin was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Porte in 1799. He visited Athens, and employed able assistants to make plans of the ancient buildings, and casts of all the fine sculptures to be met with. He saw with dismay that the Turks were gradually destroying all the stone monuments, even well-known statues by Phidias being pounded up and burnt for lime. When Napoleon's expedition to Egypt had been defeated and the country restored to the Porte by the arms of England, no request could be refused, and Lord Elgin saw his opportunity. In 1801, he obtained two firmans giving him permission to draw, take casts of, and carry away anything he chose from the Acropolis. Accordingly he took from the Parthenon all the remaining statues but two, fifteen metopes, three sides of the bas-reliefs which ran round the temple as a frieze, and many other works, thus securing for this country the finest remains of Greek art still in existence, and which will ever remain as a testimony to the art knowledge and untiring perseverance of the great connoisseur. I have only touched lightly on this eventful period of English collecting. Many books give in great detail the whole of the collections which changed hands to our advantage during the half-century following the French Revolution, especially Dr. Waagen's 'Treasures of Art in Great Britain,' to which the reader is referred, who desires more intimate knowledge on this interesting subject. The two best known English collectors of general art-works in the 18th century have already been partially referred to, Sir Andrew Fountaine and Horace Walpole. The collection at Narford Hall had always been placed in the first rank by the comparatively few persons who had seen it in its home; but when in 1885 it was at length displayed to the public gaze at Christie's, the refined taste of the old collector became at once apparent. Many larger collections have made their appearance in the auction-room, but rarely has general excellence attained so high a level as here. It embraced the finest specimens of Faïence, the gorgeous lusted pieces of Gubbio, bearing the talismanic mark of Maestro Giorgio Andreoli, the more sober Raphael ware of Urbino, signed by Razio or Fontana, gems of the art-work of Bernard Palissy, the poor

persecuted enthusiast, forced to keep his kilns alight with the flooring of his wretched home; three pieces of that rarest of all pottery, the faïence d'Oiron, formerly called Henri II. ware, the translucent glories of Limoges, masterpieces of the etching needle of Rembrandt, Albert Dürer, and all the great masters of the needle, &c. &c.

Through the public spirit of a number of gentlemen interested in art, certain selected specimens were reserved for the National Collection, and have now found a lasting home in the British and South Kensington Museums. The Strawberry Hill sale commenced on Monday, April 23rd, 1842, and lasted twenty-four days. The introduction to the sale catalogue, written by the celebrated auctioneer, George Robins, is worthy of study. Occasionally, his muse fairly runs away with him, especially where he describes Horace Walpole as "the mighty master who planned and matured this wondrous whole, and whose life, almost from the cradle to the grave, was occupied in snatching from the depredations of time the few remaining specimens of the classic ages—the treasures of Gothic Halls and Cathedrals—and the antiquities of the Middle Ages." Harrison Ainsworth, describing Strawberry Hill at the time of the sale, expresses a sentiment one hears very generally on such occasions: "It is impossible to witness, without feelings of regret, the dispersion of objects on whose acquirement a whole life has been spent." Of late years, when so many historic collections have found their way into Christie's or Sotheby's sale-rooms, Ainsworth's regrets seem more than ever applicable; but surely when once the loving care of the original collector is no longer available, and a generation has arisen which "cares for none of these things," it is far better that dispersion should take place, and that each object should again find a cherishing hand in a new home, than that neglect should impoverish the beauty or hasten the inevitable decay of all that is mundane. Such things, as books for instance, are peculiarly liable to deterioration from damp, dust, &c., and more than one of the great libraries dispersed within the last few years, were taken none too soon from the shelves which had been so long their resting-place, the fatal fungus of that terrible

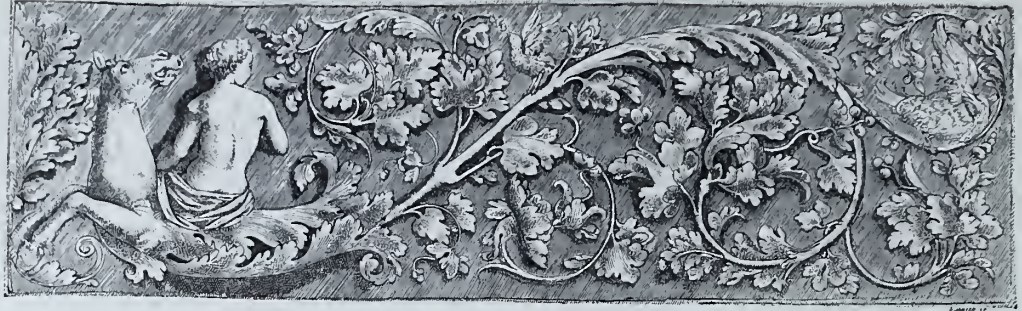
disease, mildew, having already commenced its ravaging career. Perhaps the highest compliment that could be paid to the judgment and art knowledge of Horace Walpole, is the *cachet* still attaching to any article which once found a place in his collection. To say of a thing that it came from Strawberry Hill, is equivalent to saying, "Criticisms and doubts cannot here be allowed; its authenticity and attribution must be correct."

Sir William Hamilton was another of the cultured collectors of the 18th century, especially of Greek and Roman art. To him we owe the acquisition of the Barberini or Portland Vase, which he was prevailed upon, much against his will, to part with to another great collector of the time, the Duchess of Portland, who gave her name to the celebrated specimen of the glass-works of Alexandria. The Duchess was quite a rabid collector, second only to Walpole, though the judgment which characterised the genius of Strawberry Hill was by no means so apparent in her Grace's selections. Sir William Hamilton's fine collection of Etruscan painted terra-cotta vases was purchased by the British Museum in 1772 for £8400, and his unrivalled knowledge of all that was purest and best in classic art materially helped forward the endeavours of Josiah Wedgwood and Flaxman to reproduce in some measure the beauty of form, which was the great distinguishing feature of the art-work of ancient Greece. The British Museum tells us of two other persevering collectors of the time, Sir Hans Sloane and Mr. Townley. They both collected the same class of objects, viz., terra-cottas, marbles, bronzes, belonging to Greece, Assyria, Persia, and India, Roman and Etruscan sarcophagi, coins, &c.

Sir Hans Sloane left his collection to the nation, on condition that £20,000 was given to his family, about a third of its actual value at the time. The Townley collection was purchased by the State in two portions, the marbles and terra-cottas in 1805 for £20,000, and the remaining antiquities in 1811 for £8200. Amongst the other purchases made by the British Museum early in the century, may be mentioned the celebrated Phygalian friezes from the Temple of Apollo, for which £15,000 were paid on the spot, the expenses of removal, &c., bringing up the sum to

over £20,000, whilst the Elgin Marbles cost the country £35,000. It would be impossible to enumerate the individual collectors who were brought into existence by the flood of art-works which, as has been previously described, poured into this country towards the end of the 18th century. Half the aristocracy, and most of the more educated commoners, surrounded themselves more or less with the spoils of the Continent, and at one bound England easily distanced the world as a nation of amateurs.





SECTION IV.

19TH CENTURY AND GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.



I HAVE said in the previous chapter that Fountaine and Walpole were catholic in their tastes ; but what curious idiosyncracies exist with regard to collectors ! Scarcely anything one can mention has escaped the research of some amateur. I remember being particularly struck with this fact at the Brussels Exhibition of 1878, on seeing amongst the loan collection a glass case full of old gloves. The idea was novel to me at the time ; but I was surprised, on looking up the subject, to see how much had been written on it. I found how in the 16th century Italian gloves were pre-eminent, and were often given as presents to the ladies by the Dukes of Este and Ferrara at their grand fêtes, perfumed and embroidered ; how Venice produced them painted like the choicest fans ; how Spain used them, embroidered and decorated with diamonds as diplomatic presents ; how, again, they have occasionally served a far more evil purpose, there being a tradition that the good Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henri IV., was poisoned by a pair of gloves presented to her by an Italian at the Court of Catherine de Medicis, doubtless with the connivance of that execrable woman. By the bye, I read the origin of the scent now much in vogue, Frangipani, invented in the 16th century by the Marquis of Frangipani, a great Roman noble, for the purpose of perfuming gloves. But this is by the way.

Some collectors will take up one subject, and endeavour

to obtain as complete a series as possible of the works of one artist or fabrique. For instance, there are several fine collections of Wedgwood ware, where the possessor has not sought anything beyond the works of the great Josiah; these collectors may be called specialists, or perhaps the untutored outsider alluded to at the beginning of this chapter might call them "mono" maniacs. Books, autographs, military medals, coins, playing cards, glass, early Staffordshire ware or salt glaze, Bow enamels, tapestry, book-plates, boots and shoes, wigs, garters, busks of corsets, coat-buttons, walking-sticks, and postage-stamps, have each had their special worshippers. Others again will take up faience, and admit no porcelain of any kind, and even faience collections may be again subdivided, as Urbino or Gubbio in Italy, Marseilles, Nevers or Rouen in France, Delft in Holland, &c. &c. About the most original collector I ever heard of was Mark Twain's hero, who thought he would collect "Echoes." He found a very remarkable specimen formed by two hills; he bought one hill, but he could never persuade the owner of the other to part with his property, so his collection remained unfinished.

Then again, many historical characters have a band of followers who diligently search out relics or portraits connected with the hero or heroine of their cult. The Stuart family have been specially singled out in this country, from the martyr Charles I. to the Prince Charlie, commonly known as the Young Pretender. On the other hand, Cromwell also has his adherents; whilst Byron, Lord Nelson, Robert Burns, and many others, have been and still are objects of hero-worship. In France, Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI. and his ill-fated son Louis XVII., Napoleon, Lafayette, relics of the terrible 1793, the time of madness which produced the guillotine and the assignat, have each found a collector who worked diligently in his own particular metier.

Undoubtedly, to collectors we owe the discovery of many a point of interest in the history of art; a mark here, a monogram there, has led to research, and the unearthing of information in stray channels, from which a whole life has been built up. Mr. Mayer, the Wedgwood collector, found in a butter-shop in Liverpool a mass of papers, letters, &c., relating to Josiah Wedgwood,

which enabled Miss Meteyard to complete and fill in many a missing link in the life of the great potter. Joseph Mayer was a character in his way. He was a silversmith by trade, and his ambition was to be able to say he had kept behind his counter for fifty years, and somehow he managed to complete his task. He left his collection to the town of Liverpool, and was one of many amateurs who have, either during their life or by will, enriched the town which had been the scene of their labours with the fruits of their patient years of collecting. Mappin of Sheffield, Tangye of Birmingham, Coates of Paisley, Willet of Brighton, are some well-known instances of the collector's generosity. The Government has never done much for art in this country, and perhaps art has thriven better unaided. The sturdy self-reliance and independence which characterize the English nature has made us what we are ; and the fostering care of a paternal government, enfeebling and discouraging individual exertion, is not in keeping with our traditions. The tendency of the present democratic dispensation seems towards regulating everything by legislation ; time alone can shew by what results the process will be followed. Even the British Museum owes its origin to a legacy in 1753. Sir Hans Sloane having left his magnificent collection to the country, Parliament purchased Montague House for its reception, and it was opened in 1759 as the British Museum. After the purchase of the Townley collection, further building became necessary, and by subsequent purchases, presents and bequests, the collection increased by such rapid strides that in the year 1823 Sir Robert Smirke was commissioned to design the present edifice, now filled with treasures second to none in Europe. Once or twice Government has stepped in, or rather, an individual of the Government, as when D'Israeli purchased the Blacas collection of gems for £70,000. He said at the time, that if Government refused the purchase, he would take them himself. Had he done so, he would certainly have been the gainer, for under the hammer this marvellous collection would have reached a far higher figure. Lately again, the nation bought with much heart-burning some of the Blenheim pictures ; but the National Gallery and the British Museum are

to be starved until poor John Bull has recovered from the gigantic effort. Only those who had the conduct of the negotiations for the purchase by the nation of the specimens selected from the Fountaine collection know the heart-breaking weariness which waited upon the red-tape conduct of the business; and whilst the wealthiest nation in the world haggles over its art-purchases in a manner worthy of Houndsditch, the enlightened and liberal managers of the Berlin Museum step in and carry off some of our finest specimens from under our very eyes. When our unrivalled collection of national portraits narrowly escapes destruction by the over-heated flues of an adjoining show, we pack them away at the East End of London, and decline to provide a proper roof to cover them. Surely the radical purists of the present day may reflect that the greatest radical of them all, Oliver Cromwell, bought the Hampton Court cartoons of Raphael for £300 out of his private purse, to preserve them to the nation, when they would otherwise have been carried off to Spain or France, at the dispersion of Charles I.'s collection.

I have often thought, judging by my own experience, what would be the kindest piece of advice to give to a commencing collector, and I fancy it would take the form of "avoid bargains." There is no royal road to knowledge in art, any more than in any other subject, and if, as is undoubtedly true, experience is the best master, the lesson he teaches must be paid for in some manner. It is far better, and cheaper in the end, to pay a good price to a respectable dealer for the right thing, than to load yourself with spurious or bad specimens, which a short apprenticeship will cause you to discard with disgust, and for which you will get nothing. The most successful general is he who makes the fewest mistakes; and I am quite sure, in forming a collection, the chances of error will be minimized by accepting the judgment of an honest adviser. When, by constant use, the senses of sight and touch have been to a certain extent educated, then look out for bargains if you please. They are certainly to be met with occasionally, though perhaps not every day will you chance upon such a windfall as fell to the lot of the late Mr. Sanders in the matter of the Chelsea Vase. The anecdote is worth relating, as it

inculcates another very necessary lesson : "Travel through the world with your eyes open." Passing down a street in Dover, he thought he saw on a shelf in a chemist's shop a Chelsea vase. He entered and saw a label marked "Leeches" attached to the vase. He asked for some of the interesting animals, and a nearer inspection showed him that his surmise was quite correct, and that the vase was a very choice specimen. He informed the chemist that he should require all the leeches he had in stock, and that perhaps the shortest way was to take vase and all, to which the chemist consented, for a consideration, I believe, of £9, and Mr. Sanders walked off with the prize under his arm. The leeches were emptied down the nearest gutter, and the vase installed as one of the gems of his collection.

In this century, and especially during the last twenty years, collectors have increased enormously, and, as a natural consequence, prices have been enhanced to a degree that would have made our predecessors' hair stand on end. As wealth increases amongst the general public, and taste becomes more cultivated, the desire to possess things of beauty comes as a natural consequence. Probably there never was a time in art history when a more pure and right taste prevailed as extensively as at the present moment. The mania for cracked cups and saucers, ugly tea-pots and brass warming-pans, which some years ago made the fortune of more than one dealer, seems entirely to have passed away, and it is quite true that what may be called second-class wares have gone down in value almost to a vanishing point ; old masters of the "mellow" sort are absolutely unsaleable, and blue and white ginger jars no longer command their hundreds of pounds ; but, on the other hand, really fine things continue to ascend in price, until it requires a Rothschild to compete for them ; and, despite the hard times, the announced ruin of our manufacturers, and the starvation of our landed interest, money seems plentiful enough, when Fountaine majolica, Hamilton cabinets, or Buccleuch mezzotints are in question. I mentioned the name of Rothschild ; the whole family, almost without exception, are collectors, and one and all are imbued with that unerring judgment which instinctively accepts only what is right and true. It is quite a curious study

to turn over sale catalogues, beginning say with Strawberry Hill, through the different stages, the Stowe, Bernal, and Bale collections, up to the Hamilton, Fountaine, and other recent sales; the gradual increase in price of the finer lots is simply prodigious. From Petitot enamels at nine guineas each, in the Strawberry Hill sale, we reach the £4000 table, and the £12,000 Buhl armoire of the Hamilton collection, or the £3000 miniature set in diamonds. About the year 1840 there was for sale, in Wardour Street, a magnificent Sèvres service, which had belonged to the Empress Catherine of Russia. There were 120 pieces decorated with turquoise-blue and gold, with E. II. composed of flowers in the centre of each piece. The dealer asked £1000 for it, but could not get a bid. After a long time, the whole service was sold, I believe, for £600. At the present day as much as £300 a piece have been paid for plates from this identical service. If prices have reached this very high level now, what will they be when such a country as America, which must in the future become a collecting nation, enters the field as a competitor? Art education has not yet reached the well-to-do masses there with sufficient force to stimulate that love of possession which comes sooner or later to all wealthy nations; and, in addition, they have at present to face the prohibitory tariff still in force. A man may be willing to pay £1000 for a picture, a bronze, or a Sèvres vase, but when he knows that on that purchase he will be mulcted in something like an additional £300 in the shape of duty before the article can be included in his collection, he may well hesitate. When once this barrier is removed—and it is difficult to imagine it can long withstand the movement now on foot amongst the intelligent portion of the Union—it is probable that, judging by the habitual tall prices and large notions of our American cousins, they will sweep the old countries clean of their treasures, and the New World will become the heirs of the accumulated relics of a history long past and gone. The same thing applies, in a lesser degree, to our colonies. They are younger even than America, and are still in their early working phase of existence, but ere long they too will require their collections. Museums will be built and fitted, and as they have no historical associations, or treasured relics of

their own, they must draw on the mother country for the material. In the face of these future demands, and with the knowledge how extremely limited is the supply, it seems reasonable to suppose that the prices regarded as colossal to-day will be but small when measured by those of the future. The only consolation we can draw from this threatened transfer is, that our treasures will still belong to the race, and that Greater Britain will but replace the Lesser.

It seems hardly possible to talk so much of sales and prices without mentioning that parasite of the auction-room, the "knock-out." One of the leading axioms of political economy is, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest." Certainly the members of the knock-out carry out this axiom most thoroughly. A number of dealers and brokers attending sales are members of a regular association, with a recognised chairman and secretary. They agree not to oppose each other in the biddings, to depreciate the character of the goods, and to oppose other dealers and private buyers, having secret methods of communication with each other, so as not to exceed certain values, &c. After the sale is over, they assemble together and hold another private auction amongst themselves, bidding against each other. The difference in value between the public and private sale prices is put into a common fund and divided in certain proportions amongst all the members present; whilst if by chance any lot fails to fetch the value a member paid for it in public, he is repaid the difference out of the common fund. Even if any member purchases an article at a sale on his own account, any other member of the association present can claim it; and if the original purchaser cannot plead a direct commission given to him by a private buyer, he is compelled to submit the article to the secret auction. At such a place as Christie's, except on off days, the knock-out is to a certain extent powerless; there are too many private buyers and large dealers present to give them a chance. Their happy hunting grounds are the small sale-rooms and private houses both in town and country, and many an estate has suffered from their combination. A London dealer went down to a sale in Hampshire, intending to buy some old

Wedgwood. He found the buyers at the sale consisted entirely of members of the knock-out, and that he would have no chance of purchasing anything. For the day only he joined them, and the things were sold for next to nothing. At the private auction afterwards he received £13 as his share of the common fund, although he bought nothing, some other members pocketing as much as £40 and £50 as their share of the spoil. The defence set up by these gentry is of course that they have as much right to combine to buy in the cheapest market as any of the corners or rings so common in America, and not altogether unknown here. One noted collector, to whom the knock-out is especially a *bête noire*, suggests that the institution ought to be made illegal. I am not lawyer enough to decide how far the law of conspiracy could be strained to meet the case; but in these days of trades unions, and when plenty of apologists can be found even for the Irish "Plan of Campaign," it seems extremely doubtful if Parliament would listen for a moment to any coercive measures. Another sufferer is of opinion that if an expert were appointed to attend every sale, to describe the lots, their nature, condition and probable value, such a thing as the depreciation of property at the hands of the knock-out could not take place. Unfortunately for this theory, the French auctions are thus conducted, but the knock-out, there known by the slang name of "Le Baignoir," is more rampant and more complicated in its machinery in the Rue Drouot than it is here. I fear the real remedy is still very far off. Its effect upon the property sold is of course disastrous; but the private buyer is only hit, in the way of rendering it impossible for him, in the face of the knock-out, ever to get a bargain at a public sale. He need never pay beyond the presumed market price of an article, as naturally the members of the association will not exceed this sum. The following account of the exact method pursued by the dealers at the private auction was furnished me by one interested in the association, and I cannot do better than present the case as drawn up by him, giving his own words.

"Settlements, or as dealers in works of art term it, 'The knock-out,' means that after a sale the dealers who are acquainted

with one another in business adjourn to a room and there settle the goods purchased by them at the sale. To those who are continually attending sales, the knock-out is easily understood ; but I will endeavour to simplify the meaning to the uninitiated by the following example. Suppose a sale takes place at which five dealers are present, and who are continually having business relations together ; they agree not to oppose one another on certain goods which they wish to buy in the sale ; they buy these articles, and afterwards adjourn to a room ; a dealer is made chairman, and it is his duty to call out each lot that has been purchased by any dealer present, and the other dealers are at liberty to claim such lot. Suppose, for instance, a bronze has been bought for £20, the chairman calls it out as follows : ‘ Lot 31, Antique Bronze Group, £20, bought by A.’ B. says he’ll give £1 on it, C. 30s., D. 35s., E. £2 ; it then comes to A., who perhaps does not reckon it worth more than £22, which it now costs, and A. says he’ll give no more ; he is therefore entitled to a fifth share of £2 as his profit ; B., C., and D. follow A.’s example, and it therefore belongs to E., who divides the £2 into five parts, four parts he pays to A., B., C., and D., retaining his own share. In this way each lot is gone through with. Of course there is a great saving to the dealer ; as if they were in opposition at the sale, this bronze might have cost £36, instead of which he holds it for £22, and this enables him to sell it cheaper to his customer. Many individuals profess great objection to these so-called settlements on the dealer’s part, but it occurs in every profession and business in life. A. is possessed of a field, B. hears that a railway is about to be made through this field, of which fact A. is ignorant ; B. makes A. an offer, which A. accepts ; B. probably in a few months realizes treble what he pays A. Same with a sale. A. goes and pays £10 for a cup and saucer ; many individuals are present who are at liberty to bid more for it if they like ; A. probably has bought a cup and saucer worth £20, simply his superior knowledge has enabled him to do so, and which has taken him years to gain.

“ Many incidents have occurred to me where I have seen articles sold many pounds below their value. On one occasion several dealers met at a sale in the country, and bought most of the

goods at very low prices; they were afterwards settled amongst about twenty-five dealers, some of whom took £7, £10, £15, £25, and £30 apiece, besides holding lots at low prices. Another time three china vases sold in a sale for £28, and afterwards £200 was paid on them, and the dealer who held them was enabled to sell them at a fair price then."

Let us now turn our attention shortly to the best known collections, which contain the most prominent specimens connected with our special study, viz., miniature portraits. I have thought it best not to touch upon the general collections of the present day. Their name is legion; it would be impossible to describe them all, and invidious to select. Portrait painting took root in England at a comparatively early period. Excluding the various illuminated MSS. which contain portraits of some of the earlier Kings, and to which reference has been made under that head, about the earliest monarch of whom we have a separate and distinct portrait is Richard II. The whole length of him in Westminster Abbey has been cleared of the subsequent coats of paint wherewith ardent restorers had loaded him, and can now be seen in something like the original condition. Walpole tells us the last coat was administered "by one Capt. Brome, a printseller near the Parliament-house, but this was after Mr. Talman had taken his drawing from whence the print was engraved." There is another portrait of the same king at Wilton, of almost miniature size, representing the king kneeling, attended by his patron saints before the Virgin and Child, attended by angels; Hollar engraved it. To the bottom of the picture are affixed these words: "Invention of painting in oil, 1410. This was painted before, in the beginning of Richard II., 1377." Richard married a Bohemian princess, and Mr. J. C. Robinson thinks he can trace a resemblance between this small picture and some works which he saw at Prague. Walpole takes us one step back still, and mentions a small portrait of Edward the Black Prince, the father of Richard II. He speaks of it thus: "Mr. Onslow, the late speaker, had a small head of the Black Prince, which there is great reason to believe was painted at the time. It is not very ill-done; it represents him in black armour embossed with gold, and with a golden lion on his breast. He has a hat with a white feather

and a large ruby exactly in the shape of the rough ruby still in the crown." He also mentions an undoubted original of Henry IV. at Hampton Court in Herefordshire.

The position of a court painter in these early times was by no means a happy one. He was classed with the lowest servants of the establishment, the stable-boys, scullions and apothecaries. He more properly represented the painter and glazier of the present day; everything connected with the brush fell to his lot. From a portrait to a stable-bucket, he was expected to attend to all. Gradually, as art knowledge somewhat increased, and the king or noble condescended to be on more familiar terms with his painter, he was invested with the rank and title of "Varlet de chambre," and was then classed with the poets, musicians, and court jesters. This was the position occupied by Jean van Eyck at the Court of Burgundy, by the Clouets at the Court of France, and equally so by Holbein with Henry VIII. Probably in the latter case the serjeant-painters, who were Englishmen, Andrew Oret, Andrew Wright, and John Brown, did all the dirty work, leaving Holbein free to attend to portraits only. This John Brown built Painters' Hall for the Worshipful Company of Painter-stainers, where his portrait is still preserved. They had a quaint way of describing works of art in those days. In Henry VIII.'s inventory a picture is described as *a table with a picture*; prints are called *cloths stained with a picture*, and models and bas-reliefs they call *pictures of earth*, thus:—

Item, one table with the picture of the Duchess of Milan, being her whole stature.

Item, one cloth stained with Phœbus riding with his cart in the air, with the history of him.

Item, one picture of Moses, made of earth and set in a box of wood.

The predilection for portraiture seemed to suit the character of the English nation. It corresponds with the individual independence, with the personal worth of a man, which has been the great factor in English success; and another great reason induced the best painters to supply the demand. It paid much better than history or allegory. More than a century later, Kneller, with cynical frankness, gave this as a reason for adopting this

branch of art. Hans Bock, writing in 1579 in Germany of his countrymen, says: "A portrait of any one costs twice as much as another painting of the same size could be sold for." The inventory of Henry VIII.'s pictures at Westminster contains mention of 63 portraits out of a total of 178.

In considering the collections of miniatures of the present day, we will commence, as in duty bound, with the Royal collection at Windsor.

All the fathers of the English School are well represented there—some of them exceptionally so. The three water-colour portraits of Henry VIII., attributed to Holbein, have been fully dealt with in a former chapter. On further inspection I am inclined to think Mr. Wornum is right, and that we must seek the artist elsewhere. Possibly Lucas Hornebolt might have something to say to them were he still in the flesh. The likeness in oil on panel is a very late portrait, evidently painted after Holbein's death. I have a Charles Brandon, I should say, by the same hand. On the other hand, there are four portraits which pretty surely represent the work of the great Hans—the two children of Charles Brandon, Lady Audley, and Lord Guildford. Hilliard is very well exemplified by the four portraits from the jewel and many others. Isaac Oliver shines with great glory at Windsor—the whole length of Sir Philip Sidney, Isaac's own portrait by himself, and many others. The Sidney is the finest Isaac Oliver I ever saw, not excepting the series of the Digby family, and the whole-length Earl of Dorset, now at South Kensington. To my mind the master *par excellence* at Windsor is Cooper. The four portraits, lying in a row in drawer No. 2, General Monk on one side, Monmouth on the other, and two ladies between them, must be thoroughly studied before one can altogether appreciate Cooper's powers as a portrait painter, or how extremely apposite was Walpole's remark about him. I quoted the extract in a previous chapter, but it will bear repetition here: "Oliver's works are touched and re-touched with such careful fidelity, that you cannot help perceiving they are Nature in the abstract; Cooper's are so bold, that they seem perfect Nature, only of a less standard. Magnify the former, they are still diminutively conceived; if a glass could

expand Cooper's pictures to the size of Vandyck's, they would appear to have been painted for that proportion."

The four portraits in this row are larger than we are accustomed to see, measuring, I should think, seven inches in the length of the oval. Tradition says that Cooper painted for Louis XIV. larger portraits than he produced in England. The same tradition, by the bye, says that Louis granted a pension to Cooper's widow. In the Monk and Monmouth the busts are unfinished, but the faces are perfect, and present the highest perfection of breadth and finish combined. The Cromwell is undoubtedly contemporary, and probably copied from a Cooper, but certainly not by his hand.

There are a few fine Cosways, and a good many by Grimaldi, who seems to have been a favourite with George IV.; Mrs. Mee also comes in for a fair share. There are a vast number of enamels, one room being beautifully decorated with modern reproductions of older works set out in panels. In yet another room are over one hundred specimens of Petitot, Prieur, Zincke, Bone, Hurter, &c. It is not in our province to describe small portraits, but what gems of that kind are contained in the passage between the Waterloo Hall and the long corridor, the series commencing with Prince Arthur, the elder brother of Henry VIII.!

Next in order, both as regards quantity and quality, comes the Buccleuch collection, containing several attributed to Holbein. The Catherine of Arragon has been already mentioned at page 51, and the reasons are there set forth for doubting if Holbein ever painted the Queen. On the same page the Henry VIII. is also dealt with. Henry probably only really sat to Holbein twice, once for the cartoon for the large wall painting which was destroyed in the fire of Whitehall: a portion of the cartoon is happily left, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. In this preliminary sketch Henry's face is given three-quarters, but in the copy made from the fresco itself, by the Flemish painter Remigius von Leemput, by order of Charles I., the monarch appears full face, and the study for Henry's head in this view is in the cabinet of engravings at Munich. This second sketch of the monarch for the fresco furnished the type of all the subsequent portraits of

the King, and on these two occasions only did Henry condescend to sit to Holbein. The Buccleuch Lord Seymour of Sudeley is probably correctly attributed. The Hilliards are numerous and fine, especially the Lady Shirley with loose flowing hair. The Protector Somerset is an interesting portrait, though not from life, as he was beheaded in 1552. It is, however, dated 1560, and signed N. H., and must therefore have been painted by Hilliard when only thirteen years of age—a prodigious performance for so young an artist. Walpole also mentions a portrait of Hilliard, done by himself in the same year, which was then in the collection of the Earl of Oxford. There is a second Lady Shirley here by Isaac Oliver, who, together with his son Peter, is well represented. The portraits by Hoskins are especially fine. The Earl of Essex, Algernon Sidney, Sir John Suckling, and John Hall, Bishop of Norwich, are amongst the best. Cooper also shows remarkably well. La Belle Stuart, Lady Dudley, Lady Fairfax, Sir John Maynard, Nell Gwynne, the Countess of Falconberg, third daughter of Oliver Cromwell, who, by the way, contrary to parental teaching, materially assisted the Restoration of Charles II. The Cooper portrait of Cromwell himself is very well known, by the numerous copies one sees of it everywhere, nearly full face in armour. There are many enamels, chiefly by Zincke, an artist I confess I never cared much for. One enamel, a likeness of Horace Walpole when young, is signed by William Prewett, a pupil of Zincke, whose works are not often met with.

Mr. J. Heywood Hawkins probably possesses a more varied collection than any other amateur, both of miniatures and enamels. They include not only choice specimens of all the best English and foreign miniaturists, but also many pieces attributed to such artists as Rembrandt, Velasquez, Titian, Zuccherò, Van der Helst, Poeleberg, Gonzalez, Jansen, Dobson and others. I am not aware that any of these are signed, and therefore their attribution must be a matter of opinion, founded on what we know of the style of the various masters in their larger works. There is no reason why these artists should not have tried their hands occasionally on an oil miniature, but we have no record of the fact. Holbein must again head the list. The "Portrait of a Lady,"

with the inscription "Anno Ætatis suæ 23," is probably correct, as is also Alicia, wife of Sir Thomas More. Hilliard's miniatures are numerous: David Teniers and his wife, signed by Sir Balthazar Gerbier, who does not often appear in collections. The Olivers figure for Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Arundel, Lady Devereux, &c.; whilst John Hoskins gives us the Earl of Strafford, Lord Herbert of Chisbury, and others. The Strafford is especially fine. Cooper's Andrew Marvell is about the best of his productions. The collection of miniatures of the Cosway period, both French and English, are as fine and numerous as the older masters, many of them mounted in boxes and frames, which are worthy pendants to the lovely miniatures.

The late Mr. Sackford Bale's miniatures, whilst not very numerous, were on a par with all his other possessions; selected with consummate taste and judgment, as the total realized at the sale after his death sufficiently proved. He possessed two undoubted Holbeins: the so-called Jane Seymour, which there is reason to suppose is not Jane Seymour, but Anne Boleyn, according to Mr. Scharf's opinion; and Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, natural son of Henry VIII., who died in 1536. With regard to Anne Boleyn, most of the modern likenesses of the Queen are taken from a small half-length in the museum at Berlin, marked "Anna Regina, 1525, Anno Ætatis 22," and said to be by Holbein. Mr. Scharf is again the critic, and has proved that this date does not accord with Anne Boleyn's age, but with that of Queen Anna of Hungary, born in 1503, and that the portrait is certainly not by Holbein. Amongst Mr. Bale's miniatures was the magnificent full-length of Richard III., Earl of Dorset, by Isaac Oliver, measuring $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $6\frac{1}{4}$. It is so fine that it is difficult to award the palm between the Dorset and the Sidney at Windsor. The Dorset is signed in full, "Isaac Olivierus fecit 1616." This signature was one of the causes which led Walpole to suppose that the Olivers were of French extraction, as Isaac wrote his name many times "Olivier." The Queen Mary ascribed to Holbein is of course impossible; perhaps our old friend Levina Teerlinek was hard by when it was painted. The Dorset was purchased at the Bale sale by the late Mr. Jones, and was left by him to the nation, together

with his fine collection of *Petitots* and many other old miniatures. They are now at the South Kensington Museum. A direct contrast to Mr. Bale, as a collector, may be found in the late Mr. Beckett Denison. He seemed to pursue collecting in the same spirit as a foxhunter, merely as an excitement. If he entered a sale-room, and found one or two people bidding for a fine thing, he seemed to take a delight in out-bidding them, and as money was no object to him, he generally succeeded in wearing down his opponents. He bought nearly a third of the Hamilton collection, and yet when, in his turn, his possessions came to the hammer, it was found that many fine things had suffered terribly whilst in his possession, some of them never having been removed from their packing cases, and having been stacked in a damp place.

With regard to collectors of miniatures, it is difficult to know where to stop. Nearly every family of any standing possesses a certain number of its predecessors, handed down from the time when they were painted, and guarded with jealous care as heir-looms, but often, from want of knowledge, exposed to great dangers. I have inspected innumerable family relics in the shape of miniatures, and almost invariably find them exposed to full sunlight, and from having been at some time or other in a damp place, with spots of mildew slowly but surely eating their fatal way into the fair tints of the portrait. These hardly come under the head of collections, but there are others which merit a more detailed notice. Some noted collections have only recently been broken up, such as the Bale, Addington, Ashley, Hamilton, Carruthers, and others; but as one generation passes away, others come in to fill the gaps, and the tiny gems simply pass from one home to another, the fine ones showing an increase in value, which betokens an ever-spreading love for these fascinating toys. Amongst the nobility it would seem that in many cases family belongings have formed a nucleus, around which successive generations have built up very considerable collections. Earl Spencer, perhaps, stands first in this category. He, like so many others, has a *Henry VIII.* in oil, attributed to *Holbein.* It is of unusual size, more than 10 inches high. The King wears a grey jerkin and a brown over-garment richly adorned

with gold, the whole work most delicately finished. The face is almost three-quarters, as in the cartoon for the Whitehall fresco, and was probably painted by Holbein from that model. This is about the only miniature of Henry in existence which is not full face. The burly monarch seemed always to wish to show as much of his face and figure as possible. Two others attributed to Holbein are John Calvin the Reformer, and Holbein by himself. Two very interesting portraits of the Clouet School are Mary Stuart and her boy-husband, the Dauphin of France, afterwards Francis II. Here, too, is Sir John Boling Hatton, assigned to Lucas de Heere, signed L. This has been previously mentioned as probably the work of Levina Teerlinck. Two portraits of William III. and his Queen, by Gaspard Netscher, are charmingly painted, and there are many good specimens of Cooper, Flatman, Hoskins, &c. Bearing out what I have already said about family miniatures often forming the basis of collections, there are a good many by Cosway of various members of the family, whilst Petitot, Zincke, Bone, and other enamellers complete a collection which is of excellent quality and great historical interest.

The Earl of Dartrey shines especially in enamels, comprising perhaps the finest existing private collection of Petitots. Amongst them are portraits of the younger Petitot and his wife, by himself, signed and dated, but the backs of the enamels are filled in with mother-o'-pearl, which seems a pity, if they can show such interesting details as a date and signature from the hand of an artist who very rarely signed his work. Here also is one of the three known pieces signed by Prieur, described as the portrait of a gentleman, signed "Prieur fecit 1658." I know two replicas of this portrait, one at Windsor, unsigned, but described in the catalogue as Nicholas Fouquet, finance minister to Louis XIV., identified from an engraving by Nanteuil; and another, also unsigned, in the collection of Mr. E. Joseph. There are a large number of enamels by John Henry Hurter, who, like Bone, copied old pictures in enamel, as well as *ad vivum*. One of the larger Petitots is surrounded by a delicious enamelled frame, the work of Gilles Legaré. There is another specimen, by the same hand, in the Jones collection at South Kensington.

The Earl of Derby possesses a very interesting collection. Specimens attributed to Tintoretto, Zuccherò, Jansen, Vandyck, Kneller, &c., must be accepted on the same terms as I used when speaking of similar specimens in the collection of Mr. Heywood Hawkins. But besides these there is very much of interest. A sepia drawing, slightly tinted in colour, of Peter Oliver, and on the reverse that of his wife, signed "P. O., se ipse." Portraits of artists by their own hands are always interesting. Another interesting specimen is Cooper's portrait of Mary Beale, the miniaturist, and Hoskins' Henrietta Maria; then again Hilliard and the Olivers are very well represented by several first-rate portraits.

Lord Wharnclyffe has a very fine and large portrait of Charles II. by Cooper, dated 1667, of admirable quality; and several interesting specimens from the hand of Richard Gibson, the dwarf in the service of Charles I., a very fine Marie Antoinette at the age of fifteen, by Drouais, a charming likeness of the Princesse de Lamballe, by the Cosway of the French School, Hall, and many others by Hilliard, the Olivers, Hoskins, &c.

Lady Sophia des Vœux possesses some very fine Olivers, including the curious portrait of Lady Arabella Stuart with a jewelled anchor as an ear-ring, by I. Oliver, a fine Hilliard Elizabeth, one or two beautiful examples by the French artist, Nattier, who, though not a professed miniaturist, certainly painted exquisite miniatures; a good many Petitots, and very good examples by the later artists of the Cosway period.

Mr. Wingfield Digby has, at Sherborne Castle, part of the most precious series of Oliver's works in existence. It consists of the portraits of Sir Kenelm Digby's family, mentioned by Walpole as having been bought by him "at a great price." Amongst them is the sad picture of Lady Venetia, represented as she was found dead in bed, after Vandyck, the double portrait of Sir Kenelm and his wife, and another of Lady Lucy Percy, Lady Venetia's mother; also Lady Venetia before her marriage with Sir Kenelm. These were all at Strawberry Hill. The collection also contains portraits of other members of the family, by Cooper, &c.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts has the remainder of the

Walpole series: Sir Kenelm Digby himself, two of Lady Digby, and the large miniature of Sir Kenelm, Lady Digby and children, copied by P. Oliver from Vandyck's large picture still at Sherborne Castle.

The Duke of Devonshire has two miniatures of special interest, the largest known *Petitot* enamel, measuring nine inches in height, a full-length portrait of Rachel de Rouvigny, Countess of Southampton, dated 1642, after Vandyck; and another smaller piece of the Duke of Buckingham, dated 1640. The second interesting historical piece is the drawing in pen and ink, washed with sepia, of Cromwell, done by Cooper for the plate engraved by Houbraken. Alas! as usual, the engraver's work is but a sorry reproduction of the great original.

The Magniac collection at Culworth is especially rich in the old masters. The Catherine of Arragon, attributed to Holbein, and formerly at Strawberry Hill, is there. In spite of its good pedigree as given by Walpole, "It was given to the Duke of Monmouth by Charles II. I bought it at the sale of the Lady Isabella Scott, daughter of the Duchess of Monmouth," it is very doubtful, for reasons given whilst discussing the life of Holbein, whether he ever painted the Queen. The Holbein Henry VIII. from Strawberry Hill is also in this collection. Another miniature about which there clearly must be some mistake is the likeness of Hilliard by himself, signed and dated N. H., 1550. Hilliard was born in 1547, and although he is said to have painted miniatures when thirteen years of age, it is a little too much to think he was capable of doing so when only three! He also contributes Darnley, Earl of Lennox, Lady Arabella Stuart, and others. Another very rare master, Sir Antonio More, is represented by an oil miniature of Archduke Albert VII. of Austria. Then there are the Duke of Guise, by François Clouet, a very interesting portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, inscribed *La Royne Dauphine*, artist unknown, but probably also by Clouet; a Catherine de Medicis, signed B., together with Olivers, Coopers, &c. An interesting but more modern specimen is a frame containing six full-length figures painted on mother-of-pearl, of the whole family of Louis XVI., artist unknown.

There are certain collections, in which the portraits of the latter half of the 18th century preponderate over the older masters. Tastes will of course differ as to the relative interest attaching to the two periods. It cannot, for instance, be said that female beauty is conspicuous in the miniatures of the 16th and 17th centuries, which rather bring before us the strength of the male actors in the scenes long past and gone.

No doubt the essential elements of what is considered to constitute female beauty undergo considerable changes from one period to another. The type of face cannot have altered materially from the time when portrait painting became at all general up to the present time, and I think it will be found that these changes mainly depend upon the method of arranging the hair. Freed from the horrors and monstrosities of the "hennin" of the 15th century, the fashion swung at one bound to the coif of Henry VIII., under which the luxuriant tresses were confined in the smallest possible compass. During the short reign of Edward VI. the hair was dressed with more freedom and simplicity, looped round the ears, or hanging in short locks. With Mary Tudor began the loading of the head with cauls, ornamented with gold and jewels to such an extent that the headdress became a burden; but it was reserved for the Virgin Queen to bring this barbaric splendour to its apogee. Hair curled, frizzled, and crisped, underpropped with forks and wires, bolstered out with wool, great wreaths of gold and silver introduced on which the hair was cunningly arrayed, bugles, ouches (whatever they were), rings, glasses, pearls, diamonds, and all sorts of precious stones applied in strings and bunches, and then occasionally on the top of all this huge tower, as in the Hatfield portrait of Elizabeth, a huge heron plume. Small wonder that the Queen took to wigs, to escape the tortures of the coiffeur, or that she left eighty such articles behind her, to keep company with her 3000 dresses. Poor Mary Stuart too went out of the world most ingloriously, owing to her periwig. When the headsman sought to hold up the severed head by its luxuriant tresses, it fell to the ground, bald, except for a few straggling hairs, leaving him to exalt only the unfortunate lady's periwig.

Naturally, the demand for false hair was very considerable, and no very curious questions were asked whence it came. The massacres of Paris, 1572, were quite a godsend, and the gallows at home helped forward the supply, causing even Shakespeare to give the advice: "Thatch your poor thin roofs with burdens of the dead; some that were hang'd, no matter." When the Frenchwoman Henrietta Maria set the fashion here, the terrible high forehead, hitherto considered a crowning beauty in a woman, and cultivated at certain periods to such an extent that the front hair was plucked out almost to the crown of the head, for the first time assumed somewhat more classic proportions, the frame of love curls and the simple flat coiffure coming as an enormous relief to the exaggerations of the Elizabethan and Jacobean erections. This simple fashion of course became severity itself under the chastening influence of the Puritan ritual, and even when the Restoration let loose so much that was sensual and dissipated, Lely's beauties tell us that the hair was by no means unbecomingly treated, the *abandon* of the flowing masses forming a rich frame to a handsome face. The early 18th century was conspicuous for the neatness and modesty of the head-dress, the hair low and simply dressed, adorned in moderation with lace and ribbons. An English lady, who had the audacity to present herself at Versailles thus becomingly attired, was the cause of the downfall of the "front a la Fontanges," an erection two or three feet high, almost as hideous as the hennin of the 15th century. "No one," said the old king, "has had the politeness to listen to what I have said about tall head-dresses; but now this trumpery English girl arrives, all the princesses have rushed from one extreme to the other." The happy change did not last very long, for in 1730 the gigantic proportions of the head-dress compelled ladies to kneel in their carriages. Now, too, to make matters worse, powder had become fashionable. It was said to have been first worn by the young Duc de Richelieu under the regency of the Duc d'Orleans; but the first French portrait showing its use is dated 1704. In England the mad fit took longer to develop. Hogarth and Reynolds, in their early works give some charming heads of simple coiffure with the pretty lace

cap and lappets ; but when the mania came, it was overpowering. In 1756, we are told, ladies of fashion wore on their heads a coach made of gold threads and drawn by six dappled greys in blown glass, with coachman, postillion, and gentlemen inside, all of the same material ! And then to think of the cost involved in all this. Hair-dressers were expensive articles, and much time was required to perfect these towers of ugliness ; hair natural and artificial worked up with meal and grease into rolls and curls over a horsehair cushion, fastened with hundreds of long pins, could not be built up every day. Heads were dressed for three months in the winter ; but in the summer, after nine weeks, it was considered hardly safe. What the process was like, of demolishing this fœtid mass after nine weeks of summer heat may be more easily imagined than described. It was a wonder that Reynolds, Gainsborough, or Cosway succeeded in inducing their fair sitters to leave the coach-and-six at home, and allow them to transfer to canvas or ivory the beauty unadorned, which gladdens our hearts at the present day. The 19th century began well, simplicity was again the order of the day ; but, alas ! the wheel gave another turn, and if we look through a book of fashion for the few years from 1830 to nearly 1840, we find a series of horrors, both in dress and coiffure, comparable for intense ugliness with any period of hennin, fardingale, or coach-and-six. In this year of grace, happily free from chignon and crinoline, the coiffure of a well-dressed girl approaches more nearly to the canons of classical taste in simplicity and beauty of line than any previous epoch. It would be well if the same classical feeling extended to the figure as well as the head, but the slim waist seems as little inclined to yield as ever. In vain have the teachings of science and shafts of ridicule been launched against this deformity, as ugly as it is unhealthy. Rousseau was about the only man who for a time succeeded in checking the absurdity, and his words are so wise that they should be written in letters of gold. Speaking of the Spartans, he says, " Their women knew nothing of the use of those whalebone bodices by which ours disguise rather than indicate their forms. I cannot but think that this abuse, pushed in England to an inconceivable

point, will in the end lead to the degeneracy of the race; and I maintain that, even from a merely ornamental point of view, it is bad taste. It is not agreeable to see a woman cut in two like a wasp; it offends the eye, and is painful to the imagination. The delicacy of the form has, like everything else, its due proportions, its measure, beyond which it becomes a defect; this defect would be apparent in the nude—why should it be a beauty when clothed?"

But I have been led into an unwarrantably long digression on this theme, connected though its main points be with our subject, portraiture. Apart from the prevailing fashion of the time, certain great artists have seemed unable to grasp and understand beauty. Vandyck and Petitot could give us a handsome face, whilst Rembrandt and Cooper never succeeded. Cosway apparently saw nothing but beauty, for I do not think I ever came across a miniature by his hand which even approached plainness. Were all his sitters really as lovely as he made them, or was the little man a terrible flatterer? Who shall decide?

Seeing the great differences which distinguish the two periods of miniature art, which we may call roughly the Cooper and the Cosway periods, it must of course depend on the natural taste of the amateur whether he is most captivated by the historical interest attaching to the older masters, or by the beauty of the later age.

One of the most charming collections of the Cosway period is that of Mr. Edward Joseph, comprising specimens by all the foremost men of the time.

The centre-piece, the wonderful large oblong miniature of the three daughters of Lord Northwick, by Andrew Plimer, is in some respects the finest in existence. Its history, too, is curious, and not calculated to inspire one with over-much confidence in the art-knowledge of those who should know better. It was sold by auction in the country, and although the catalogue of the sale was prepared by one of the most noted London auctioneers, this magnificent miniature was lotted with an old tablecloth, as a coloured print! It would inevitably have been sold to the enterprising clique of the "knock-out" for ten shillings had not a

gentleman present at the sale seen its value at the last moment, and bid for it up to a respectable figure. It passed through many trade hands, each one making his profit out of it, before it finally settled down into its present position, the worthy centre of a goodly company.

Lord Tweedmouth can boast of many beautiful Cosway portraits, including the double picture, once in the possession of S. Addington. He was fortunate enough to secure Cosway's sketch book, containing many lovely drawings, with all the freshness of the artist's first impressions.

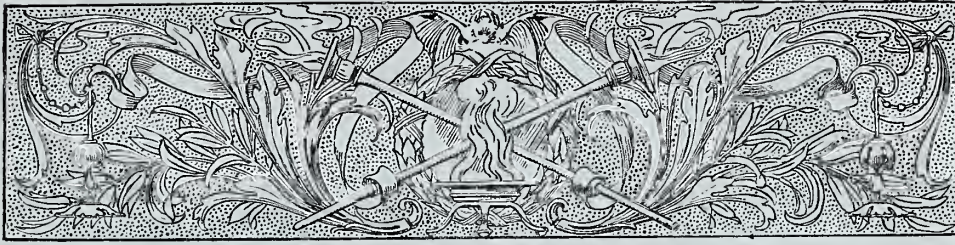
Modesty might perhaps prompt me to dismiss my own possessions without notice, but as I have undertaken to point out some of the most interesting collections, and as the illustrations of the various masters in this book have been furnished from my own specimens, I will briefly allude to the most prominent pieces. I have endeavoured to get together as representative a collection of the best artists as possible, without troubling myself about the lesser lights. I confess my inclination tends to the work of the older masters, in preference to what I have called the Cosway period; but I have endeavoured to be catholic, and have divided the specimens into works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, foreign masters, and enamels. Amongst the first, I have the so-called Jane Seymour, bought by Mr. Sackford Bale at Strawberry Hill. I say the so-called, because Mr. Scharf and others have set it down as Anne Boleyn. She was beheaded in May 1536, the year when we have the first records of the employment of Holbein by Henry VIII., so that it may be considered doubtful whether he ever painted Anne. Of Hilliard's works I have a considerable number. The full-length of Sir Christopher Hatton, Elizabeth and James I., being the best; several others are figured in the illustrations. I have quite lately come across a signed Hilliard, of Mary Queen of Scots, in oil, on a silver plate, signed N. H., 1610. It was sold at Christie's, and to show the vagaries of a public auction, it realized ten shillings and sixpence! The Olivers are represented by Dr. Donne, the Earl of Pembroke, &c.; Cooper by several signed and dated specimens, including the wonderful profile of

Cromwell—a very powerful miniature. I have Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Queen Mary, in oil on panel, I suspect by the same hand that drew the Henry VIII. at Windsor. Janet figures for Henri II., a beautiful example, painted on slate; and Sir Antonio More gives us Elizabeth when Princess. Other old masters, such as Hoskins, Flatman, Betts, Gibson, Dixon, &c., will be found in the illustrations. I have about twenty-five Cosways, all fine, a good many by both Plimers, Smart, Humphrey, Engleheart, Edridge, Shelley, Grimaldi, &c. I am not so strong in foreign miniatures; a wonderful finger-ring, containing likenesses of Napoleon, Mary Louise, and the King of Rome, by Isabey, presented by Napoleon to Bernadotte; also the two Empresses, and General Berthier, by Isabey; Napoleon himself, by Aubry; Madame Elizabeth, by Dumont; the Dauphiness, by Drouais; a very choice little portrait by Fragonard; Maria Theresa of Hungary, by Liotard; and examples of Arlaud, Augustin, Charlier, Campana, Hall, &c.; but the foreign specimens are not so numerous as I could wish. In enamels I am strong in Petitot, and have the Duchess of Portsmouth signed and dated by Petitot fils. A very interesting enamel is Philip IV. of Spain, by Prieur, signed and dated—a very rare master, only three signed pieces of his work being known. Zincke I never admired much, and have but little of his work. Boit gives a Queen Anne, and there are two pieces which I presume are the work of Jean Toutin, Le Grand Condé, and Gaston of Orleans. I only know one specimen signed by him, and that is at Vienna. Other masters, such as Huaud, Nathaniel and Horace Hone, the Berlin artist Thienpondt, and the Saxon Dinglinger are figured in this work. I forgot to mention one miniature which I consider very interesting, that of Margaret of Navarre, popularly known as “La Reine Margot.” It is painted in the gouache body colour, and very likely is from the hand of that “Frere de Janet” mentioned by Margaret in her correspondence as having entered her service as an artist.

After all, collectors past and present have served a useful and even a noble purpose in having preserved art-work of all times for our delight and instruction, for there is a good deal of truth in the German writer Schlegel's remarks: “There is no

more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of the beautiful. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect to the object. They purify the thoughts as tragedy purifies the passions. Their accidental effects are not worth consideration; there are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy."





I N D E X.

- ABBONDIO, Alessandro, wax portraits by, 170
 Ableitner, Balthazar, notice of, 178
 Adam and Eve in Paradise, picture of, by Breughel and Rubens, 159
 Adelaide, Madame, portraits of, by R. Bachi, 145; and by Cazaubon, 147
 Agazzi, mention of, 166
 Albert VII., Archduke, of Austria, portrait of, by Sir A. More, 250
 Albret, Jean d', death of, by poisoned gloves, 232
 Alcuin of York, 20
 Aldegrever, Heinrich, notice of, 178
 Aldus, mention of, 212, 213
 Alençon, Duc d', portrait of, by Hilliard, 60; by François Clouet, 137; or probably by Jean Clouet II., 139
 Alessandria, Antonio, 166
 Alexander the Great, mention of, 195
 Alfonso, les Lois d', MSS., 32
 Alluminar, use of term, 7
 Althorp, Lord, portrait of, by Reynolds, 107
 Amalteo, Girolamo, notice of, 163
 Amberger, Christopher, mention of, 48; portraits by, and style of, 158
 Ammonia, hydrosulphate, for restoring partially erased writings, 42, 43
 Andreoli, Giorgio, allusion to, 228
 Andrew Undershaft, St., origin of name according to Stow, 47
 Angelo, Michael, allusions to, 163, 169, 192, 209, 220, 221, 227; wax modelling attributed to, 169
 Anglo-Saxon school of MSS. illuminators known as Opus Anglicum, 20-22
 Angoulême, Duc d', portrait of, 188
 Anguisciola, Anna Maria, mentioned, 164
 Anguisciola, Europa, mentioned, 164
 Anguisciola, Lucia, mentioned, 164
 Anguisciola, Sophonisba, career and work of, 164
 Animals, life-like rendering of, by the mesolithic or cave men, 2
 Anjou, Duc d', collection of (1356), 208
 Anjou, Duc d', portrait of, by Petitot the son, 94
 Anna, Queen, of Hungary, portrait of, 246
 Anne, Queen, portrait of, by Sir G. Kneller, 89; decadence of art under, 100; Boit's large enamel of her and Court, 100, 256
 Antaldi, Marchese, collection of, 227
 Anticone, Johann Baptiste, notice of, 164
 Antony, Mark, his collection, 193, 194; and villainy, 197
 Apelles, allusions to, 194, 200, 202
 Apollo, friezes from temple of, 230, 231; gold statue of, 195
 Arbuthnot, Dr., his retort on Jervas, 101
 Ardoli, Giacomo, notice of, 167
 Arlaud, Jacques Antoine, 102, 256; his anatomical destruction of a picture of Leda, 102
 Armida and Rinaldo, a painting by Vandyck, 75
 Arnoldi, 64
 Art, remarkable perfection of, amongst ancient Greeks, 192; transference of Greek art work and artists to Rome, 192, 193; flow of art work to England in 18th and 19th centuries, 225; regret for sale of historic collections, 229, 230
 Art collectors, 191; Roman collectors, 193-204; collectors of Middle Ages, 205-212; destruction of art collections

- in England, 210; miscellaneous objects collected by special, 233; government indifference for art collections in England, 234, 235; bargains to be avoided by, 235, 236; recent great increase in numbers of, 236, 237; consequent increased money value of choice articles, 236, 237; probable competition of Americans and Colonists as, 237, 238; usefulness of, 256, 257
- Arthur, Prince, brother of Henry VIII., portrait of, 244
- Artois, Comte d' (Charles X.), portrait of, 188
- Arundel, Lord, portrait of, by Oliver, 246
- Arundel, Thomas Howard, Earl of, art collections of, 73, 74, 214, 215; fate of these, 73, 74, 224; allusion to, 112
- Arundelian marbles, 73
- Ashley, house of, in Pall Mall, 116
- Asper, Hans, mention of, 48; portraits by, 158
- Atticus, library of, 197
- Aubert, allusion to, 183
- Aubry, Louis François, notice of, 147; allusion to, 167; portrait of Napoleon by, 256
- Audley, Lady, portrait of, assigned to Holbein, 54, 243
- Augsburg, a great centre of sculpturing and carving, 175
- Augustin, Jean Baptiste, allusions to, 96, 149, 152, 184, 188, 256; miniature portrait of Madame Recamier by, 97; notice of, 147
- Azzolini, wax portraits by, 170
- B., portrait of Catherine de Medicis by, 250
- Babot, alluded to, 174
- "Bacchus and Ariadne," enamel of, by H. Bone, 121
- Baccio, allusion to, 169
- Bachi, Raphael, portraits by, 145
- Bacon, sculptor, alluded to, 125
- Bacon, wax modeller, alluded to, 125
- Bacon, Sir Nicholas, portrait of, by Zuccherro, 62
- "Baignoir," le, 239
- Bailly, Jacques, notice of, 140
- Bailly, Mayor of Paris, allusions to, 140, 187
- Balding. *See* Grien.
- Baldrighi, Giuseppe, 166
- Balestra, Antonio, 166
- Bandinello, allusion to, 169
- Barbara, St., exquisite miniature of, 31
- Barbérini vase. *See* Portland.
- Barckhuysen, allusion to, 178
- Bardou, alluded to, 173
- Barry, Madame du, portrait of, by F. Campana, 148
- Bartolommeo, Fra, allusions to, 39, 169, 209
- Bartolozzi alluded to, 124, 125
- Basan, allusion to, 224
- Battoni, Le Chevalier Pompée, notice of, 167
- Baur, J. Georg, notice of, 161
- Baur, William, pupil of Brendel, life and work of, 140
- Bazard, allusion to, 178
- Bazio, allusion to, 228
- Beale, Charles, 85
- Beale, Mary, life and work of, 84, 85; portrait of, by Cooper, 249
- Beauclerc, Lady Diana, notice of works by, 124
- Beaupré, Cadet de, alluded to, 173
- Bedford, John, Duke of, portrait of, in the Bedford Missal, 28; allusion to, 208
- Beer, Adelbert, notice of, 161
- Beer, Johann Friedrich, notice of, 161
- Bekking, notice of, 161
- Bellini, Giovanni, allusion to, 209
- Benedictional of St. Aethelwald, 21; of Archbishop Robert, 22
- Benintendi, Jacobo, allusion to, 169
- Benintendi, Orsino, wax-work by, 169
- Benninck, Simon, 31, 48, 55, 158
- Benoist (or Benoit), Antoine, portrait of Louis XIV. and others in wax, by, 172, 173
- Benwell, Mary, notice of, 126
- Berain, snuff-boxes by, 182
- Bergmann, Ignaz, notice of, 161
- Bernard, Samuel, notice of, 140
- Bernguetta, Alonzo, allusion to, 169
- Bernini, his bust of Charles I., 75, 76
- Berri, Jean, Duc de, 28, 35, 208

- Berri, Duke and Duchess of, portraits of, 188; portrait of the Duke by Louvel, 189; and of their son Dieudonné, 189
- Berthier, portrait of, by Isabey, 256
- Bertrand, Samuel, alluded to, 141
- Betts, John, allusions to, 63, 64, 110; miniature portrait of Sir John Godsalve ascribed to, 63; confusion of dates relating to, 63
- Betts, Thomas, 63; his portrait of John Digby, Earl of Bristol, 63, 64
- Bible of San Calisto monastery, Rome, 20; the Metz, 20; the Winchester, 22; MSS. of the Cologne School in British Museum, 23, 32; the copy in Royal Collection, written by Wills, 26; of Charles the Bald, 207
- Bichelberger, C., mention of, 161
- Bichelberger, S., mention of, 161
- Biffin, Miss (Mrs. Wright), miniature artist without legs and arms, 125; portrait of, by, 125
- Bison, or urus, depicted by cave-men of mesolithic period, 2
- Blacas collection of gems, 234
- Blackner, Johann Samuel, notice of, 161, 162
- Blanc, Abbé le, his criticisms on English portrait painting, 107
- Blarenberghe, Henri Joseph van, notice of, 146
- Blarenberghe, Jacques Guillaume van, notice of, 146
- Blarenberghe, Louis van, unique for his microscopic miniatures; enormous prices given for them, 146
- Blarenberghes, allusions to the, 139, 154
- Bleese, hired to break the painted windows of Croydon Church, 81, 82, 169
- Blessendorf, Constantine Frederick, notice of, 160
- Bobbio, Irish illuminated MSS. at, 19
- Boccacio's "De Claris Mulieribus," 28; copies of, by Fouquet, 35
- Boethus, allusions to, 200, 202
- Bogle, John, notice of, 125
- Boias, Don Francesco de, 31
- Boissière, Mademoiselle de la, enamel portraits by, 141, 142, 181
- Boissieu, miniaturist, 154
- Boit, Charles, life and work of, 100; his large enamel of Queen Anne and her Court, 100, 256; allusions to, 103, 184
- Bol, Hans, art work by, 139, 140
- Boleyn, Anne, portrait of, by Holbein, 246, 255
- Bonbonnières or drageoirs, early used by French, 179, 181, 182
- Bone, Henry, career and industry of; series of portraits in enamel by, 121, 244; allusion to, 248
- Bone, Henry Pierce, 121
- Bonem, Henry, 133
- Bonfratellis di Caprenica, Apollonius, work by, 37
- Bonzanigo, allusion to, 178
- Boothby, Penelope, portrait of, by Reynolds, 107
- Bordes, Joseph, miniaturist, 154
- Bordier, Jacques, 93, 181; co-worker with Petitot, 94, 142
- Bordier, Pierre, 93; enamelled watch by, 93
- Bordoni, Benedetto, MS. works by, 37
- Borghese vase, 198
- Borgia, Lucrezia, allusion to, 209
- Bos, Louis Janssen, portraits and miniatures by, 159
- Bosch, Balthasar vanden, notice of, 160
- Bosman, Barend, notice of, 162
- Boticelli, 39
- Bouchardon, mention of, 222
- Boucher, allusion to, 151, 166
- Boullonge, allusion to, 153
- Bourdier, allusion to, 181
- Bourdin, enamel portraits by, 143
- Bourdin, Michael, mention of, 172
- Bourgogne, Duc de, portrait of, by V. F. Elie, 146
- Bourgoin, F., enamel portraits of Louis XVI. by, 147, 148
- Bourgoing, allusions to, 187, 188
- Bourquet, allusion to, 183
- Boxes for portraits made for Louis XIV., 180; by Pitau, 180; by Montarsy, 181; costliness of, 184, 185; with false bottoms for portraits of proscribed favourites, 188
- Boz, Peter, notice of, 161
- Boz, Peter, the younger, notice of, 161

- Boze, Joseph, notice of, 148; allusion to, 154
- Brannin, mention of, 171
- Breckeisen, Joseph, notice of, 162
- Brendel, Frederic, art work by, 140; teacher of Baur, 140
- Breughel, John, paintings by, 159
- Breviary, the Grimani, 31; of Isabella of Castille, 31
- Brisson, Mademoiselle, allusion to, 181
- Brissac, Count de, portrait of, attributed to François Clouet, 135
- Brisson, Mademoiselle, portrait of Louis XV. by, 146
- Bristol, John Digby, Earl of, portrait of, by Thomas Betts, 63, 64
- British Museum, origin and growth of, 234, 235
- Bronzino, allusion to, 163
- Brown, John, mention of, 242; portrait of, in Painters' Hall, 242
- Bruckmann, Frederic, enamel portraits of Louis XIV. by, 143, 181
- Bruger, Bartholomew, 48
- Bruges, manufacture of MSS. at, in 15th century, 30
- Brugieri, Domenico, allusion to, 167
- Bruhl, Comte de, his costumes and snuff-boxes, 182
- Brutus, collection of, 197
- Bruy, Jacques de, 64
- Buchanan, allusions to, 226, 227
- Bucker, Joseph, notice of, 162
- Buckingham, Duchess of, and son, portrait of, by Zincke, 104
- Buckingham, Duke of, an art collector, 67, 215; portrait of, by Petitot the father, 94, 250; dispersal of his collections, 224, 225
- Bulls figured by cave-men of mesolithic period, 2
- Bunbury, Master, portrait of, by Reynolds, 107
- Bunyan, John, portrait of, by T. Sadler, 89
- Buontalenti, Bernardo (Dalle Girandole), art career and work of, 163, 164
- Burgeois, Charles Guillaume, notice of, 148
- Burgundy, Dukes of, collections by, 208
- Burkman, J., notice of, 162
- Burnet, Bishop, portrait of, by Susan P. Gibson, 79
- Burns, Robert, hero-worship of, 233
- Butler, Samuel, a painter of miniatures, 77; portrait of, "in plumbago," 86, 87
- Byron, Lord, portrait of, by Holmes, 128; hero-worship of, 233
- Byzantium, churches of St. Sophia (now the Imperial Mosque) at, 12, 16; replaces Rome as capital of the Roman Empire, 12; early centre of miniature art-work, 16; influence of Byzantine art traditions on portraiture, 154, 155, 162
- CADET, Madame, 154
- Cæsar, Julius, his love of art, 196; and collections, 197, 198
- Caligula, auction sale of his goods, 199
- Calonne, sale of his pictures, 226, 227
- Calvin, John, portrait of, by Holbein, 248
- Camaieu gris, 33; specimens of this class of work, 33, 34
- Campagnoli, Giulio, notice of, 164
- Campan, Madame, allusion to, 150
- Campana, F., notice of, 148, 256
- Campi, Bernardo, allusion to, 164
- Canova, allusion to, 192
- Capella, Scipio, notice of, 166
- Cappucino, Il. *See* Galantini.
- Cardenas, Don Alonzo de, allusion to, 224
- Carriera, Rosa Alba (Rosalba), high character of her work, 101, 105, 166; allusions to, 165, 221; career of, 165, 166
- Carteau, allusions to, 96, 153
- Caspari, Heindrik Willem, notice of, 162
- Cassonia, Antonio, mention of, 170
- Castelli, Bernardo, notice of, 164
- Catherine of Arragon, fictitious portraits of, 51, 53, 244, 250
- Catherine of Braganza, portrait of, by Greenhill, 86
- Catinat, enamel portrait of, by Weyler, 96
- Cavendish, T., portrait of, in oil, 62
- Caylus, Jean Anne, Count de, allusion to, 220; career, art work, and collections of, 220-223

- Cazaubon, portraits of Louis XV. and others by, 146, 147; allusion to, 184
- Cellini, Benvenuto, wax modelling by, 170; allusions to, 209, 212
- Cennini, 40; his book on methods of painting, 40
- Ceres, statue of, 193
- Cethegus, allusion to, 194
- Chalon, Alfred Edward, career and work of, 128, 129; anecdote of, 130
- Chambord, Comte de (Dieudonné), portrait of, as an infant, 189
- Chambers, Dr., portrait of, 109
- Champagne, Philip de, teacher of Faithorne, 71; enamel portrait of, by Weyler, 100; miniatures by, 153
- Charinus, mention of, 202
- Charlemagne, a great patron of the art of illuminating MSS., 19, 206; activity of, 19; burial of, with a Gospel book on his knee, 20
- Charles the Bald, collection of, 206, 207
- Charles I., of England, influence of, on art, 72; portraits of, by Vandyck, 75; bust of, by Bernini, 75, 76; his dream of a palace, 76; sale and destruction of his art collections ordered by Parliament, 80, 81, 217, 224; their dispersal checked by Cromwell, 80, 81; portrait of, by Sir Peter Lely, 82; portraits of, in needlework and in his hair dipped in his blood, 82, 84; patronises Jean Petitot, 93; art knowledge of, 215; collection of, partly destroyed by fire, 225
- Charles II. (of England), influence of, on art, 82; licentiousness of, 82; portrait of, by Greenhill, 86; by Sir Godfrey Kneller and Lely, 87, 88; by Cooper, 249
- Charles V., of France, 28; manuscripts of, 208
- Charles VI., of France, allusions to, 28, 208; portrait of, by Sir G. Kneller, 89
- Charles VIII., Anne, Queen of, her collections, 208
- Charles IX., of France, portrait of, by C. de Herz, 136, 137; by François Clouet, 137; or by Jean Clouet II., 139
- Charles X., portrait of, by Isabey, 151
- Charlier, Jean, style of painting by, 147; allusion to, 184, 256
- Château, Mademoiselle, notice of, 143; allusion to, 181
- Chatillon, Louis de, allusions to, 95, 142, 144, 181; life of, and work by, 140
- Chennevières, M. de, 224
- Cheron, Eliz. Sophie, notice of, 144
- Cheron, Henri, mentioned, 143, 144
- Chodowiecki, Daniel, notice of, 162
- Chodowiecki, Gottfried, notice of, 162
- Christ, prototype portrait of, on the Catacomb ceiling of St. Sebastian, Rome, 9; paralleled with Orpheus in early Christian paintings, 9; "Burial of," by Isaac and Peter Oliver, 68; 'Christ casting out the Devils,' by Sir W. Ross, 129
- Christian II., of Denmark, portrait of his three children, purported to be that of the three children of Henry VII., by Holbein, 53
- Christians, persecution of early, 9
- Christina, Queen, of Sweden, allusions to, 217, 225
- 'Chronicles of England,' 30
- Church, adverse influence of interference of, on art of painting, 9; as preserver and guardian of art, 205
- Cicero, the trial of Verres, 193; his contempt for Greek art, 194; and collection of Greek art work, 194
- Cimabue, G., influence of, on revival of painting, 4, 5, 155; character of Greek and other painting before his time, 4; his miniature paintings, 5, 6
- Clarence, D. of, portrait of, in "Chronicles of England," 30
- Claude of France, portrait of, attributed to François Clouet, probably by Jean Clouet, 139
- Clauze, Isaak Jakob, notice of, 162
- Cleef, Joost van, 48; the probable painter of a portrait of Henry VIII. at Hampton Court, 51, 59
- Clemence, Queen, of Hungary, collection of (1328), 208
- Cleopatra, wax model of, attributed to Cellini, 170
- Clesippus, 200
- Cleves, Anne of, portrait of, ascribed to Holbein, 55
- Cleves, Marie de, 35

- Cleyn, Francesco, and his children, 77; his grotesques, 77, 78; teacher of Richard Gibson, 79
- Cleyn, Penelope, portrait of Dorothea Cromwell by, 77
- Clodion, wax modeller, notice of, 173
- Clopinal, Jean, a co-writer of the 'Romance of the Rose,' 31
- Clotaire, his collection, 206
- Clouet family, 134; method of miniature painting employed by earlier members of, 134; portraits by, 135; incredible number of chalk drawings ascribed to, 138, 139; allusion to, 242
- Clouet, a painter in 1529, 134, 256
- Clouet, François (or Janet), portrait of the Dauphin François by, 134; naturalisation of, 135; Court painter to Francis I., 135; effigies of Francis I., 136, 172; of Duke of Orleans, 136: and the Dauphin François by, 136, 248; other work of, 136-139; wax effigy of Henry II. by, 172; portrait of Duke of Guise by, 250; and of Henri II., 256
- Clouet, F., portrait of Francis II. by, 57; of Mary Queen of Scots, 100; allusion to, 105
- Clouet, Jean, painter in 1475, 133
- Clouet, Jean II., painter in Court of Francis I., 133, 134, 135; death of, 135, 136; chalk portraits assigned to, 138; miniatures by, 139
- Clovio (or Gravata), Giulio, life and work of, 37, 38, 41; allusion to, 164
- Clovis, the jasper cup of, 205, 206
- Coates, mention of, 234
- Codex Palatinus. *See* Virgil.
- Codex purpureo argenteus, description of, at Upsala, 13
- Codex Romanus. *See* Virgil.
- Codex Rossanensis, written on purple vellum, 13, 14
- Codrus, mention of, 203
- Cole, Peter, 64
- Collins, Richard, notice of, 122, 123
- Collins, Samuel, master of Humphrey, 118; allusion to, 119
- Colonna, Vittoria, allusion to, 209
- Coloured photographs, ix, x; negatives by Mr. L. B. Fleming, x
- Columba, frequency of name in Irish calendar; doubt as to which person of that name wrote the Book of Durrow, 10
- Columbus, Christopher, tobacco introduced by, 180
- 'Commentary on the Apocalypse' MSS., 32; commentaries on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 38
- Comnénus, Alexis, portraits of, in the Vatican 'Dogmatica Panoplia,' 15, 16
- Constant, Benjamin, portrait of, 189
- Constant, Manuel, portrait of, 189
- Constantine the Great, first Christian emperor, founder of St. Sophia church, Byzantium, 12; art encouraged by, 12
- Cooper, Alexander, allusions to, 76, 77; career of, 78
- Cooper, Samuel, gem miniature portrait of Oliver Cromwell by, vi, 255; allusions to, 77, 82, 83, 85, 100, 124, 131, 149, 244, 245, 250; work of, 78: his excellence in miniature, 78, 83, 111, 117, 243, 244, 248, 254; anecdote of, 83; his portraits of Gen. Fairfax, 83; M. Snelling, 86; Andrew Marvell, 246; Mary Beale, 249; and of Charles II., 249
- Corday, Charlotte, allusion to, 187
- Cornelii, Lucas, 48, 49
- Cornelius, 64
- Corona, Leonardo, notice of, 164
- Correggio, allusions to, 209, 225
- Cosmo, portraits of, by Buontalenti, 164
- Coster, painter, alluded to, 154
- Coster, Madame Villayer, painting of, 154
- Cosway, drawings by, 97; allusions to, 113, 119, 120, 121, 122, 128, 129, 131, 132, 149, 162, 165, 244, 246, 253, 254, 255, 256; life of, 115-118; houses occupied by, 116; excellency and character of his miniatures, 117; spurious examples of, 117
- Cosway, Maria, 118
- Cotelle, Jean, notice of, 143
- Cotes, François, alluded to, 122
- Cotes, Samuel, work of, 122
- Counis, S. G., 154
- Couriguer, wax portrait by, 173
- Courland, princess of, portraits of, by Blackner, 162
- Courtois, Nicholas André, allusions to, 96, 153, 184; notice of, 148

- Cramer, Nicholas, notice of, 159
 Cranach (or Sunder), Lucas, portraits, painting and art-work of, 158, 177
 Cranach, Lucas, the younger, notice of, 158
 Cretz, John de, 64; duties of, as sergeant painter, 64
 Crewe, Miss, 125
 Crivelli, Lucrezia, allusion to, 209
 Cromwell, Dorothea, portrait of, by Penelope Cleyn, 77
 Cromwell, Oliver, portrait of, by S. Cooper, iv, 78, 244, 245, 250, 255; checks indiscriminate dispersal of art collections of Charles I., 80, 81; purchase of Raphael cartoons by, 81, 235; portrait of, by Sir Peter Lely, 82
 Crosse, Lewis, anecdote of, 99, 100
 Crosse, Richard, notice of, 125
 Crozat, Antoine, mention of, 220, 221
 Crozat, Pierre, collections of, 220, 221; allusion to, 223
 Cup of the Ptolemies made of sardonyx, 207
- DAMER, Mrs., work of, praised by Walpole, 124, 125
 Danfrie, wax portraits by, 172
 Dante, quotation from, referring to French school of miniaturists, 25
 Danton, allusion to, 187
 Darley, Mat, his etching of "The Macaroni Miniature Painter," 116
 Darnley, portrait of, by N. Hilliard, 250
 Dauphin, son of Louis XV., portrait of, by R. Bachi, 145; by Rouquet, 145; by V. F. Elie, 146
 Dauphine, Madame la, daughter of Louis XV., portraits of, by Penel, 144, 145
 David, Maxime, notice of, 148; allusion to, 149, 151, 154
 Day, allusion to, 226
 Deacon, James, 105
 De la Fosse, Charles, mention of, 221
 Delmont, miniaturist, 154
 Demosthenes, MS. in British Museum, 36
 Denison, Beckett, mention of, 247
 Denny clock by Holbein, 58
 Denon, Baron, collection of, 227
 "Descent from the Cross," wax model of, by Sansovino, 169
 Deschappelles, Madame de, miniature portrait of, by Nattier, 153
 De Troy, enamel portrait of, by Weyler, 96; allusion to, 147, 153
 Devair, snuff-boxes by, 182, 183
 Devereux, Lady, portrait of, by Oliver, 245
 Devonshire, Duchess of, and child, portrait of, by Reynolds, 107
 Devonshire, Duchess of, portrait of, by Lady Beauclerc, 124
 Deynum, John Baptist, notice of, 159
 Diana, bronze statue of, 193; ebony statue of, at Ephesus, 201
 Diamentini, 166
 Dieudonné. *See* Chambord.
 Digby, Sir Kenelm, portraits of, family and friends by the Olivers, 71, 243, 249, 250; searches for the philosopher's stone, 87; portraits of Lady Venetia and of Lady Lucy Percy, 249
 Digby, Simon, 89
 Dinglinger, George Frederic, notice of, 161, 256
 Dinglinger, Johann Melchior, notice of, 161
 Dinglinger, Sophie, notice of, 161
 "Dioscorides" MSS. at Vienna, 14
 Discobolos, 201
 D'Israeli, mention of, 234
 Dixon, John, work of, 86, 256
 Dixon, Nathaniel, 86
 Dobson, allusion to, 245
 'Dogmatica Panoplia,' the Vatican copy of, 15
 Dollinger, Hans, notice of, 178
 Doni, Maddelena, allusion to, 209
 Donne, Dr., portrait of, by Oliver, 255
 Dorset, Earl of, portrait of, by Isaac Oliver, 243, 246
 Drageoirs. *See* Bonbonnières.
 Drake, Sir Francis, tobacco brought to England by, 180
 Drentuet, Abraham, mention of, 172
 Dresden snuff-boxes, 183
 Drouais, portrait of Dauphiness by, 256
 Drouais, François Hubert, notice of, 147, 249
 Drouais, Hubert, notice of, 147
 Dubut, Carl Claudius, alluded to, 174

- Dubut, Friedrich, notice of, 174
 Dubut, John, alluded to, 174
 Duchastelet, miniaturist, 154
 Duchesne, Jean Baptiste, notice of, 148
 Duchie, Jacques, collections of, 210
 Duckett, William, portrait of, by Zuccherò, 62
 Ducreux, Jean, notice of, 148, 149; his portrait of Louis XVI., 149
 Dudley, Lady, portrait of, by S. Cooper, 245
 Du Guernier, 95
 Du Guernier, Alexander, mentioned, 143
 Du Guernier, Alexander, II., mentioned, 143
 Du Guernier, Louis, mentioned, 143
 Du Guernier, Pierre, mentioned, 143
 Dumont, portrait of Madame Elizabeth by, 256
 Dupré, Guillaume, mention of, 172
 Durand, L., portraits by, 149; allusions to, 96, 184
 Dürer, Albert, allusions to, 48, 178, 229; mention of, 157; portrait carvings of, 176, 177
 Durham Book, copy of, in British Museum, minute character of its ornamentation, its grotesque portraiture, 18; Saxon glossary and Northumberland dialect of, 19; binding of, 19
 Durrow, Book of, quotation from, 10
 Duruthy Cave, artistically incised bones from, 1, 2
 Duvigeon, allusion to, 181
 Dying Gaul, 198
 Dyonval, Paignon, drawings of, 227
- EAUBONNE, D', occupied thirty years on a missal, 39
 Echoes, collection of, 233
 Ecman, Jean, mentioned, 143
 Edridge, Henry, excellent work by, 121, 122; allusion to, 256
 Edward the Black Prince, portrait of, 241, 242
 Edward IV., portrait of, in 'Chronicles of England,' 30
 Edward VI., portrait of, at Wilton, not by Holbein, 52, 56; portraits of, by Stretes, 56, 57; portraits of, as a child, by Holbein, 56, 57; portrait of, by Hilliard, 60
 Egley, William, notice of, 130
 Egypt, early manifestations of illumination of manuscripts in, 11
 Eleanora, portrait of, attributed to François Clouet, 135
 Elgin, Lord, his collection of Greek antiquities, 228
 Elgin Marbles, allusions to, 199, 227, 228, 231
 Elie, Vincent François, portraits by, 146
 Elizabeth, portraits of, by Hilliard, 60, 61, 249, 255; as princess, by Sir A. More, 62, 256; by Zuccherò, 62; character of, 72; portrait of, by François Clouet, 137; or by Jean Clouet II., 139; head gear of, 251
 Elizabeth, Madame, daughter of Louis XVI., portrait of, 187, 256
 Elizabeth, daughter of Maximilian II., portrait of, by François Clouet, 137; sad death of, 137
 Ellis, 107
 Elstracke, 67
 Enamelling, as practised by early Egyptians, considered by some to be cavities filled with glass, &c., not true enamel, 91; early portraits, partly enamelled, of 16th century—process used by Limousin about 1545..92; by Toutin in 1630..92; work by the Petitots, 93-96; and their imitators, 95, 96; spurious French enamels, 96, 97; process of, as described by William Essex, 97, 98; surpassing permanence of enamels, 99
 Engelbrecht, Cornelius, mention of, 157
 Engleheart, George, 117; character of his work, 122; allusion to, 256
 Enlomyne, use of term, 7
 Erasmus, portrait of, by Pencz, at Windsor, 56; mention of, 213
 Eremite di Monte Senareo, L'. *See* Stefaneschi.
 Eskimo, resemblance of, to the mesolithic cave-men, 2
 Essex, Earl of, portrait of, by Hoskins, 245
 Essex, William, quotation from, on process of enamelling, 97, 98; work of, 130
 Este, Alphonse d', allusion to, 209

- Eugene, Prince, allusion to, 100
 Eugenius IV., portrait of Pope, 34
 Euphranor, allusion to, 200
 Eusebius, 'De Evangelica preparatione,' translation of, 39
 Evelyn, quotation from, on Cooper's method of taking likenesses, 83
- FABER, John, 89
 Fairfax, General, portrait of, by Samuel Cooper, 83
 Fairfax, Lady, portrait of, by S. Cooper, 245
 Faithorne, William, life and work of, 71, 72
 Falconberg, Countess of, portrait of, by S. Cooper, 245
 Faltz, Raymond, mention of, 171
 Farnese bull, 198
 Faun carrying a child, 198
 Female beauty as indicated in miniatures, 251-254
 Ferrand, J. P., allusions to, 95, 142, 181; sketch of his life, 141; enamel work done by, 141
 Festa, Bianca, notice of, 166, 167
 Festa, Matilda, notice of, 166, 167
 Fiesinger, engraver, allusion to, 149
 Finney, Samuel, notice of, 125
 Flamand, François, allusion to, 220
 Flatman, Thomas, notice of, 85, 248; portrait of, by Hales, 85; allusion to, 256
 Flaxman, allusions to, 124, 174, 192, 230
 Flemish art in illuminated MSS. of 15th century, 29, 30, 31, 32
 Flint tools of palæolithic men, 1, 2; of mesolithic men, 1, 2
 Florentine School, influence of, on 14th century illuminated MSS., 26
 Flotner, Peter, alluded to, 177
 Foldstone, Anne (Mrs. Mee), sketch of; miniature work by, 123; mention of, 244
 Foldstone, John, allusion to, 123
 Fontallard, Jean François, notice of, 149
 Fontana, allusion to, 228
 Forster, Thomas, 87
 Fontaine, Sir Andrew, destruction of his collection of miniatures, 78, 79; sale of his collection, 225; collections made by, 228, 232
- Fouquet, Jean, life and work of, 34, 35
 Fouquet, Nicholas, enamel portrait of, 93, 248
 Fox, wax portrait of, by Percy, 174
 Foy, General, portrait of, 189
 Fra Angelico, 39
 Fragonard, 256
 Francati, 87
 Francia, Francesca, allusions to, 169, 209
 Francis I. patronises Italian painters, 134, 135; portraits of, assigned to François Clouet, 135, 139, 172; death of, 136
 Francis II., portrait of, by Janet, described as Edward VI. by Holbein, 57; portrait of, as the Dauphin François, attributed to François Clouet, but probably by Jean Clouet II., 139, 248
 Franco Bolognese, 25, 39
 Frangipani, Marquis of, 232
 Frangipani scent, 232
 Franks, A. W., on date of Holbein's death, 47, 48
 Fratellini, Giovanni, portraits by, 165
 Frederick the Great, his collection of snuff-boxes, 182
 Frederick the Wise, portrait of, by L. Cranach, 177
 Frioul, Marquis de, collection of, 207
 Fruytiers, Philip, portrait miniaturist, notice of, 159
 Fûger, Henri Frederic, his career and excellent miniatures, 162; allusion to, 165
 Fuseli, allusion to, 114
- GAINSBOROUGH, allusions to, 108, 111, 124, 129
 Galantini, Ippolito (Il Cappucino), notice of, 165
 Garaud, J. B., 154
 Gardelle, Theodore, unlovely character of, 113, 114
 Garrard, Marcus, 64
 Garzoni, Giovanna, notice of, 164, 165
 Gaston of Orleans, enamel portraits of, 93, 256
 Gegania and the slave Clesippus, 200
 Genga, allusion to, 169
 Genesis, purple vellum copy of, at Vienna,

- 13, 14; the fragmentary MSS. of, in British Museum, 14
- George I., portrait of, by Sir G. Kneller, 89
- Georgio, Maestro, allusion to, 209
- Gerard of Ghent, work by, in the Grimani breviary, 31
- Gerbier, Sir Balthazar, life and work of, 76; his portrait of David Teniers and his wife, 246
- Ghiberto, allusion to, 169
- Ghirlandajo, allusion to, 209
- Gibson, Edward, 79
- Gibson, Richard, allusions to, 73, 256; life and work of, 79, 249
- Gibson, William, 79
- Giocondo, Giovanni, mention of, 213
- Giocondo, Lisa del, allusion to, 209
- Giordano, Sophie, notice of, 167
- Giorgione, allusion to, 209
- Giotto, pupil of Cimabue, 5; allusion to, 155; painting in oil tried by, 156
- Giovanni di Bologna, mention of, 169
- Girandoli. *See* Buontalenti.
- Girodet, 154
- Giunta of Pisa, allusion to, 155
- Gloucester, Duke of, portrait of, in 'Chronicles of England,' 30, 31
- Gloves, collection of, 232
- Godeman, the scribe of the Benedictional of St. Aethelwald, 21
- Godsalves, Holbein's portrait of the two, 51, 63
- Godsalve, Sir John, miniature portrait of, ascribed to John Betts, 63
- Golchi, Peter, 64
- Gonore, expeditiousness of, 154
- Gonzaga, Elizabeth, allusion to, 209
- Gonzaga, Frederigo, allusion to, 209
- Gonzalez, allusion to, 245
- "Good Shepherd," a miniature by R. Gibson, 73, 79
- Gospels, purple vellum copies of, in British Museum, 13; presented to York Cathedral, 13; the copy of St. Cuthbert's Gospels, Lindisfarne Gospels or Durham Book, in British Museum, 18; the Lichfield Gospels of St. Chad, 18; the 'Golden Gospels' in British Museum, 20; the Gospels found in Charlemagne's tomb, 20; the Gospels of St. Servin de Toulouse, 20; and of St. Médard de Soissons, 20; of Canute in British Museum, 22
- Gossett, allusion to, 174
- Goudon, mention of, 174
- Goupy, Joseph, 105
- Goupy, Louis, 105
- Graham, Dr., 116
- Grande Condé, Le, enamel portraits of, 93, 256; enamel portrait of, by Weyler, 96
- Grange, David de, 79
- Gratianus, allusion to, 200
- Gravata. *See* Clovio.
- Great Seal of England executed by Michael Moser, 114
- Greek pictorial art, Vasari's opinion of, 4
- Greeks, early art excellence and patriotism of the, 192
- Greenhill, John, 85, 86; work by, 86
- Gribelin, Isaac, portraits by, worked out in enamel by Toutin, 92
- Gribelin, Simon, the engraver of the Raphael cartoons, 92, 93
- Grien (or Grün), Hans Baldung or, 48; portrait by, at Hampton Court assigned to Holbein, 51, 158
- Grimaldi, William, notice of, 125, 256; mention of, 244
- Grisaille, 33
- Grolier, Jean, life and library of, 212-213; high value of books from his library, 213
- Grün. *See* Grien.
- Gubbio, allusion to, 228, 233
- Guerin, Jean, life and work of, 149
- Guido of Siena, allusion to, 155
- Guiche, Comte de, life saved by a portrait box, 182
- Guigni, Rosso de, wax portraits by, 170
- Guildford, Sir Henry, Holbein's portrait of, 50, 51; portrait of, in Royal Collection, evidently not by Holbein, 54, 243
- Guise, Duc de, François de Lorraine, assassination of, and his son, Le Balafre, 179, 180
- Guise, Duke of, portrait of, by François Clouet, 250
- Guizot, snuff-box portraits of, 189
- Gustavus III., portraits of, by P. A. Hall, 150; death of, 150
- Gwynne, Nell, portrait of, by S. Cooper, 245

- HAIR as worn by ladies in times of Henry VIII. and of Charles I., 74; treatment of hair in portraits by Cooper and Cosway, 117; mode of hair dressing in reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, 251; in 18th and 19th centuries, 252-254
- Hales, anecdote of, 83; portrait of Flatman by, 85
- Hall, John, portrait of, by Hoskins, 245
- Hall, Pierre Adolphe, his career, work, and portraits, 149, 150; allusions to, 153, 162, 165, 184, 256; portrait of Princesse de Lamballe, 249
- Hals, Franz, portrait of Vandyck by, 75; teacher of Sir G. Kneller, 88
- Hamilton, Sir William, sale of his collection, 225; collections made by, 230
- Hannibal, mention of, 195
- Hans, Louis, notice of, 140
- Harlowe, Mrs., portrait of, by James Nixon, 120
- Harmann, Mr., 226
- Hassell, William, 86
- Hatton, Sir Christopher, portrait of, by N. Hilliard, 255
- Hatton, Sir John Boling, portrait of, 56, 248
- Heere, Lucas de, 48, 56, 59, 63, 248
- Heliogabalus, practical joke by, with wax imitations of food articles, 169
- Hemessen, Jan van, 48
- Henri II., ware or *faïence d'Oiron*. See Oiron.
- Henri II., death of, 136; wax portrait of, by Clouet, 139, 172, 256
- Henri III. of France, portrait of, by François Clouet, 137; or by Jean Clouet II., 139
- Henrietta Maria, portrait of, by Vandyck, 74; by Hoskins, 249; hair as worn by, 259
- Henry IV., wax portrait of, by the Danfries, 172; portrait of, 242
- Henry VI., portrait of, in "Chivalrie," 29
- Henry VII., portrait of, by Hilliard, 60
- Henry VIII., Holbein's portraits of, 51, 53, 54, 55, 243, 244, 247, 248, 250; portrait of, by Hilliard, 60; by Leemput, 244, 245
- Henry, Prince, son of James I, taste of, for art, 67
- Henry, Prince of Wales, portrait of, by Oliver, 60
- Herbert of Cherbury, Lord, portrait of, by John Hoskins, 246
- Herbert, George, 86
- Herculaneum, papyri from, not illuminated, 11
- Hercules, bronze statuette of, by Lysippus, 195; the statue found in Pompey's theatre, 197
- Heriot, George, 67
- Harlen, Frederic, mention of, 157
- Hermaphrodite, statue of, 198
- Herrera, Francesco de, 39
- Herz, Claude de, portrait of Charles IX. by, 136, 137
- Hieronium, 64
- Hilliard, Lawrence, artistic work of, 61
- Hilliard, Nicholas, life and work of, 59-61; his portrait of Earl of Oxford, 59; style of his miniatures, 59, 60; portraits of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Jane Seymour, by, 60, 243; also of Elizabeth, 60, 61, 249, 259; the Duc d'Alençon, 60; painting of the Spanish Armada, 61; patent right to reproduce royal portraits granted to, 60, 61; supposed teacher of Oliver, 62; allusions to, 64, 67, 100, 108, 111, 246; pioneer of portrait miniature, 89; portraits of Lady Shirley, Protector Somers, 245; of himself, 245, 250; of Darnley and Lady Arabella Stuart, 250; Sir Christopher Hatton, 255; and of James II., 255
- Hilperich, his collection, 206
- Hippocrates, 214
- Hirschvogel, Augustin, carved portraits by, 177
- History of miniature art, novelty of, v; special character of the illustrations, viii; orthochromatic photography now first successfully applied to coloured miniatures, viii-x; difficulty of reproducing palæolithic art, ix; and of selecting from illuminated manuscripts, ix, x
- Hoadley (*née* Curtis), Mrs., 102
- Hoffman, allusion to, 183
- Hogarth, funeral of Vanaken by, 106;

- allusion to, 108, 252; on the relation of artists to the age, 110; assisted by Sullivan, 122
- Holbein, Hans, life and work of, 45-58; biographies of, 46; date of birth, 46; career, 46-47; date of death, 47, 48; large number of pictures wrongly assigned to, 48; contemporary painters with, 48; which Lucas was his master in miniature? 48, 49; evidence of his having painted miniatures, 49, 50; portraits painted by, 50; portraits wrongly attributed to, such as Hollar's "Anna Roper," 50; Baldung's portrait, signed "HB," at Hampton Court, 51; a portrait of Henry VIII., at Hampton Court, and many portraits of Henry VIII. copied by inferior artists, 51; miniatures of Henry VIII. in possession of the Duke of Buccleuch and of the Queen, 53, 54, 243, 244; of Lady Audley, at Windsor; of Sir Henry Guildford, in Royal Collection, 54; of the two sons of the Duke of Suffolk, 54, 55, 60, 243; portraits assigned to, at Loan Collection at South Kensington in 1865. .55; possible artists of pictures ascribed to, 55, 56; his portrait of Edward VI. as a child, 56, 57; talents of, as a modeller and designer, 57, 58; the "Seymour Cup," by, 58; the Denny clock and mantelpiece, 58; comparison of, with Vandyck, 74; allusions to, 105, 110, 122; influence of, on portrait-painting, 111, 158; portrait-carving by, 176; portrait of Lord Sudeley by, 245; of a lady, by, 245, 246; of Alicia, wife of Sir T. More, 246; of Jane Seymour or Anne Boleyn, 246, 255; Duke of Richmond, 246; of Queen Mary, 246; of Henry VIII., in Earl Spencer's collection, 247, 248; of John Calvin and himself, 248; of Catherine of Arragon, 250; of Henry VIII., by, 250
- Hollar, W., his portrait of Anna Roper, 51; engraving of portrait of Richard II. by, 241
- Holmes, James, work of, 128
- "Holy Family," by Oliver, 62
- Homer, copy of, written with gold letters on purple vellum for Maximinus the younger, 13
- Hone, Horace, 115, 256
- Hone, Nathaniel, allusions to, 114, 123, 256; career and character of, 115; antagonism to Reynolds, 115; his picture of the Conjuror, 115; house of, in Pall Mall, 116
- Honthorst, mention of, 215
- Hoogstraten, Samuel van, 85
- Hornbolt, Gerard, 49, 55
- Hornbolt, Lucas, 48, 49, 55, 158, 243
- Hornbolt, Susannah, 49, 50, 55, 158
- Horses depicted by cave-men of mesolithic period, 2
- Hortensius, allusions to, 193, 198
- Hoskins, John, work done by, 76, 77; allusion to his son, 77; portrait of, 100; allusions to, 124, 245, 248, 256; portraits by, 245, 246, 249
- Houbraken, 85, 250
- Hours, Book of, in Ashburnham collection, 28; by Fouquet, 35; the Sforza, 39; the St. Croy, 39
- "Hours of St. Louis," in *Bibl. Nationale*, 25
- Houston alluded to, 126
- Howard, allusion to, 256
- Huaud, 95
- Hudson, Thomas, teacher of Reynolds, 102; allusions to, 106, 107, 111
- Humphrey, Ozias, brilliancy of his colouring, 118; career of, 118, 119; portrait of, by Romney, 119; allusions to, 120, 132, 256
- Hunter, John, portrait of, by Reynolds, 108
- Hurter, John Henry, allusions to, 244, 248
- Hyde Register in British Museum, 22
- ICONOCLASTICISM defined, 3
- Iliad, fragmentary MSS. of, at Milan, 14
- Illuminare, use of term, 7
- Illuminated Manuscripts, high art shown in those of the early Christian Church, 3, 4; connection of, with art of miniature, 6; various terms used for art of illuminating—alluminar, enlomyne, limnen, limnings, 7; study of, fascinating

yet difficult, 8; art of, nourished by religious devotion, 8-10; exalted nature of art of missal painting, 10, 11; origin of, in the East; early traces of, in Egyptian papyri of 18th dynasty; probable spread of, from Egypt to India, Greece and Rome, 11; the papyri at Herculaneum not illuminated, 11; use of gold, silver, and purple stained vellum in 3rd century, 12, 13; the Codex purpureo-argenteus of Ulphilas, at Upsala, executed in 6th century, 13; purple stained vellum copies of Genesis, Gospels, and Prayer Book, 13; the 'Dioscorides,' and Greek Genesis, at Vienna; the fragments of the Iliad at Milan; the fragments of the fine old Genesis in British Museum, 14; the three Vatican Virgils, 14; Codex Romanus, 14, 15; Byzantine MSS., 15; the Vatican Book of Joshua, 15; and 'Dogmatica Panoplia,' 15, 16; indications of Eastern influence in Byzantine illumination, 16; probable spread of the art from Byzantium, 16, 17; and its development of, amongst Arabic illuminators, 16, 17; special character of the art as developed in Ireland, 17; and later at Lindisfarne, 18; examples of Irish work, viz., the Book of Kells, and the Durham Book, 18; spread of the Irish interlacement to the Continent, 19; Carolingian school, 19, 20; character of MSS. produced by it, 19, 20; inferior state of its miniature art, 20; school represented by the 'Golden Gospels' in British Museum, the Gospels found in Charlemagne's tomb now in the Louvre, and other Gospels and Bibles, 20; the Anglo-Saxon school, 20-22; excellence of its work, 20, 21; chief features of, 21; Benedictional of St. Aethelwald described; the Utrecht Psalter described, 21; other illustrations of this school, comprising the Canute Gospels, the Cottonian Psalter, Lovel Book, the Winchester Bible, showing the progressive stages of writing and illuminating, 22; Sherborne missal, 22, 28; the Lombardic school, 23; the Italian school of 11th and 12th century, 23;

Winchester MSS., 12th century, in British Museum, with Italian paintings, 23; examples of Cologne school, 12th century; 'Lives of the Martyrs' and a Bible, 23; French MSS. of 12th century, 24; the large writing and miniatures of the 12th century replaced by the small writing and miniatures of the 13th century; new features, such as a coloured background, introduced into the 13th century work, 24, 25; and later in the century miniatures became prominent in French MSS., 25; the 'Hours of St. Louis,' in Bibl. Nationale, 25; 13th century Psalter of Society of Antiquaries, 25, 26; English illumination at its best about the end of 13th century, 26; Tenison Psalter, the Bible in the Royal Collection (J. D. 1), Queen Mary's Psalter, 26; work of 14th century, 26-28; influence of the Florentine school, 26; introduction and development of the ivy-leaf pattern, 27; Prayer Book of Duc d'Anjou, 27, 28; multiplication of MS. secular works, 27; and of caricatures on sacred books, 27; grotesque perspective, 27; art encouraged by Charles V., Duke Jean de Berri, and Charles VI. of France, 28; Salmon's 'Demandes et reponses,' copy of Boccaccio's 'De Claris Mulieribus,' 28; works of 15th century, 28-36; decline of English and superiority of French art, 28; the Bedford Missal, in British Museum, 28; Prayer Book of Henry VI., in British Museum, 28; the Shrewsbury Book, 28, 29; 'flamboyant' style, 29; 'Comedies of Terence,' with flamboyant borders, 29; Flemish art gradually gains supremacy over French, 29, 30; 'Book of Hours' (Add. MS. 18855), in British Museum, 29; exquisiteness of Flemish miniatures, 30; 'Chronicles of England,' with supposed frontispiece by Van Eyck, 30; the Grimani Breviary, 31; 'Romance of the Rose,' by Lorrin and Clopinal, 31; Breviary of Isabella of Castille, 31; alliances of Royal House of Spain and Portugal, 32, 38; Spanish MS., Commentary on the Apocalypse,

- 32; Les Lois d'Alfonso, 32; German work, 32; the 'Camaieu Gris' or 'Grisaille' miniatures in monochrome, 32, 33; Psalter of Duc de Berri; Institution of the Order of the Holy Ghost, 33; 'Offices of the Virgin,' the Harleian MS., No. 625, in British Museum, 33; 'Les Miracles de Notre Dame,' 33; 15th-century craze for illuminating all documents, 33, 34; the miniature artists of early. 34-36; Fouquet's MSS. of Josephus, 35; Livy, 35, 36; Perréal's MSS. of Bible at Oxford, 36; work of 16th and 17th centuries, 36-44; advances made by the Italian illuminators, 36, 37; Demosthenes, in British Museum, 36; 'Juvenal' in British Museum, 37; volume of fragments in British Museum; MSS. illuminated by Bordoni; and the Florence MSS. of about 1500, 37; ornate style of Girolamo and Francesco dai Libri, and of Giulio Clovio, 37; 'Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans,' 38; MSS. on Alchemy (1582), in British Museum; the St. Croy 'Book of Hours' (1601); a book by Francesco de Herrera, 39; Prayer Books of Louis XIV. and of Madame de la Valliere, 39; the Great Missal in the Rouen Library, 39; miniature portraiture as influenced by portraits in, 154, 155
- Illuminated printed books; early illuminated printed books, 38; 'History of the Deeds of Duke Francesco Sforza,' 38, 39; Sforza 'Book of Hours,' 39; the 'Pliny Natural History' in Bodleian Library; translation of Eusebius's 'De Evangelicâ preparatione,' 39
- Infante, Madame, daughter of Louis XV., portrait of, by Penel, 144, 145
- Interlacing of intricate character a marked feature of barbaric art, 17, 18
- Institution, The, of the Order of the Holy Ghost, 33
- Ireland, early learning and art in, 17; characteristics of the Irish illuminated MSS., 17; spread of the Irish interlacement to the Continent, 19
- Isabey, Jean Baptiste, allusions to, 147, 149, 153, 154, 167, 188; career of; portraits and work by, 150, 151, 256
- Ivory, first introduction of, as a basis for miniature portraits, 90, 109
- Ivy-leaved pattern in MSS., 27, 29
- JABACH, Evrard, allusions to, 217, 224; his collections, 219, 220
- Jacopo, Don, of Florence, 40
- Jacques, Nicolas, portrait of the King of the Belgians by, 154
- Jallus, Asinius, allusion to, 194
- James I., portrait of, by Hilliard, 60, 255; by Oliver, 62; character of, 66, 67, 72
- James II., portrait of, by Anne Killigrew, 86; partiality of, for art, 87; portrait of, by Sir G. Kneller, 88
- Jamesone, George, work of, 77; a pupil of Rubens, 77
- Jane, Queen, of Naples, portrait of, 33
- Janet. *See* Clouet, François II.
- Jansen, Cornelius, work of; his miniature of Milton, 67; allusions to, 72, 245, 249
- Jerome, St., protests against the luxury of gold-lettered illuminated manuscripts, 13
- Jervas, his inferiority, 100, 101, 102; allusion to, 111; house of, in Pall Mall, 116
- Joaquet, notice of his box work, 183
- John the Baptist, St., head of, by Oliver, 62; carving relating to, attributed to Albert Dürer, 177; by Georg Schweigger, 177
- Johnson, Dr., alluded to, 124
- Jones, Charlotte, notice of, 126
- Jones, Inigo, arrival in England, 66; designs a palace for James I., 67; allusions to, 76, 215
- Josephine, portrait of, by Androli, 167
- Josephus, MS. copy of French translation of, by Fouquet, 35
- 'Joshua, Book of,' the Vatican copy, 15
- Jouvenet, mentioned, 144
- 'Judgment of Brutus,' by Sir W. Ross, 129
- Justinian, present church of St. Sophia, Byzantium, erected by, 12
- Juvenal Manuscript in British Museum, 37

- KAUFFMANN, Angelica, allusions to, 115, 123
- Keisar, William de, life of, 87
- Kelien, Lucas, allusion to, 178
- Kells, Book of, 18; marvellously minute interlaced work of, 18
- Kildare, Earl and Countess of, portrait of, ascribed to Holbein, 55
- Killigrew, Mrs. Anne, work of, 86; her portrait of herself, 86
- King, Dr. John, 64
- Kleintgel or Kleinglet, mention of, 181
- Kneller, Sir Godfrey, allusions to, 79, 99, 107, 111, 242, 243, 249; the leading portrait-painter of reign of William III., 87, 88; his portrait of Charles II., 87, 88; and other sovereigns, 88; his high merit, but gross carelessness, 89
- Knight, Charles, alluded to, 126
- 'Knock-out,' the, of auction-room, 238, 241; method of procedure of, 238-241; proposed remedies, 239
- Kratzer, Nicholas, Holbein's portrait of, 51
- Kugler, Madame, 96
- LABORDE, mention of, 226
- Ladré, song by, 187
- La Faye, mention of, 220, 221
- Lafayette, allusion to, 187, 233
- Lafrensen, Nicolas (Lavreince), notice of, 151, 152; exquisiteness and high prices of his paintings, 152
- Lagrenée, A. F., miniaturist, 154
- Lagrenée, L. J. F., 154
- Lamballe, Princess of, portrait of, by Hall, 249
- Lambert, J., a copyist of Petitot enamels, 96
- Laniere, Nicholas, portrait of, by Vanduyck, 75
- 'Laocoon,' wax model of, by Sansovino, Bernguetta, Zachi, and Il Vecchio, 169
- Largillière, miniatures by, 153
- Lavreince. *See* Lafrensen.
- Lawrence, Sir Thomas, collection of, 227
- Lazzari, Antonio, 166
- Le Bel, allusion to, 183
- Le Blond, James Christopher, notice of, 160
- Le Brun, allusion to, 183
- Leemput, Remigius von, 244
- Legaré, Gilles, mention of, 248
- Lehrner, alluded to, 173
- Lely, Sir Peter, 79; life and work of, 82; family name Van der Faes, 82; Pepys on, 84; pupils of, 84, 85, 89; allusions to, 111, 251
- Lens, A. B., 103
- Lens, Bernard, 103
- Lens, Bernard (son), 103
- Lens, Bernard (grandson), 103
- Lens, P., 103
- Leoni, Leone, allusion to, 169
- Leopold, King of Belgium, portrait of, by N. Jacques, 154
- Leopold, William, Archduke, allusion to, 224
- Lespinière, miniaturist, 154
- Le Sueur, allusion to, 183
- Le Tellier, allusions to, 96, 154, 184
- Leyden, Lucas van, allusions to, 48, 49; mention of, 167, 178
- Liberale da Verona, 39
- Libri, Francesco dai, 37
- Libri, Girolamo dai, 37
- Licino (Il Pordenone), Giovanni Antonio, his life and portrait painting, 163
- Licinius, mention of, 203, 204
- Liesville, M. de, his collection of political snuff-boxes, 190
- Limn, limnen, use of term, 7
- Limning, term used for small paintings by Heydock and others, 7
- Limousin, Leonard, his enamel pictures of the twelve Apostles, and mode of producing them, 92
- Lindesey, Robert de, 25
- Liotard, John Stephen, sketch of, 104; allusion to, 184; portrait of Maria Theresa by, 256
- 'Lives of the Martyrs,' 12th-century MSS., 23
- Livin of Antwerp, work by, in the Grimani Breviary, 31
- Livy, MS. copy of French translation by Fouquet, 35
- Lockie, portrait of Dr. John King by, 64
- Lockner, Stephen, art work of, 155

- Loggan, David, 86, 87
 Lombardi, Alfonso, wax portrait medallions by, 170
 Lombardi, G., allusion to, 167
 Longhi, Giuseppe, notice of, 166
 Lorrin, Guillaume de, a co-writer of the 'Romance of the Rose,' 31
 Louis, King of Tarento, portrait of, 33
 Louis XII., wax portrait of, by the Danfries, 172; allusion to, 209
 Louis XIV., portraits of, by Petitot, 51, 96; by Sir G. Kneller, 89; patronises Petitot the father, 94; portrait of, by Weyler, 96; by Louis de Chatillon, 141; by unnamed artists, 142; by Mademoiselle de la Boissière, 142; by F. Bruckmann, 142; by E. S. Cheron, 144; by J. Verselin, 145; Le Brun, 145; in wax, by G. Benoist, 172, 173; by F. Dubut, 174; his hatred of tobacco; his portrait boxes, 180; Jabach's prints and pictures bought by, 220
 Louis XV., enamel portrait of, by Louis de Chatillon, 141; by Mademoiselle de la Boissière, 142; by J. B. Massé, 144, 183; by Madame Maubert and Oudry, 144; by Jean Prevost, 145; by Raphael Bachi, 145; by Rouquet, 145; by N. Vénevault, 145; by V. F. Elie, 146; by Welper, 146; by Mademoiselle Brisson, 146; by Cazaubon, 147; by L. Durand, 149; wax portrait of, by P. Méraud, 172
 Louis XVI., portraits of, by F. Bourgoïn, 147, 148; by J. Ducreux, 149; by Jean Guérin, 149; by P. A. Hall, 150; by Jean Sicardi, 153; by Violet, 154; inscriptions relating to, 186; portrait of, on the "funeral" snuff-box, 187; allusion to, 233
 Louis XVI., Queen of, portrait of, 187; as also of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, his children, 187
 Louis XVII., allusion to, 233
 Louis XVIII., portrait of, by Isabey, 151; portraits of, on snuff-boxes, 189; his constitutional charter, 189
 Louis Philippe, portrait of, by Isabey, 151
 Louise, Madame, portrait of, by V. F. Elie, 146; by Cazaubon, 147
 Lucan, Lady, Walpole's complimentary notice of the work of, 123, 124
 Lucidel, Nicholas, 48
 Lucullus, collection of, 196-198
 Ludovic, Count, 23
 Luminen, use of term, 7
 Luther, allusion to, 158
 Luxeuil, Irish illuminated MSS. at, 19
 Lyne, 64
 Lysippus, his statuette of Hercules, 195, 202
 Lysistratus, wax portraits by, 168, 169, 200
- MABUSE, Jan de, 48, 53
 "Macaroni Miniature Painter," nickname of Richard Cosway, 116
 Mailly, Jacques de, allusion to, 153, 183
 Mammoth figured by cave-men of mesolithic period, 2
 Mamurra, mention of, 203
 Mantegna, allusion to, 209
 Mappin, mention of, 234
 Marat, allusion to, 187
 Maratti, Carlo, allusion to, 160
 'March to Finchley,' by Luke Sullivan, 122
 Margaret of Anjou, portrait of, in 'Chivalrie,' 29
 Marguerite of Navarre, miniature of, possibly by Clouet, 134, 139, 256
 Maria Theresa of Hungary, portrait of, by Liotard, 256
 Marie Antoinette, allusion to, 148, 149; portrait of, by F. Campana, 148; by Drouais, 249
 Marie Thérèse, Queen of Louis XIV., wax portrait of, by Dubut, 174
 Mariette, Pierre Jean, allusion to, 220, 221; character of, 223; literary works by, 223, 224; and collection of drawings, 224
 Marlborough, Duchess of, portrait of, by Petitot the son, 95
 Marlborough, Duke of, allusion to, 100; portrait of, by Bosch, 160; sale of his collection, 225
 Marlborough gems, 73, 74
 Marmocchino, Giovanna, notice of, 165

- Marolles, Michel de, his print collections and catalogues, 219
- Maron, allusion to, 167
- Marvell, Andrew, portrait of, by S. Cooper, 246
- Mary Louise, portrait of, by Isabey, 253
- Mary of Modena, portrait of, by Anne Killigrew, 86
- Mary, Queen, portrait of, by Sir A. More, 62; by Holbein, 246; portrait of, 256
- Mary Queen of Scots, portrait of, by Hilliard, 60, 100, 255; by Zuccherò, 62; as altered by Crosse, 99, 100; by Janet (Clouet), 100, 248, 250; false hair of, 251
- Mary, Queen of William III., portrait of, by Sir G. Kneller, 89; miniature of, on ivory, 90
- Massé, Jean Baptiste, notice of, miniature portraits by, 144, 183, 184, 185
- Masson, Richard, notice of, 140
- Matsys, Quintin, 48
- Matthieu, Jean Adams, notice of, 144
- Maubert, Madame, miniature portraits by, 144
- Mayer, Joseph, mention of, 233, 234
- Mayerne, Turquet de, 93
- Maynard, Sir John, portrait of, by S. Cooper, 245
- Mazzarini, Giuglio, career and collections of, 216-218; the Mazarin library, 218; allusion to, 224
- Medici, Lorenzo de, wax portraits of, 169; allusion to, 209
- Medicis, Catherine de, portrait of, attributed to François Clouet, probably by Jean Clouet II., 39; allusion to, 232; portrait of, by B., 250
- Medicis, François de, wax portrait of, by Cellini, 170
- Mee, Mrs. *See* Foldstone, Anne.
- Melancthon, allusion to, 158
- Melder, Gerard, notice of, 160
- Melem, Hans von, allusions to, 48, 158
- Melfort, Lord, 87
- Meller, Wenceslas, mention of, 171
- Melpomene, statue of, 197
- Memling, Hans, work by, in the Grimani Breviary, 31; mention of, 157
- Memmi, Simone, 39
- Mengs, Antonio Raffaele, notice and art work of, 160; allusion to, 167
- Mengs, Ishmael, allusion to, 160, 161
- Mérard, Pierre, noticed, 173
- Mere's 'Wits' Commonwealth' quoted, 64
- Merian, Matthew, alluded to, 159
- Merizzi, allusion to, 166
- Mesolithic man, culture and miniature art of, 1, 2; marvellous truthfulness of his animal portraiture, 2; muscular development and unclothed state of, 2; identified by some with the Eskimo, 2; portrait of, as portrayed by, 2
- Meteyard, Miss, life of Wedgwood by, 234
- Meyer, Jeremiah, character of his work, 114; R. Collins, a pupil of, 122
- Mielich, Hans, 48
- Mieris, William, allusion to, 159
- Mignard, allusions to, 141, 153
- Milan, Irish illuminated MSS. at, 19
- Milon, shop of, 202
- Milton, portrait of, by Jansen, 67
- Miniatura, originally equivalent to rubric, 5; later applied to small portraits by Horace Walpole and others, 7; difficulty of defining what is a miniature, 89
- Miniature art, history of, hitherto unwritten, v; imperfectness of, v, viii; difficulty and uselessness of noticing every miniaturist, v, vi; inferior artists best forgotten, vi, x; special character of the illustrations, viii-x; method of selecting portraits, x; plan of work, 6, 7
- Miniature portraits, superiority of, over those of full size, vi-viii; and over large statues, vii; method of selecting, x
- Mirabeau, allusion to, 187
- Miracles de Notre Dame, les, 33
- Mirbel, Madame de, alluded to, 148, 153, 154; notice of, 152
- Missal painting, term used for all illuminated religious MSS., liturgical and otherwise, 9. *See* Illuminated Manuscripts.
- Mithridates the Great, sardonyx cup of, 207
- Modelling in wax, 168-174; antiquity of the art, 168, 169; the accursed wax models of sorcerers, 171, 172; and of

- witches, 172 ; inferiority of the English in, 174 ; art almost lost, 174
- Monastery of Arnstein, 23
- Monk, General, portraits of, by S. Cooper, 78, 243 ; and Sir Peter Lely, 82
- Monmouth, Duke of, portrait of, by S. Cooper, 78, 243
- Montaignon, M. de, 224
- Montalivet, snuff-box portraits by, 189
- Montarsy, Pierre de, mounted boxes made by, 141, 181
- Montgolfier, portrait of, 187
- Moor, Karelde, allusion to, 159
- Morand alluded to, 173
- More, Sir Antonio, 48, 59 ; life and work of, 62 ; his portraits of Queens Mary and Elizabeth, 62, 256 ; and of Albert VII. of Austria, 250
- More, Sir John, Holbein's portrait of, 51
- More, Sir Thomas, Holbein's portrait of, 50, 51 ; copies and drawings of, 50 ; portrait of his wife Alicia, ascribed to Holbein, 55, 246
- Mosaics of Italy in early Middle Ages, 4
- Moser, Mary, 114
- Moser, Michael, career and work of, 114
- Mosnier, J. S., notice of, 154
- Mummius, allusion to, 225
- Murillo, allusions to, 121, 227
- Murrhine, probably a glass, 201 ; enormous prices given for articles in, 201
- Musson, allusion to, 184
- Musurus, Marc, mention of, 213
- Myron, allusions to, 192, 200, 201, 202
- Mys, allusion to, 200
- NANTEUIL, Robert, a teacher of Faithorne, 71 ; portraits in "plumbago" by, 87 ; mention of, 248
- Napoleon, connection of Isabey with, 150, 151 ; portrait of, by Longhi, 166 ; Ardoli, Isabey and Aubrey, 167, 256 ; Saint, 167 ; box portraits of, 188 ; allusion to, 233
- Napoleon III., portrait of, 190
- Nattier, Jean Mark, miniatures by, 153, 249
- Navagero, André, mention of, 213
- Nelson, Lord, hero-worship of, 233
- Neolithic men, arts of, 2
- Netscher, Gaspard, mention of, 86 ; portrait of William III. and his Queen by, 248
- Neuberger, Daniel, notice of, 171
- Newton, Sir William, allusion to, 129
- Nicot, tobacco snuff sent to France by, 180
- Nixon, James, work of, 120
- Nollekens, allusion to, 115
- Nonius, opal of, 197
- Norfolk, Duke of, Holbein's portrait of, 51
- Nottingham, Charles Howard, Earl of, portrait of, by Zuccherro, 62
- Nuremberg a great centre of sculpturing and carving, 175
- ODERIGI of Agobbio, 25, 39
- Oil painting, first discovery of, 156
- Oiron, faïence d', 229
- Oldys, lines on Flatman by, 85
- Olet, Andrew, mention of, 242
- Oliver, Isaac, excellence of his portrait miniatures, 60 ; portraits of Henry, Prince of Wales, 60 ; and of Sir Philip Sidney by, 60, 62, 243, 246 ; life and work of, 61-62 ; oil-portraits by, 62 ; of himself, wife, and children, 62, 243 ; St. John Baptist, Holy Family, T. Cavendish, James I., 62 ; allusions to, 64, 67, 100, 109, 110, 111, 124, 249, 255 ; will of, 68, 69 ; date of burial, 69 ; style of, 70, 71 ; Digby portraits by, 71, 243, 249 ; of Lady Shirley by, 245 ; of Earl of Dorset, 243, 246 ; and of Lady Arabella Stuart by, 249
- Oliver, Peter, allusions to, 67, 68, 99, 100, 124, 125 ; his copy of Raphael's 'St. George ;' 'Burial of Christ,' by Isaac Oliver, finished by, 68 ; difficulties as to dates assigned to, 68 ; burial and will of, 69 ; date of burial, 69 ; visit of Charles II. to his widow ; work of, 70, 71 ; Digby portraits by, 71, 250 ; portrait of himself and wife, 249
- Opal of Nonius, 197
- Opie, John, assistant to Humphrey, 119
- Opus Anglicum, 20-22
- Orlando, Antonio, his 'Abecedario pittorico,' 224
- Orleans collection, sale of, 225, 226
history of the pictures in, 226

- Orley, Richard van, notice of, 144
 Orsi alluded to, 173, 174
 Orsino, wax bust of a girl attributed to, 169
 Ottley, Young, allusion to, 226, 227
 Oudry, allusion to, 96; enamel portraits by, 144
 Ouwater, Albert van, mention of, 157
- PAINTING, revival of, with Cimabue, 4; progress of, from classicalism through symbolism to conventional realism, 9
 Painting in little, term used for small paintings by Pepys, 7
 Palæolithic man, ignorance as to his nature, 1
 Palimpsests, 42; imperfectly erased writings on old, 42, 43; restoration of original texts, 42, 43; in British Museum, 43; re-used, 43
 Palissy, Bernard, allusions to, 228, 229
 Palmer, Miss (Lady Thomond), work of, 124
 Papiria, 198
 Parchment, short history of, 42; destruction of MSS. on old, owing to scarcity of material, 43
 Pasquier, Pierre, allusions to, 96, 153, 188; notice of; excellent enamels by, 152
 Pass, De, family, 67
 Pass, Simon de, 61, 64
 Passot, 154
 Pastorino, wax portraits by, 170
 Pasture (or Weyden), Roger de la, mention of, 156, 157
 Patin, his life of Holbein, 46
 Paullus, mention of, 202
 Payne, James, allusion to, 119
 'Peace of Munster,' by Terburg, 227
 Peacham, on rules of painting, 108, 109
 Peake, Sir Robert, 64, 65, 67
 Pearl, large, belonging to Charles I., 81
 Pellegrini, allusions to, 166, 221
 Pembroke, Earl of, portrait of, by Oliver, 255
 Pencz, Georg, 48, 56; portrait of Erasmus at Windsor, by, 56
 Penel, enamel portraits by, 144, 145; allusions to, 154, 184
 Pentateuch, the Ashburnham, 15; Italian miniatures therein, 15
 Pepys, Samuel, extract from, relating to Cooper, 82, 83; portrait of his wife, by Cooper, 83; portrait of, by Hales; remarks on Sir Peter Lely by, 84
 Percy, wax portraits by, 174
 Percy, Lady Lucy, portraits of, by I. Oliver, 249
 Perin, 154
 Perini, Antonio, photograph of drawings in the Grimani Breviary, 31
 Perrault, mention of, 95, 141, 142, 181
 Perréal, Jean, life and work of, 36
 Persian tapestry and carpet patterns, as used in Byzantine illuminated MSS., 16
 Perugino, allusion to, 209
 Pesne, allusion to, 161
 Peter the Great, portrait of, by Sir G. Kneller, 89
 Petitot, Jean, his portraits of Louis XIV., 51, 181; life and work of, 92-96; his excellency as an enamel portrait painter, 93; instructed by Vandyck and Mayerne, 93; large number of examples foisted on him, 95, 96, 142; comparison of, with Humphrey, 118; allusions to, 141, 244, 248, 254, 256; portraits of Countess of Southampton by, 250
 Petitot, Jean, the son, life and work of, 94; portrait of himself and wife, 94, 248; pupils, 95; portrait of Duchess of Portsmouth by, 256
 Petitot, Paul, 93
 Petitot, Pierre, wax modeller, alluded to, 173
 Petronius, his murrhine cup, 201
 Petty, art-collecting agent of Earl of Arundel, 73
 Phidias, allusion to, 192, 194, 202, 228
 Phigalian marbles, 230, 231
 Philip IV., portrait of, by Prieur, 256
 Philip Egalité, death of, 225, 226
 Photography, successful application of orthochromatic, ix, x; baneful influence of, on miniature portraiture, 130; inferiority of a photograph to a good miniature, 130, 131
 Pictorial art, earliest productions lost, 3; of Middle Ages, the development from

- earlier art, 3; destruction of, by iconoclasts, 3, 4; high art of early MSS., 3, 4
- Piero da Perugia, 39
- Pimaticcio, work of, 135
- Pindar, Peter (Dr. Wolcot), verses of, on Cosway, 116; his encumbrance, John Opie, 119
- Pinson, wax modeller, alluded to, 173
- Pisano, Giunta, Cimabue's master, 5
- Pitan, boxes by, 180, 181
- Pitt, wax portrait of, by Percy, 174
- Plimer, Andrew, excellent miniatures by, 119, 120; allusions to, 132, 256
- Plimer, Nathaniel, 120, 256
- Pliny, Natural History, 39
- Plott, John, notice of, 123
- Po, Teresa del, notice of, 165
- Poelemborg, Cornelius, work of, 77, 245
- Pollio, Asinius, collection of, 198
- Poltrou, assassination by, 179
- Polycletes, allusion to, 200
- Pompadour, Madame de, portrait of, by Nattier, 153
- Pompey, collection of, 197
- Porbus, miniatures by, 153
- Pordenone, Il. *See* Licinio.
- Portland, Duchess of, collection of, 230
- Portland, or Barberini vase, 230
- Portrait miniature, first rise of art of, 6; gradual progress of, 6, 7; association of religious feeling with portraiture in Middle Ages, 10; book of portraits mentioned by Pliny, Varro, and Symmachus, 11; miniatures in the 'Dioscorides' of Vienna; in the fragmentary 'Iliad' at Milan; in the fragmentary 'Genesis' in British Museum, 14; portraits of Alexis Comnenus in the 'Dogmatica Panoplia,' 16; grotesque portraiture in the 'Durham' Book, 18; in the MSS. of the Carolingian school, 20; improved style shown in the MSS. of the Anglo-Saxon school, 21; miniature seldom introduced in MSS. of Italian schools of 11th and 12th centuries, 23; good miniatures of French 12th-century MSS., 24; improved character of 12th-century work, 24; diminished size of miniatures in 13th century, 24; increased prominence of miniatures in French MSS. at end of 13th century, 25; better finish of heads in 14th century MSS., and profuse introduction of groups from life, 27; portraits in Salmon's "Demandes et reponses," 28; of D. of Bedford in "Bedford Missal," 28; of Henry VI. in his Prayer Book, 28; of Edward IV., and others, in 'Chronicles of England,' 30; in the MSS. showing alliances of Royal Houses of Spain and Portugal, 32, 38; Camaieu portraits of Louis of Tarento, and Jane, Queen of Naples, 33; medallion portraits in Harleian MSS., No. 625, like Wedgwood's, 33; in 15th century Venetian diplomas, 34; in the history of Duke Francesco Sforza, 38, 39; probably executed in some cases by the best artists of illuminated MSS., but lost through neglect and less favourable circumstances, 40, 41; art rises first into distinctness in 16th century, 45; Hans Holbein, 45-58, 243; portraits of Catherine of Arragon, 53, 244; of Henry VIII., 53, 54, 243, 244, 247; of Queen Elizabeth, by Levina Teerlinck, 55, 56; of Sir J. B. Hatton and his mother, 56, 248; of Francis II., by Janet, 57; of Edward VI., ascribed to Holbein, 57; style of portraits by Nicholas Hilliard, 59, 60; Hilliard's portraits of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Jane Seymour, 60, 243; Oliver's portraits of Henry, Prince of Wales, 60; and Sir Philip Sidney, 60, 243, 246; Hilliard's portraits of Elizabeth, 60, 61; Duc d'Alençon, 60; James I. and Mary Queen of Scots, 60; Sir A. More's portraits of Queen Mary and of Elizabeth as princess, 62; portrait of Wm. Duckett, by Zuccherro, 62, 63; portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, by Waldini, 64; of Milton, by Jansen, 67; of Vandyck and Henrietta Maria, by Vandyck, 74; excellency of S. Cooper's miniatures, 78; his portrait of Gen. Fairfax, 83; portraits in needlework of Charles I., by Princess Elizabeth, and another of Cromwell, 84; charming portraits in "plumbago," by D. Loggan, George White, 86, 87; Robert White, Thomas

- Foster, and Robert Nanteuil, 87; difficulty of defining a miniature, 89, 90; Redgrave's defective definition, 90; ivory as a basis for, first introduced at end of 17th century, 90, 109; portraits of D. of Schonberg, and Queen Mary, wife of William III., on ivory, 90; portraits in enamel, 91-98; earliest examples of enamelling in portraits, 91, 92; portrait, supposed of Raleigh, in ring, of time of Elizabeth, partly in enamel; enamelling by Limoges artists of 16th century, 92; enamel pictures by Limousin, 92; enamel portraits, probably by Toutin and Gribelin, of "Le Grand Condé," Gaston of Orleans, and Nicholas Fouquet, 93; genuineness of miniatures in Reynolds's time, 106; vellumed and grounded cards as used for, 109, fluctuation of its state with that of art in general, 110, 111; prolific era from 1760 to 1821.. 111-127; only the more prominent artists selected for notice, 113; portraits of the Ladies Rushout, by Plimer, 119, 120; decline of, since 1820, 127; art of, checked by use of photography, 130; French school, 132-154; art made less a speciality of abroad than in England, 132, 133; portrait of Marguerite of Valois, 134; process used by the elder Clouets, 134; Mrs. Pattison's explanations of the multitude of French chalk portraits of 16th century, 139; German, Dutch, and Flemish schools, 154-162; expansion of art checked by influence of missal portrait painting, 154, 155; revival of portraiture in 14th century, 155; sudden rise of the Flemish school, 155; Italian school, 163-167; modelling in wax, 168-174; miniature wax portraits by medallists not included in present history, 168; portrait miniatures on snuff-boxes, 179-190; collections of, 241-257; Royal Collection at Windsor, 243, 244; Buccleuch collection, 244, 245; collection of Mr. J. H. Hawkins, 245, 246; Mr. Sackford Bale, 246, 247; in private families, usually ignorantly kept, 247; collection of Earl Spencer, 247, 248; of Earl of Derby, 248, 249; of Lady Sophia de Vœux, 249; Mr. Wingfield Digby, 249; Baroness Burdett-Coutts, 249, 250; the Magniac collection, 250; Mr. Edward Joseph's collection, 254, 255; Lord Tweedmouth's, 255; and the author's, 255, 256.
- Portraits, Walpole on good, viii; predilection of Englishmen for, 242
- Portraits in miniature superior to those of full size, vi-viii; and to large statues, vii; method of selecting, x
- Portsmouth, Duchess of, portrait of, by Petitot the son, 94, 256
- Pottery of Damascus and Rhodes, resemblance of its colouring to that of the Byzantine illuminated MSS., 16
- Poumeyrac, 154
- Pourbus, Peter, 48
- Prayer Book of Charlemagne on purple vellum, 13; of the Duke of Anjou, 27, 28; of Louis XIV., and of Madame de la Valliere, 39
- Praxiteles, allusion to, 192, 198, 201, 202
- Prete Genoese, II. *See* Galantini.
- Prevost, Jean, portraits of Louis XV. by, 145; allusion to, 184
- Prewitt, William, character of work, 125; portrait of Horace Walpole by, 245
- Prieur, allusion to, 244; portraits by, 248, 256
- Prince of Wales, enamel portrait of, by M. Moser, 114
- Princess of Wales, portrait of, by Charlotte Jones, 126
- Progers, or Rogers, 70
- Pronner, Leo, carved knife-handle by, 178
- Provence, Count de, portrait of, by R. A. Hall, 150
- Prudhon, 154
- Psalter, the Utrecht, described, 21; the Arundel, and the Cottonian, in the British Museum, 22; of 13th century, belonging to Society of Antiquaries described, 25, 26; Tenison, 26; Queen Mary's, history of, 26; of Duc de Berri, 33; of Charles the Bald, 207
- Puritans, their adverse spirit to fine art, 81, 82
- Purple stained vellum. *See* Vellum.

- QUAGLIA, 154
Queen Victoria, portrait of, by Chalon, 129
- RAEBURN, Sir Henry, notice of, 123
Raleigh, Sir Walter, tobacco brought to England by, 180
Ramelli, Padre Felice, notice of, 165
Raphael, cartoons by, in Charles I.'s collection, bought by Oliver Cromwell, now at Hampton Court, 81, 235; allusions to, 121, 124, 209, 221, 227, 228; wax model of a girl attributed to, 169
Ravechet, allusion to, 183
Ravrai alluded to, 174
Recamier, Madame, portrait of, 97
'Redeeming Lamb,' picture of, by the Van Eycks, 156
Redgrave, his definition of a miniature, 96
Reform snuff-boxes, 189
Regault, notice of, 148
Regnault alluded to, 173
Reinagle, Philip, the painter of many portraits of George III. and his Queen assigned to Allan Ramsay, 51
Reindeer, depicted by cave-men of the mesolithic period, 2
Rembrandt, teacher of Sir G. Kneller, 89; allusion to, 229, 245, 254
Rémouleur, 198
Renaud alluded to, 174
Reynolds, Miss Frances, notice of, 124
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, pupil of Hudson, 102; influence of, on portraiture, 102, 113, 114; allusions to, 104, 111, 120, 121, 124, 129, 132, 252, 253; anecdote of, 107; attitudes of, 107, 108, 115; fading nature of his work, 114, 115; Hone's jealousy of, 115; patronises Humphrey, 118, 119
Reynst, allusion to, 225
Rho, Padre Danese, allusion to, 165
Richard II., portrait of, in Westminster Abbey, 241; at Wilton, 241
Richardson, 102
Richmond, Henry Fitzroy, Duke of, portrait of, by Holbein, 246
Richter, Christian, 101
Rigaud, allusion to, 153
Robbia, Luca della, allusion to, 169
Robertson, Andrew, career and work of, 127, 128; allusion to, 129
Robespierre, allusion to, 187
Robins, George, allusion to, 229
Rochester, lines on Flatman by, 85
Rochet, miniaturist, 153
Roland, Madame, allusion to, 187
'Romance of the Rose,' by Lorris and Clopinal, 31
Romano, Giulio, mention of, 218
Rome, replaced as capital of the empire by Byzantium, fall of, 12; weak art at, 192; transference of Greek art and artists to, 192, 193, 194, 195; luxury and lack of patriotism, 193; the great collections at, 193-200; auction-rooms and sales of, 199, 200, 201; modern collections at, 193, 194, 198, 206, 208, 209
Rome, King of, portrait of, by Isabey, 256
Romney, allusions to, 108, 119; his portrait of Humphrey, 119
Roper, Anna, portrait of, by Hollar, once supposed to have been a portrait of Catherine of Arragon by Holbein, 51
Rose (*née* Gibson), Susan Penelope, work done by, 79, 89
Ross, Sir William, allusions to, 128, 148; career, work and style of, 129; prediction of, as to photography, 130
Rossi, Properzia de, group carved on a peach-stone by, 178
Rosso, Il, busy life of, 135
Rothschild family as art collectors, 236, 237
Rouquet, André, 105; anecdote about Vanaken indicating extent to which specialists were engaged on works by other artists, 106; notice of, 145; allusion to, 184
Rousseau, portrait of, 187
Rouvier, 154
Rouw, Peter, allusion to, 174
Rovere, Francesco della, allusion to, 209
Rubens, allusions to, 67, 227; ceiling of Whitehall by, 76; teacher of Vandyck and Jamesone, 77; 'Adam and Eve in Paradise,' painting by Breughel, and portrait of, by Fruytren, 159

- Rubies, collar of, worn by Henry VIII., 81
- Rubric, meaning of, 5
- Rupert, Prince, portrait of, by Sir Peter Lely, 82
- Rushout, Ladies, miniature portrait of, by Plimer, 119, 120
- Russell family, enamel portraits of, by Bone, 121
- Russell, Antony, anecdote of Charles II. by, 70
- Russell, Theodore, life and work of, 72; copies of Vandyck by, 72
- Ryswick, Theodore van, allusion to, 178
- SACRAMENTARY, name for liturgy in 8th century, 9
- Sadler, Thomas, life and work of, 89
- Saint, Daniel, allusions to, 152, 167, 188; notice of, 153
- Sallust, his collections, 198, 206
- Salmon's 'Demandes et reponses,' 28
- Salviati, allusion to, 163
- Sanders, Mr., anecdote of, 235, 236
- Sandart, his life of Holbein, 46
- Sansovino, Jacopo, wax modelling by, 169
- Santerre, allusion to, 153
- Sanudo, Marino, mention of, 213
- Sarto, Andrea del, last days and death of, 135
- Saturninus, the sleeping bidder, 199
- Sauvage, Hypolite, miniaturist, 154
- Sauvage, J. B., miniaturist, 154
- Savigny, 154
- Saviour. *See* Christ.
- Saxe, Marshal, miniature portrait of, by Nattier, 153
- Sazzi, Giò. Battista, wax portraits by, 170
- Scaurus, collection of, 195, 196
- Schaufflein, Hans, alluded to, 177
- Scheda Vaticanae. *See* Virgil.
- Schmulzer, allusion to, 161
- Schomberg, Frederic, Duke of, portrait of, on ivory, 90
- Schreyer, Sebold, carved portrait of, 177
- Schwartz, Hans, portrait medallions by, 177
- Schweigger, Georg, carvings by, 177, 178
- 'Scipio, Story of,' a tapestry, after Giulio Romano, 218
- Scopas, allusion to, 201, 202
- Sculpturing and carving of portraits, 175-178
- Segar, Francis, 64
- Segar, William, 64
- Selim II., minarets added to Imperial mosque by, 12
- Sencier, Maze, his collection of political snuff-boxes, 190
- Seuin, Peter Paul, notice of, 145
- Sèvres ware, rapidly enhancing price of, 237
- Seymour cup, by Holbein, 58
- Seymour, Lady Jane, portrait of, ascribed to Holbein, 55, 246, 255; by Hilliard, 60
- Seymour, Lord Thomas, portrait of, ascribed to Holbein, 55
- Seymour of Sudeley, Lord, portrait of, by Holbein, 245
- Sforza, Duke Francesco, 38, 39
- Shagreen, a covering for portrait snuff-boxes, 186
- Shelley, Samuel, style of, 120; allusions to, 132, 256
- Shepherd, Anne, 79
- Sheridan, Mrs., 118
- Sheriff, Charles, commended by Mrs. Siddons, 122
- Shiple, Mr., 115, 118
- Shirley, Lady, portrait of, by Hilliard, 245
- Shrewsbury Book, the, in British Museum, 28
- Shrewsbury, Earl of, his book of 'Chivalrie,' with portraits, 28, 29
- Shute, John, 63
- Sicardi, Jean, notice of, 153, 184, 185
- Siddons, Mrs., portrait of, by Reynolds, 108; that by Sheriff commended by, 122; Mrs. Palmer's copy of Gainsborough's portrait of, 124
- Sidney, Algernon, portrait of, by Hoskins, 245
- Sidney, Sir Philip, portrait of, by Oliver, 60, 62, 243, 246; by Waldini, 64
- Sifervas, the illuminator of the Lovel Book, and of the Sherborne Missal, 22
- Silvestro, Don, 40
- Silhouette, origin of word, 185, 186

- Silhouette, Etienne de, his economies and paper portraits, 185, 186
 'Sleeping Girl,' enamel copy of Reynolds, 121
 Sloane, Mr., purchase of Italian art treasures by, 226, 227
 Sloane, Sir Hans, collection of, 230, 231, 234
 Smart, John, allusions to, 114, 118, 125, 132, 154, 256; life of, and character of his miniatures, 120
 Smirke, Sir Robert, 234
 Smith, allusion to, 115; author of 'Nollekens and his Times,' 118
 Smith, Baldwin, MS. Bible presented to Queen Mary by, 26
 Smith, Joachim, allusion to, 174
 Snelling, Matthew, 86; portrait of, by Cooper, 86
 Snuff, introduction of, 180
 Snuff-boxes, use of, 180, 181, 182; collections of, 182; varieties of, 182, 183; political importance of, in reign of Louis XVI., 186; during the Revolution in France, 187; with Bonaparte's cocked hat, 188; during reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X. and Louis Philippe, 189; 'tabatière à la Reforme,' 189; 'tabatière a l'appel au peuple,' 190; extinction of portrait and political, 190
 Soiron, 154
 Solmena, allusion to, 166
 Somerset, Protector, portrait of, by N. Hilliard, 245
 Sophia, St., church of. *See* Byzantium.
 Sophie, Madame, portrait of, by V. F. Elie, 146; by Cazaubon, 147
 Sorcerers, wax figures used by, 171, 172
 Soubise, Prince de, library of, 214
 Southampton, Rachel de Rouvigny, Countess of, portrait of, by Petitot after Vandyck, 104, 250
 Southwell, Sir Richard, Holbein's portrait of, 51
 Spencer, Earl, collection of miniature portraits belonging to, 247, 248
 Spencer, Gervase, 105
 Spenser, Lady, work of, 124
 Spicer, Henry, style of his work, 122
 Squarcione of Padua, 39
 Stags, figured by cave-men of mesolithic period, 2
 Stefaneschi, Giovanni Baptista (l' Eremita di Monte Senario), notice of, 165
 Stow, on origin of name of St. Andrew Undershaft, 47
 Strafford, Earl of, portrait of, by John Hoskins, 246
 Strangè, Sir Robert, first introduction of, to his future wife, 102, 103; struggles of, with poverty in early married life, 103
 Strauch, Laurent, mention of, 171
 Stretes, Gwillim, 48, 56, 158; portraits of Edward VI. by, 56, 57
 Strongylyon, allusion to, 197
 Stuart family, collection of objects relating to, 233
 Stuart, Charles Edward, portraits of, 188; allusion to, 233
 Stuart, La Belle, portrait of, by S. Cooper, 245
 Stuart, Lady Arabella, portraits of, by I. Oliver, 249, 250
 Suckling, Sir John, portrait of, by Hoskins, 245
 Suffolk, Charles Brandon, Duke of, portrait of two sons of, at Windsor, probably by Holbein, 54, 55, 60, 109, 243; portrait of, 243, 255, 256
 Sullivan, Luke, work of, 122
 Sunder. *See* Cranach.
 Surugue, alluded to, 173
 Swinfen, portrait of, by Cooper, 83
 Sylla, mention of, 195, 225
 Symbolism in painting forbidden by Council of Constantinople in 692..9
 TABATIÈRE, or snuff-boxes. *See* Snuff-boxes.
 Tables of Thuya wood, costliness of, 194
 Taddel, allusion to, 183
 Talleyrand, collection of paintings by, 227
 Talman, allusion to, 241
 Tangye, mention of, 234
 Tassie, James, notice of, 174
 Teerlinck, Levina, work by, in the Grimani Breviary, 31; contemporary with Hol-

- bein, 48, 55; portraits of Queen Elizabeth by, 55, 56; allusions to, 158, 246
- Tempera, painting in, the only method practised before Middle Ages, 156
- Temple, Sir William, 86
- Templeton, Lady, 125
- Teniers, David, and his wife, portrait of, by Sir B. Gerbier, 246
- Terburg, 86; his "Peace of Munster," 227
- Terence, comedies of, with flamboyant borders, 29
- Terroux, Mademoiselle, 95
- Teuchler, Johann, alluded to, 177
- Thausing, Moriz, on sculpturing attributed to Albert Dürer, 176, 177
- Thienpondt, Carl Frederic, notice of, 161, 256
- Thiers, snuff-box portraits of, 189
- Thomond, Lady. *See* Palmer, Miss.
- Thou, Jacques Auguste de, his library, 213, 214
- Thouron, Jacques, notice of, 153
- Thuya wood tables, high prices of, 194
- Tintoretto, mention of, 249
- Titian, portraits in Venetian diplomas attributed to, 34; allusions to, 121, 164, 209, 245; jealousy of, towards Licinio, 163
- Tobacco, introduction of, 180
- Tongilius, mention of, 202, 203
- Tours, early art centre of France, 133
- Toutin, Jean, progress of enamelling used by, 92; allusion to, 140, 141, 256
- Townley collection, 230, 234
- "Triumph of the Christian Church," picture of, attributed to Van Eyck, 156
- Troyer, allusion to, 178
- Tuer, Herbert, 86
- Turenne, enamel portrait of, by Weyler, 96; by P. P. Seuin, 145
- UFFIZI PALACE, miniatures in gallery of, 5, 6
- Ulphilas, his 'Codex purpureo-argenteus' and literary works, 13
- Uriger, U., mention of, 174
- VALESIO, GIOVANNI, notice of, 164
- Valkenberg, three artists named, alluded to, 159
- Vallier, allusion to, 178
- Vanaken, competition of artists for his sole special services, 106
- Vanderdoort, Abraham, life of, the cataloguer of Charles I.'s treasures, 73
- Van der Helst, allusion to, 245
- Vandervelde, Peter, 64
- Vandyck, allusions to, 67, 82, 119, 120, 160, 249, 250, 254; his influence on portraiture, 74, 111, 115; his portrait of himself and of Henrietta Maria, 74; compared with Holbein, 74; payments to, by James I., 74, 75; life and works of, 75, 76; a pupil of Rubens, 77; his search for the philosopher's stone, 87; teacher of Petitot, 93, 104
- Van Eyck family, 155 *et seq.*; name derived from Maesyck, 155
- Van Eyck, supposed to be the artist of the frontispiece to 'Chronicles of England,' 30
- Van Eyck, Jean, mention of, 155; art work of—enthusiastic praise of—alleged discovery of oil painting by, 156; allusions to, 157, 242
- Van Eyck, Hubert, mention of, 155; art-work of, 156
- Vanloo, monopolises Vanaken's services, 106; allusion to, 111, 151
- Van Mander, his life of Holbein, 46
- Van Späendonck, alluded to, 154
- Varro, his library taken by Antony, 197
- Vasari, Giorgio, condemnation of barbarism of Greek pictorial art before time of Cimabue, 4; his collection of miniatures, 5, 6; allusion to, 163
- Vecchio, Il, of Bologna, allusion to, 169
- Vecchio, Palma, allusion to, 209
- Velasquez, allusion to, 245
- Vellum, use of stained, for illuminated manuscripts, 12, 13; art of purple staining lost, 13; allusion to, 42; scarcity of, 43; use of, as ground for miniature portraits, 109
- Vénévault, Nicolas, portraits of Louis XV. by, 145
- Venus and Cupid, 198; of the Hermitage, 198; of Melos, 199
- Veronese, Paul, allusion to, 220
- Verres, collection of; trial of, 193; and death, 194

- Verselin, Jacques, notice of, 145
 Vertue, George, portrait of the Duke of Bedford in the Bedford Missal, engraved by, 28; life, character, and industry as an historian of art, 111, 112; purchase of his MSS. by Walpole, 112; confused state of his notes, 112; his scrupulous integrity, 112; value of his work as published by Walpole, 112, 113
 Vestier, miniaturist, 154
 Victoire, Madame, portrait of, by R. Bachi, 145
 Villars, Madame de, miniature portrait of, by Nattier, 153
 Vincent, allusion to, 147, 184
 Vinci, Leonardo da, death of, 135; allusion to, 209
 Index, mention of, 195, 202
 Violet, his portraits of Louis XVI., 154
 Virgil, the three Vatican illuminated MSS. of, 14; description of the Codex Romanus, 14, 15; of the Codex Palatinus, 15; and of the "Schedae Vaticanae," 15; the fourth copy, partly at the Vatican and partly at Berlin, 15
 "Visitation," a carving attributed to Albert Dürer, 177
 Voltaire, wax model of, by MÉRARD, 173; portrait of, 187
 Vouet, Simon, allusion to, 140
 Vries, Adrien de, allusion to, 178
- WAISTS, deformity of, 253, 254
 Waldini, Pettruccio, his miniature portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, 64
 Walkners, mention of, 226
 Wallis, collection of works of Spanish art by, 227
 Wall painting of Italy in early Middle Ages, 4; art nourished by religious devotion, 9; in the catacombs under St. Sebastian church, Rome, 9
 Walpole, Horace, on a good portrait, vi; on the find of Digby portraits painted by the Olivers, 71; taught by Bernard Lens, 103; on low state of art just before time of Reynolds, 105, 106; celebrity of, as an art collector, 112; purchases Vertue's MSS., 112; prepares them for publication, 112, 113; high value of his literary work, 113; complimentary notice of Lady Lucan's work, 124; of Mrs. Damer's busts, 125; the Strawberry Hill sale of his collection, 229; catholicity of his taste, 232; on a portrait of Richard II., 241; of Edward the Black Prince, 241, 242; and of Henry IV., 242; portrait of, by Mr. Prewett, 245
 Warham, Archbishop, Holbein's portrait of, 50
 Watteau, mention of, 221
 Wax modelling. *See* Modelling.
 Wedgwood, Josiah, allusions to, 124, 125, 230; materials for life of, 233, 234
 Wedgwood ware, collections of, 233
 Weilhemmayr, mention of, 171
 Welper, portraits of Louis XV. by, 146; allusions to, 148, 184
 Werner, Joseph, carvings and portraits by, 159; allusion to, 160
 West, Benjamin, portrait of, by A. Robertson, 127
 Weyden. *See* Pasture.
 Weyler, Jean Baptist, series of enamel portraits by, 96; allusion to, 153
 Whistler, his description of the coming art-master, 114
 White, George, 86, 87
 White, Robert, 87
 Whitehall, the 'Garter' picture at, by Vandyck, 76; ceiling of, painted by Rubens, 76
 Whood, Isaac, 101
 Wilhelm, portraits of, painted from life, 155
 Willet, mention of, 234
 William III., portrait of, by Sir G. Kneller, 88; of him and his Queen by G. Netscher, 248
 William of Wickham, 27
 Wilson, Richard, allusion to, 108, 123
 Witches, wax figures used by, 172
 Wohlgemuth, allusion to, 157
 Wolcot. *See* Pindar.
 Wolters, Henrietta, portrait painter, notice of, 160
 Woodburn, Samuel, purchases by, 227
 Works consulted, list of, xv, xvi
 Worlidge, Thomas, 105, 125

- Wost, Tobie, notice of, 177
Wright, Mrs. *See* Biffin.
Wright, Andrew, mention of, 242
Wurzburg, Irish illuminated MSS. at, 19
- YORK, Duke of, enamel portrait of, by
Meser, 114
Young Philippian, a bronze, 197
- ZACH, Zaccheria, allusion to, 169
- Zarotti, Antonio, printing by, 38
Zeuxis, allusion to, 201
Zincke, C. F., allusions to, 101, 125, 244,
248, 256; life and work of, 103, 104,
245; comparison of, with Petitot, 104
Zuccherò, Frederic, allusions to, 59, 245,
249; may have assisted Oliver, 62, 63;
work of, 62
Zumbo, Gaetano Giulio, painted wax
modellings by, 170, 171
Zurich, Jean, 101



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